

THE ALABAMIAN JAN. 1924 - MAY 1926

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THE VAN GUARD

(LEADER)

VOL. 1.

MONTEVALLO, ALA.

NO. 1.

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN ALABAMA

It is in time of crises that the destinies of men are determined. At such times resolution means everything. It is no less true of great movements. Such a time has been reached in the history of higher education have not even kept pace specially true of higher education for women. The future of higher education depends upon the foresight and resolution of today.

What are the facts. There are three hundred per cent more students in the three state colleges of Alabama—University, Auburn and Montevallo—than there were ten years ago. The cost of living and maintenance of all institutions is much higher, on account of the higher prices, than it was ten years ago. Notwithstanding this fact, the appropriations in Alabama for higher education have not even kept pace with the actual increase in attendance.

These three higher institutions are today congested and overrun with students. Dormitory space is taxed to capacity. Class rooms are too small for the necessarily large classes. An insufficient number of teachers make necessary a large number of student-teachers. That is the condition today. What will be the condition four years from now?

According to the State Department there were enrolled last year one hundred per cent more students in the high schools of Alabama than there were four years ago, which means that four years from now, there will be at least twice as many students knocking at the door of colleges in Alabama. Yet, in spite of that, the legislature, at its last session, failed to make any increase in appropriations for the next four years. The situation is alarming.

Must the young people of Alabama be denied the opportunities which are given to the young men and women of sister states, or must they be forced to go outside the state for college training? The situation for higher education as a whole is distressing enough, but it is still more acute for the young women of Alabama who desire training in the State's college for women.

In the past twelve years, the number of young women in the three state colleges of Alabama has increased one thousand per cent. Alabama College enrolled last year during the nine months 427 pupils. This year already the enrollment has reached 635, an increase by the end of the year of at least sixty per cent. In order to make this possible, the citizens of Montevallo donated a temporary annex, which is housing sixty girls and one teacher. The dining room, dormitory, class rooms, chapel hall, all, are taxed to their limit. What is to be done next year at the rate of increase experienced during the past years? There will be three hundred young women knocking at the doors of Alabama College, who will have to be denied entrance because the state will not care for them.

It is a challenge to the young women of Alabama who are now students at the State's College for Women, to the alumnae of Alabama College, to organize bodies of women in the state, to each one who believes in the necessity of higher education for women. The future of education in Alabama today depends very largely upon the response we make to this challenge, upon the determination that we have, that it shall not fail.

I would appeal especially to the



"HOW DOES IT GET THAT WAY?"

Perhaps you've wondered about the name of our paper. The Van Guard. 'Fess up now—haven't you caught yourself wondering "how does it get that way"? There, I knew you had, but that's all right—of course you want to know what it means, 'neverthing. So "listen my children and you shall hear—"

There's a long road that leads over the hills and far away,—a gypsy trail—and you and I are traveling together along that beautiful trail. Through beautiful woods, past villages and farm houses and meadows, over the brow of a hill, and lo! Before us is spread a vast plain with our beautiful gypsy trail winding across it like a brown river that flows off into nothing. A caravan moves slowly along, a procession of white-covered gypsy wagons, each drawn by a funny little mule.

We stop to await its coming—to take in the full beauty of its slow approach across the hot sunny plain. As it draws nearer, we see that the first wagon is not moving along in the slow drowsy gait of the others, but is driven by a young gypsy—brave and bold, with flashing dark eyes that are a challenge to any of the dangers and pitfalls of the new unknown trail.

This wagon is the Van Guard, the Leader, who breaks the trail and leads the way for those who follow. Behind it comes the other wagons, drowsily confident that the path is well chosen and that they are safe in following.

And now the caravan has passed us, but you and I still see the brave dark eyes of the leader and remember him most of all, for we know that no matter how long or hard the trail, the Van Guard has made it easier for the long line of white covered wagons that follow.

So there, Girls! The story is done! And you see "how it gets that way"—why our first college paper is called the Van Guard. And hereafter, when our modest little journal has grown into a full-sized weekly or bi-weekly paper, you will still remember the one who came first, who made the trail, and led the way for all the others.

alumnae of Alabama College—one of the greatest colleges for women in the South—to organize themselves into bands for the purpose of seeing that young women of today and of tomorrow shall not be denied the privilege of higher education that their sisters in adjoining states are given.

EXCHANGE CLUBS HOLD JOINT MEETING

The Montevallo and Selma Exchange Clubs held a joint meeting, Monday, November the 26th, 1923, in Montevallo, Ala. Both clubs had a majority of their members present.

A five course dinner was served by the Home Economics girls in Flock Hall, during which the following program was beautifully rendered. Song, "America."

Introductions. Solo—Miss Ethel Harrington. Address of Welcome—Pres. C. G. Smith.

Response—Pres. W. W. Burns. Music—College Orchestra. Exchange in the city of Selma—Bruce Craig.

Exchange in the city of Montevallo—T. W. Palmer.

Owing to the illness of the president of the Montevallo Exchange Club, Dr. T. W. Palmer presided over the meeting.

The Selma Exchangeites expressed their appreciation of the hospitality of Montevallo, and accepted the cordial invitation to return again in the very near future

TO OUR PATRONS.

We, the Alabama College, wish to express our heartiest and most grateful appreciation to our patrons who have so willingly given us aid in publishing our school paper. You have been loyal to us from the very first, and we will do our best to make you proud of us in every way.

THE STUDENT BODY.

Kathryn McC.: "Isn't it nice for you to have a relative in school?" Edith Ed.: "Why, I haven't any."

Kathryn: "Well, I heard you call Miss Brooks, Aunt Myrt."

THE ADVANTAGES OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT

The question has been asked if Student Government is a vital factor of school life. Let us see if we can find a few points in favor of this organization.

First, it is very effective in promoting the proper relationship between students and faculty. In the past, pupils have usually regarded the teachers more as "task masters" and "busy bodies" than anything else. There has always been a gap between them that couldn't be filled by either group, and as a result, there has been a great deal of friction. We students must realize that the majority of our teachers are older, both in years and experience, than we are, and are capable of advising us in a great many things. Open-minded, far-sighted college instructors and students have been the instigators of the Student Govern-

ment movement, realizing that no other form of government would be adequate for the modern, growing colleges.

Second, Student Government insures better conduct on the part of students, produces a cooperative spirit which is carried over into every phase of life; makes pupils look upon school as their very own and take personal pride, enthusiasm in its interscholastic activities; is a mighty factor in developing will-power and character; has tremendous value in citizenship training; fosters fair play, unselfish service, self-control, consideration of the rights of others, respect of the laws of social groups.

If Student Government had been introduced in the college of 25 years ago, no doubt it would have been a failure, but the college of today has changed in many respects—most especially in the type of its students. The college boy or girl of today has many more responsibilities, owing to the advancement and new problems of the growing nation.

For instance since Woman Suffrage has come into effect Student Government is a vital factor in the colleges for women because woman is called upon to take part in the activities of the nation.

The world owes us nothing. It is we who owe the world and, therefore, to pay the debt which is upon every human being, it is necessary for us to so train ourselves that we may become in life the best type of citizen. No other activity can prepare us better in life than a true participation in Student Government and every student who enters into this with a real spirit and determination to see the movement go over the top, will make a success.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM SENDS EGYPTIAN EXHIBITS TO THE SCHOOL.

Next Best Thing to Seeing King Tut's Tomb.

On the fifteenth of November, a veritable box of antiquity was unpacked at our school, an Egyptian exhibition which remained one month. Wrapped in tissue paper and stored away in a box not larger than milady's hat box it came, insured for \$1,000, and justly so, for upon unpacking this rival of Pandora's chest, everything (except trouble) appeared, from articles looking suspiciously like eye brow tweezers to the great god Hora himself.

There were necklaces of amber and painted glass, rings, ear rings, and pendants, arrow heads, idols, animals and images of kings; a bronze mirror, perfume bottles, curious bone hair pins which made one thankful for bobbed hair, and palettes upon

ALABAMA COLLEGE HAS LARGEST EN- ROLLMENT IN ITS HISTORY

College Doors Swing Open For 630 Students. Dormitory and Barracks Are Both Full.

The opening of school this year was attended by more orderliness, less confusion, and better spirit among the students than before, even though more than 630 students flowed through Alabama College's open door when classes began.

This willingness to cooperate shows that the students are benefited by the work they did last year as a result of the student government. There will be a bigger school this year than ever before and from present indication a better school, because the Student Government is at work and it seems already to have obtained the cooperation of the entire school.

The older students, by setting a good example for school patriotism, have made the task of bringing up the Freshmen into college ways, a much simpler task than hitherto.

THOMAS SKEYHILL, GREAT AUSTRALIAN LECTURER AND POET

The college girls have already had the pleasure this year of hearing Tom Skeyhill, the famous Australian poet and soldier, who lectured on "The New Renaissance in Europe."

"There are six outstanding thoughts in the minds of the young men today," said Mr. Skeyhill. "The thoughts are: (1) Peace, (2) Rechristianizing the World, (3) Good health program of eugenics, (4) International order, (5) Constructive Science, (6) Reformed Education."

As time was limited, Mr. Skeyhill elaborated on only one of these thoughts, that of peace. "Russia, Turkey, Italy and others cry, 'Peace.' There will be no other war in Europe in our lifetime because the young men will not fight again," said the speaker. "Arguments against the war are these: (1) the war profited nothing but suffering and misery, (2) war is bloody and loathsome."

This instructive and most interesting lecture was ended with Mr. Skeyhill's experiences in the Dardanelles.

SCHEDULE

The games which Alabama College has scheduled for this year are: Alabama College and Athens College, to be played at Athens, Dec. 14. Alabama College and W. C. A., to be played at Montevallo, Jan. 16. Alabama College and W. C. A., to be played at Montgomery, Feb. 9. Negotiations for other important games are under way.

which possibly some of Cleopatra's ancestors mixed her rouge, which, by the way, is said to have been green.

Aside from its mythological and artistic interest, the exhibition reminds us once more that human nature varies little through the ages, for these few relics of ancient civilization show that the Egyptians enjoyed the pomps and vanities of the world—even as you and I—and that they had their hours of deeper meditation is attested to by the fact that symbol of eternity, the sacred scarab and the idols of Osises and Hora's are famed among the collection.

THE VAN GUARD

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"Whoop 'Er Up"

The Van Guard is making her debut. Her first bow to the students of Alabama College. She is, in other words, a timid, shrinking, green little FRESHMAN entering school in the middle of the year and knowing that twelve hundred curious feminine eyes are watching her every move. Naturally her self-consciousness will soon become painful unless she is made to feel that she belongs, that the student body wants her to stay.

"Whoop 'er up" girls! Make her feel at home, talk about her, boast about her, write to your favorite hometown drug store for an ad, contribute a literary masterpiece for a front-page head-line, send a copy to whoever it is that sends you his school paper and above all SUBSCRIBE! Your subscriptions are the food upon which this Freshman thrives. Don't let her die for want of it.

If you want a school paper help keep it alive! Show your pep, your interest, your cooperation, your loyalty to your college.

BOOST YOUR COLLEGE PAPER!

HOW IS YOUR CONVERSATION?

Do you speak in a loud, overbearing way? If so, try to tone down a little. You not only are spotted out, but you annoy others.

The modern tendency of conversation is to use slang. Avoid it, speak thoughtfully and correctly.

Slang might sound "smart," but it is harmful and robs you of the beauty of your mother tongue.

Be sincere. Do you use flattery as it often leads to deception. This may lead to conceit and make one despicable.

Never belittle anyone. He might laugh at it at the time, but he never forgets the pain.

Make your conversation unassuming and uplifting. Be humorous, bright, correct, if you would be interesting.

Never hurt anyone's feelings. Apply the golden rule in talking. Never say anything that you wouldn't want said to you. Be a man.—Howard Crimmon.

BOOST OUR PAPER

Benjamin Franklin said that a newspaper was the mirror of its community. The "Van Guard" is

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Drinks, Candies, Toilet Articles

Compliments of

J. R. Johnson

the mirror of Alabama College, in which is reflected all happenings and information vital to our student life. We should, therefore, help and support our paper because it not only benefits the school as a unit, but individually helps every student.

Our paper is representative of us to the public as many outsiders read it with interest, especially those having friends attending our college.

The "Van Guard" is by the student for the benefits of the students and so it rests with the students to make it all that it should be.

THE FRESHMEN

One can easily recognize a Freshman by his smiling countenance and easy-going ways. The higher students (higher in class by not in standards) look down upon the happy Freshmen with envy and malice. It is easy to point out the Freshman's face from that of the Sophomore's, Junior's or Senior's.

All the other classes realize that it is impossible for "Alabama College" to exist without this wonderful class. They have a brilliant future, a wonderful past, and a glorious present.

"Hats off to the Freshmen!"

HOW MANY CAN YOU ANSWER

1. Who and what were the Pilgrim Fathers?
2. Where is the Garden of Eden?
3. Where is the Arch of Titus?
4. Who painted the Mona Lisa?
5. When was the "Golden Age" of Greece?
6. Where and by whom was the Magna Charta signed?
7. Which planet is nearest the sun.
8. Who are the leading American composers?
9. How does one reach the Holy Land?
10. What distinguishes a Corot painting?
11. Is the Darwinian theory now accepted by scientists?

AWAKE!

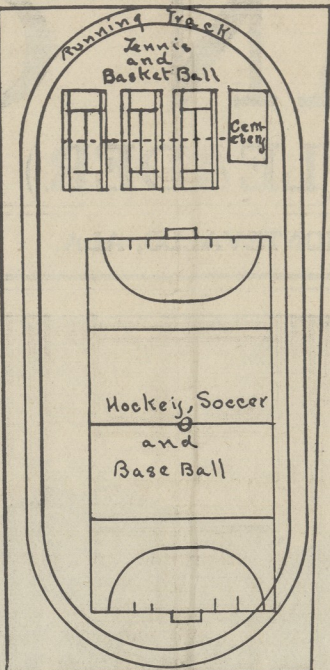
'Tis not for idle dreams we live, For rosy path ways look and long, But for the common things of life We jostle on among the throng.

We pay the price for longing vain That steal our useful time away. Awake, then, now to your duty's call To life, and service give your day. LOUISE CONNOR.

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Mallory Field

Alabama College

ATHLETIC NEWS

At last our dream have come true! We have now in our possession a new athletic field. The above figure shows the plan of the field, which is to be called Mallory Field. The Athletic Board has been worked diligently and long for this additional space, and now that we have it we expect to make good use of it, and extend our athletics to correlate with our big field.

This year the athletic board has made out a budget. The following amount to be spent in each department:

Swimming pool supplies and repairs	\$ 308.00
Hockey supplies and incidentals	21.50
Basket ball supplies and allowance for varsity	416.00
Tennis supplies and care of courts	121.50
Camping and hiking incidentals	5.00
General provisions	118.50

TOTAL \$1,000.00

There are four main departments in this association, namely, basketball, hockey, tennis, and swimming. Basketball is probably the oldest department. For several years it has been the leading sport and has developed much enthusiasm and sportsmanship in school, first in class match games and recently in inter-collegiate games. Our first varsity team was chosen in the fall of 1921. Not many victories were won the first year, but the second year our team put a strong shoulder to the wheel and soon developed that speed, accuracy and strength which makes possible to sure victory always. It came only through long and steady practice and strong determination. With a big, loyal, and sympathetic student body always backing them up. Our team has entered the contests of this state, and already her fame has spread abroad. Last year we lost only one game, and this year we expect to hear the cry of victory with every game we play. We must not forget to offer praise and thanks to our Physical directors who have put forth their best effort, and through their thorough training and active interest have placed this team on top. They have also been the main heads in establishing, encouraging and promoting the other departments in which success has always found its way.

Hockey is a new sport, recently adopted by the school. Much enthusiasm is already being shown over this game, and we are looking forward to great success. We hope to establish hockey, first in the classes, and eventually to have a varsity team.

Soccer is another new sport which who expect to soon establish. Tennis is an old sport, and no other department has offered more pleasure to the students than has tennis. Each year a tournament is arranged and double single matches are played between classes. Aside from this the courts are kept up

throughout the year, and all are urged to take advantage of them.

Swimming is advancing very rapidly. There are two sessions of swimming, early fall and early spring. Red Cross life saving is taught, and we have a division director of the Red Cross first aid to come here and give the latest instructions in this work. Swimming is taught to every girl in the school, and each one is required to pass a beginner's test before the year is over. The association hopes to provide some additional bath houses in the near future.

Camping and hiking are becoming very popular, and the prospects of advancement look encouraging. We are working to give the students every advantage in this wonderful out-door sport. We will most likely have a camping place with a convenient hut of our own before next spring.

Each spring the Physical Education department puts on a field day enterprise. Each class enters contests for various athletic feats, such as foot races, bell throwing, relay races, running high jump, flat foot jump, drills and various other stunt performances.

The Athletic Association is offering a loving cup to the class who wins the most points in athletics.

This year we anticipate many brilliant achievements in every department and in the association as a whole. The Constitution has been revised and amended by the board and noted upon the student body. Everything is now in working order, and we earnestly desire the support of all members of the college.

"PROFS"

Profs are those which:

Talk so darn fast that you can't take a note.

Spend three-quarters of an hour and one box of chalk explaining, and then after you've copied four pages of notes, tell you that the stuff is not important.

Wear red neck ties and horse collars and purple socks.

Wait until you're crowded with work and then throw a quiz. That's important, girls.

Think that their class is the only important one that you have and hand out problems and Library courses as if they were German marks.

Tell you not to "bone" for exams because it will be general and then ask if you agree with the statement on page 247.

Give you the F's and the others the C's and A's. They always take you by surprise. When you expect an A you invariably get an F.

Call the roll the day you cut—And you gone!

SSSS—SSSHSHSHSHS—That's all.

The drummer is the only one that gets paid for knocking! Be a booster!

E. D. Carpenter Shoe Shop

Worley & Horn

Fresh Meats, Groceries, Candies, Fresh Vegetables and Fruits

Barber Shop

G. H. Kendrick

THE Y. W. C. A.

By Mary Bradshaw.

There is probably no organization on the campus that has been leading such a very busy sort of life this term, as the Y. W. C. A. We have been presenting a series of programs on international questions, and have been fortunate enough to have secured the service of several foreign students and Y. W. C. A. workers who have seen service in Europe, in helping us to bring this problem before our students. We have been working through our conference committee to secure funds to send our delegates to the student Volunteer Convention which will meet in Indianapolis, Ind., during the Christmas holidays. Our association is fortunate in the selection of Lida Allen, Margaret Butler, Bessie Fowler, and Margaret Embry to represent us at this conference, while Miss Lula Palmer will be our fourth representative. The Y. W. C. A. will have charge of the annual Red Cross Roll Call year, and are hoping to go over the top 100 per cent. With this and our annual Student Relief fund we will be kept busy soliciting contributions for days to come. Please girls sacrifice a shampoo or message made positive by our new beauty parlor, and make Alabama College look prosperous in her report of these campaigns.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

"Turmoil," in the assembly hall at lunch hour.

"The Eternal Triangle," by any of Miss S.'s Trig students.

"The Vamp," by P. Snell.

"The Parting of the Way," by the Tuts.

"The Amazing Interlude," by a Rat.

"The Beggar," the Van Guard Staff.

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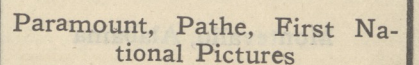
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THE ALABAMIAN

VOL. 1.

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No. 3.

ELMANY CONCERT IS ENJOYED BY MONTEVALLO STUDENTS

A brilliant concert was given at Alabama College, Saturday evening, Feb. 26, by Emily Talmanyi, the Hungarian violinist. Mr. Talmanyi is a talented artist and an original interpreter of the literature for his instrument. His technique is so fine it makes it possible for him to bring out in his music the best in expression. He played especially well the Capricieuse by Elgar, and the Tarda-Scene, which called for a mastery of the instrument well suited to his temperament. Mr. Paul D. Warner, of Chicago, was at the piano. He is a very fine accompanist, paying careful attention to the soloist throughout every number. His three solos were played with delicacy which gave them distinction and charm.

The next concert will be a joint concert by Gladys Swarthout and Margaret O'Connor on Saturday evening, Feb. 16. Miss Swarthout is a splendid singer, and it will be a real treat to hear a harpist, and especially one of Miss O'Connor's ability. A crowded hall is anticipated.

MAY ANDREWS.

ALABAMA COLLEGE SENDS SEVEN GIRLS TO STATE TRAINING SCHOOL

Now, don't get excited, it's really not half as bad as it sounds. In fact, the girls say that they have had some of the best experience of their lives with just loads of fun mixed in for good measure.

At the beginning of the second term of this year there was a special class in psychology organized for the study of measurement in intelligence under the supervision of Miss Katherine Vickery. This class spent six weeks in studying the Binet-Simon Intelligence tests and in learning how to give them. Their first experiments were made on the children of the Montevallo Public School and each girl was required to give fifteen tests to children ranging in age from six to eighteen years.

Then came the great opportunity to get some real experience in the "measurement of intelligence" for they were asked to go to the State Training School for Girls and give these tests to all the girls there. This training school is located near Birmingham, Alabama, and has an enrollment of almost two hundred girls from different parts of the state.

Such a large number of tests before them was almost enough to frighten the eight young ladies who arrived at the Training School on January 27. But they soon learned that the girls who were to take them were more frightened than they. So they smiled bravely and calmly until the chapel exercises on Monday morning, when every one of them were asked to make a speech! But here they showed their Montevallo pluck and, despite the fear and trembling within, each of them responded with a speech which would have made their English and Expression teachers proud of them had they been present. After this the tests were the least of their fears for they never knew when another similar request for speeches would be forthcoming.

The girls remained at the training school a week and since their return has been rumored that Montevallo's reputation for hospitality to guests was as close second in that of the State Training School, for the class was most cordially received and entertained.

Besides having a thoroughly enjoy-

BEAUTIFUL PRIZE SENT BY R. D. MACKENZIE

Signs of Interest Shown In Coming
Art Exhibit Throughout State.

Something has happened which will no doubt add zest to the competition among the high schools of Alabama, for the prizes which are to be offered to the one sending in the best art exhibition to be displayed February 21-23 at our college. Mr. R. D. MacKenzie, of Mobile, one of Alabama's foremost artists, who is greatly appreciated at home, but even more so abroad, has given for a prize a landscape in pastel, as an added incentive to the art workers in the high schools of the state.

Mr. MacKenzie spent eleven or twelve years in India, some of his pictures painted there have had a most enviable reception in England and France, having been exhibited in the most noted art centers of these two countries.

The old saying about "prophets" and "honor" seemed to have been true in his case, for it was not until he had completed those unique pastels of the Ensley steel mills, that his worth became appreciated at home. He has visited our college several times and has given interesting lectures and exhibitions of his Ensley steel mill collection.

So one feels that the high school sending in the best work to the art exhibit is particularly fortunate, and that Alabama College is happy in having the exhibition here as this picture is to be kept at Bloch Hall until it is awarded as a prize to the winner.

ALABAMA COLLEGE WINS SECOND GAME OVER W. C. A.

February 9, 1924 will be long remembered in our basketball history as the date our Varsity beat Woman's College in their own gymnasium in Montgomery, the first time such a feat has been accomplished by any team. Prior to our appearance on the scene of inter-collegiate basketball in Alabama, W. C. A. had things pretty much their own way both at home and abroad, and had such a habit of winning at home that it seemed they actually couldn't help it if they should try. But we have broken that proud tradition now, and they must again climb up along with us, to a reputation for unbeatableness. Games between W. C. A. and Alabama College now stand three and, with our school leading in the number of points.

A crowd of about seventy-five students, former students, alumnae, and faculty of A. C. supported our team at the game, and the splendid cheering of this peppy company, and their enthusiastic confidence in our team went far toward winning a difficult and often doubtful victory, for it was no easy thing that Alabama College was up against. Much strengthened, since its former encounter with our team by several weeks of hard practice, and greatly heartened by its recent victory over Peabody, W. C. A. Varsity showed splendid form in pass work. Outstanding features of the play were the work of Captain Branscomb at jumping center; the beautiful long shots for goal by Colvin and Dan-

able visit our girls feel that they have gained much valuable information about the work that is being carried on so effectively there. They have also been awakened to the great need for more workers in this field and to the wonderful opportunities that await those who are interested in Social Service work of any kind.

The members of the class who went with Miss Vickery to the Training School are: Winifred Castleman, Annie Carmichael, Lida Allen, Agnes Hardy, Claribel McKinnon, Edith Montgomery and Helen Johnson.

WOODROW WILSON

On February 3, 1924, ended the earthly career of a gifted scholar, an inspiring teacher, an able diplomatist, an executive, and an idealistic statesman, with far-sighted vision for the future of mankind, when Woodrow Wilson passed to the Great Beyond. Born at Staunton, Virginia, in 1856, of Scotch Presbyterian parentage, he grew to young manhood in the days of the South's tragedy. In Columbia and Augusta he heard the echoes of the guns of Gettysburg and the resistless tread of Sherman's marching soldiers. Living through the sorrows of Reconstruction, he entered Princeton University in 1875, where he had a distinguished undergraduate career. After completing a course in law at the University of Virginia, he attempted unsuccessfully to practice that profession in Atlanta. Having secured a Ph. D. degree in political science at Johns Hopkins University, he became Associate Professor at Bryn Mawr College, professor at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, and Professor of Jurisprudence at Princeton University, where for thirteen years he was a brilliant scholar and teacher. Elected president of Prince-

ton in 1903, he proved an able university executive, with far-reaching ideas as to improved efficiency and democracy in education. Chosen governor of New Jersey in 1910, he was the capable presiding officer of that state for two years, before being nominated for the presidency by the Democratic party in 1912. Entering the White House with far-reaching plans for tariff (financial, social and industrial reform), he was distracted from problems of internal government by the thunders of war. The revolution in Mexico and the difficulties ensuing from the World War absorbed his attention, until we were drawn into the great conflict for safeguarding democracy. His leadership was masterly during our period of participation in the World War—and he conceived the splendid vision of a League of Nations to preserve world peace. His tireless presentation of his plan at the Versailles Conference and before the American people produced physical exhaustion and wrecked health. After three years of quiet retirement, he has passed to his reward. Gentleman, scholar, statesman, dreamer of dreams, he has nobly earned his reward.

nelly; and the efficient guarding of Taylor who skillfully held down Lillie Burleson during the entire game, and we all agree that is some hold.

Tad Martin made most of the goals—and what shrieks went up from our gallant little band of supporters on the side lines as we saw those lovely looking things! We were proud of the work of our centers, Mildred Albritton and Odelle Carmichael who kept the ball moving to our forwards with their usual speed, and we gloried in our guards, Helen Townsend and Bill Smith. Only two goals were shot over Helen during the entire game. We were pleased, also, that Edith Thomas could so well hold up her end in the guarding business, and stop dribbles as only she can. The final score of 26 to 19 made us all joyful as only a hard won victory can.

Lineup—Woman's College. Colvin (11) and Jones (4), forwards; Branscomb, jumping center; Burford, center; Taylor and Bullen, guards. Substitute, Dannelly (4) for Jones.

Alabama College. Martin (24) and Burleson, forwards; Albritton, jumping center, Carmichael, center; Townsend and Smith, guards; substitute, Thomas for Smith.

After the game, the Woman's College girls, who are good sports whether they win or lose, gave a party for Alabama College Varsity in Pratt Hall. There we were entertained by choruses from a musical comedy, and other musical selections, followed by refreshments.

We are already looking forward to our next year's encounters with the Woman's College Varsity because we realize that we will always be met with the same spirit of hospitality, courtesy, friendliness, and good sportsmanship which we have never seen surpassed.

"MODERN TENDENCIES IN AMERICAN ART" ART EXHIBIT AT BLOCH HALL.

During the latter part of January a collection of photographs of the most famous American statues, which were truly sculptural in their power and strength, was sent to Alabama College under the auspices of the Alabama Art League. These pictures were selected by Lorado Taft, who is said by many to be the greatest living sculptor.

These photographs were chosen to show the modern tendencies in American art and they seem to prove what Mr. Taft has often stated in his lectures, that we Americans are evolving an art distinctly our own. There is no fantastic, ultra-modern works exhibited—such things as many Europeans and a few Americans delight in believing are revelations of the soul—but there is a simplicity, strength, unaffectedness and a beauty of work-

DR. F. E. LOSEY, GREAT LECTURER AND READER, HEARD AT MONTEVALLO.

Alabama College again had the good fortune in having Dr. Frederick Losey, of New York, here for two days. In the morning on his first day, he spoke to the audience on the "Music of Verse," and, truly did he bring out new beauties in old familiar lines. He proved to us that "poetry is the language of the concrete, while prose is the language of the abstract." Poetry is music uttering tunes in harmony from beginning to end. The only difference in speech and song lies in the number of vibrations. Everyone of us has read Browning's "Farewell to the World," but, I daresay, that we have ever heard another read the selection with as much fervor and passion as did Dr. Losey. His voice is vibrant and rich and he uses it with consummate art.

In the afternoon, he gave a lecture along educational lines emphasizing again and again, the gospel of service, and the importance of being able to work with our hands. He brought out forcefully, the pressing need of teaching the youth of today to become excellent readers and the need of directing them to a profound appreciation of our mother tongue. "You can't think straight in crooked language." The fact that education is not to keep a person from doing hard work was instilled into each and everyone of us. Learn to do a thing well, or not at all. Be able to do something besides the immediate task in hand." Each of us felt nearer to this man of intellect when he touched, here and there, upon his own childhood, and paid a glowing tribute to the memory of his deceased parents who, he considered, were largely instrumental in shaping and molding his character and life's work.

The educational value of Dr. Losey's work cannot be overestimated. Before his evening reading of Julius Caesar, he gave a preliminary talk analyzing, in a scholarly way, the character of Brutus, the hero and other important characters. In plain words he proved his statement that "no man is more dangerous to the state or nation than Brutus." He showed to us that Shakespeare is a master of the simplest language. The secret of interpreting his works lies in our ability to read well, to get the sense of the passages.

So many readers puzzle us and leave us dazed; but in Dr. Losey's manhood that one likes to think is ideally American.

This is an exhibition of undoubted interest to all art lovers.

COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

There little girls, don't you cry,
We'll take a trip, by and bay!

Yes, we've already made our engagements to tour the country, and to show to different colleges what the Montevallo Glee Club holds in store for them. No! We're not boasting, just stating plain facts. If you don't believe what we say, let us refer you to our concert of last Saturday evening. The club was organized in the year of 1921 under the supervision of Mrs. Luella Gibson Joiner and has steadily grown ever since that time. The girl of 1923 and '24 have, indeed, been fortunate in securing Mr. Frank E. Marsh, Jr., as their able director. He has put forth every effort to train the girls for an A-1 Glee Club, and we are proud to say that he has almost reached the goal. For Mrs. Evans, his accompanist, we hold the greatest respect. She has given her service willingly and we feel that we could not do without her. If our determination, will power and practice holds out, we will be able to demonstrate our talent real soon to Auburn, University and other schools.

The officers of the club are Abbotte McKinnon, President; Alice Mahler, Vice-President; Winifred Castleman, Secretary; Elma O'Neil, Business Manager.

Alabama College, Montevallo, Ala., College Glee Club.

Frank E. Marsh, Jr., Director, assisted by Ernestine Bonner, Pianiste; Alice Lyman, Violiniste; Abbotte McKinnon, Soprano; Clara Browning Evans, Accompanist, in concert Saturday evening, the ninth of February, nineteen hundred and twenty-four, 8 o'clock.

PROGRAM

- I.
 - (a) The Distant Chimes.....Glover
 - (b) Pretty Primrose (by request).....Pinsuti
- Glee Club
- II.
 - (a) Spanish Serenade.....Kreisler
 - (b) Romance.....Wieniaswki
 - (c) Serenade.....Drdla
- Miss Lyman
- III.
 - Wynken, Blynken and Nod.....Nevins
- Glee Club
- Soprano obligato by Miss McKinnon
- IV.
 - (a) A Rose-Rhyme.....Alfred H. Hyatt
 - (b) Were I a Star.....H. T. Burleigh
 - (c) I Bring Your Heartsease.....Gene Branscombe
 - (d) Little Damozel.....Ivor Novello
- Miss McKinnon
- V.
 - A Mother Goose Arabesque.....Jessie Merrill Toker
- Glee Club.
- Incidental Solos:
 - Winifred Castleman, Mezzo Soprano
 - Ethel Thompsonfi Contralto
- VI.
 - Rigoletto.....Liszt
- Miss Bonner
- College Songs.....Glee Club

Sally: "Teacher's pet!"
Grace: "No, do they?"
Health Notes.
To the thin: "Don't eat fast."
To the Fat: "Don't eat! Fast!"

interpretation of Julius Caesar, we obtained a clearer and better understanding of the play than the actual study of its would have brought. He made his characters alive and real to us. We saw the "mender of soles" and felt the pathos of Antony's grief as we would have had we actually traveled with Shakespeare to the Rome of 200 years ago. No other reader, who visits our Alma Mater, gives more effective lectures or possesses greater gifts of holding the interest of his audience than this man.

We look forward with genuine pleasure to the day when we can hear him again.

THE ALABAMIAN

Published bi-monthly during the scholastic year by the students of Alabama College.

\$1.50 A YEAR

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We appreciate advice and contributions from anonymous letters, but why not sign your name so that we may know to whom we are indebted?

ALABAMA COLLEGE IN POLITICS.

Now that we are a part of this great seething mass of American politics, what do we intend our policies to be? We can readily answer that we will uphold any measures which are for the good of our country. We are all loyal to this great nation of ours. We love the standards, which she upholds and of which we are a part.

Next to our country, do we not feel safe in saying that our college holds second place in our hearts? Are we not loyal to Alabama College? Do we not love the standards which she upholds?

Then, it is plausible for our alma mater to expect our support in every college activity. Have we done our bit?

If the question were asked how many support the efforts of the Y. W. C. A. to promote good fellowship in the student body, and to provide some form of religious observance for us, how large a number could we answer?

To be successful every organization must have the loyalty of its members. They must respond to every call and not only must they respond to its calls, but they must take every opportunity to further its interests.

The Y. W. C. A. only asks for our presence twice a week. There is nothing expected of us, but our attendance. Why can we not give it this much from each week's time? If we do not participate in the services, then, through respect for the organization, the speaker, and those who do participate, let us keep the dormitory quiet during this short length of time.

Then, we do not support morning Watch. If each of us would only take a few minutes every morning for the purpose of assembling together, how much better the day would be started! If each one would remain for the song, reading and prayer, someone else would in all probability remain also. Why not try this a while and see what good just one person's presence will do! Don't wait for another to stay. The other has classes, too, but by a few quicker steps you can get to that 7:55 class on time.

The Y. W. C. A. has an altruistic motive in its work. It is mindful of the interests of each student. There is not a student in school who will deliberately offend, even slightly, any

form of worship. We want to show the same degree of respectful deference to the Y. W. C. A. as we show to any other religious organization. We should feel it our duty to perform any service, however unimportant it may seem to us, for this organization to which each of us belongs.

Why not work, without exception, in upholding the Y. W. C. A. in its efforts to serve us all? If the Y. W. C. A. is here for our good, then we must and will conjunctly advocate its policies. We must strive together toward the goal of success, and remember that each small deed of service will help to lighten a heavy load, which must not be allowed to fall to the shoulders of a willing few.

FUTURE OF FOUR-FIFTEEN CHAPEL IS PALING.

Haven't the chapel meetings been interesting? Yes, the Junior's program was about the seven stages of woman.

"All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances."

The first "entrance" was that of the baby in its carriage being rolled by a negro mammy, while the very appropriate lullaby, "Rock-a-by Baby" was being sung. Second, came the happy-faced school girl with her dollie under her arms. The next stage in life's cycle was the sweet girl graduate, who with her most dignified air, marched to our dear Alma Mater song. The engaged girl was the next to make her entrance to the song, "I Love You Truly." After this came the bride in her rich bridal attire and orange blossoms, while the wedding march, "Here Comes the Bride," was being played. Sweetest of all were the last two stages, those of the mother and later the old lady. "Baby O' Mine" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold" were sung with these.

Those taking part were Louise Purfoy, the school girl; Mary Bradshaw, the graduate; Abbotte McKinnon, the engaged girl; Winifred Castleman, the bride; Mildred Walker, the mother, and Clara Ida Williams, the old lady. The music, which was so appropriate throughout, was rendered by Nancy Caldwell and Janice Fuquay, two talented young musicians.

Another interesting chapel meeting was one given by the English Department under the capable leadership of Miss Sutherland. The life of J. B. Tabb, better known as "Father" Tabb, a great Southern poet and true friend of Sidney Lanier, was the subject. The life of "Father" Tabb was beautifully read by Manie Love and some of his poems were read by Hazel Black.

Another program was furnished by the expression department under the supervision of Hettie Henson. Two entertaining selections were read by Marianna Thomas and Julia Chester.

Fair One at the Wheel: "How do you like our motor roads?" He (dustily): "Best I ever tasted."

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DEAD LEAVES.

We may not think about it in just this way, but we are all leaves of some kind. In many cases, the leaf happens to be a dead one. Our towns and villages, and even our schools have their dead leaves. If we were to tell them that they were a dead leaf, probably they would turn away in scorn, and most likely, in their own minds, they would crown the bearer of such information with a cap and bells.

One is always able to recognize the dead leaf, anywhere he comes in contact with him. For a smile he wears a frown. Instead of a pleasant greeting, he gives a detestable grunt. At home, he is a constant source of disagreeableness, and abroad, he is a nuisance. Though the bee buzzes past with wings heavy laden, and the day is a cloudless one in June, in his presence a shiver may traverse one's frame. He seems to wear a shell through which the sunshine cannot penetrate.

This particular species of humanity, the dead leaves, is very commonly troubled with a certain disease, which, when properly diagnosed, proves to be nothing more than the old-fashioned grouch. In most cases it seems to be incurable, and the sufferer goes to his grave never knowing what life held for him, had he only smiled and enjoyed it.

"Pluck wins. It always win, tho time be slow, And days seem long twixt nights that come and go, Still, pluck will win, its average is sure; He wins the most who can the most endure; Who faces evil, he who never shirks, Who waits, and watches, and who always works."

MATH CLUB

The College Math Club, an organization made up of enthusiastic girls who wish to know more than just the fact that $2+2=4$, had its regular meeting on last Saturday afternoon with a large attendance. At present the club is studying "Early Mathematicians" and the girls' eyes are being opened to many strange facts. Those on the program were Helen Davis, Agnes Hardy, Ola Mae Breedlove, Hattie Mae Holbrook, Patty Cole, Rebekah Pruett and Miss Stallworth.

The next meeting of the club will be a social hour with Miss Stallworth as hostess.

WHY THE COLLEGES?

Something is fundamentally wrong with American colleges. When students emerge from them in a state of wild-eyed bewilderment and, when faced with even the most every day realities have no idea what it is all about and no equipment for forming their own conceptions or judgments, either these students are dolts or something has happened to stupify them.

When young people will sit for four years and passively accept what ever ideas are handed out to them without questioning whether or not it is true or whether or not they want it, and then will snatch their diplomas with sighs of relief and prepare to settle back for the remainder of their lives in an established world, it looks as though they had acquired an unsound idea or two during this "training," for they are refusing to utilize that intellectual alertness which society expects from them.

It is easy to blame all of this upon the faculty, the trustees or someone else. But until American students become more conscious of what they are doing and why things are so, such blame is mere laziness. Students do not have to conform to wornout systems, but as long as they sit docilely by and politely listen to what is being said by teachers who are products of the same machine, these teachers have a good excuse for treating them like the vacuums they are.

Our cry now is for Academic freedom. But academic freedom which would "free" some of our present student bodies would be rather awful. They either have nothing to say or are "shrieking radical" sounding words which some one else has passed on to them.

Our present system has produced some mentally stagnant people. It has

also stirred up a few sentimental radical who, spluttering about revolt, lose sight of the purpose of any education.

If our colleges cannot be influential in the development of keen, living people, sincere and honest in the search for what is true, mentally and physically well balanced, and with "wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as themselves" they must give place to something which can.—(Selected.)

MONTEVALLO MANNERS—CONVERSATION

Conversation is the game we play most frequently, and usually with most enthusiasm, and since it consumes the greater part of our leisure time, our study hall and our meditation, we must take the time, and suffer pains to learn the rules of a good line. In our college life there are several kinds of conversation, each of which has rules peculiar to its type. First of all, there is the conversation with the faculty, which should be indulged in as rarely as possible, and only in extreme privacy, or to and from a class room. It is never wise to allow the other students to know that you are courting a teacher—it make a VERY bad impression, and so, these meetings, without which we could never pass, call for tact on the part of the pursuer. Remember that honied phrases and the more advanced degrees of flattery should be saved for a proper setting. Should the desired one be a member of the more intelligent sex, I can imagine nothing sweeter or more inspiring than to remain after class for a heart to heart talk about your work. Any spirited girl with a minimum amount of brains can manage the rest. Of course, friendships with a lady way be much more intimate and less clandestine, however, I would never suggest beginning an affair of this kind until the time is near at hand for the reaping of some tangible reward, such as an A for a term grade. Remember that friendships of woman for woman, cool more quickly than those of man for wine. One should be extremely careful, but never conservative, or even strictly honest. Should a teacher make a mistake, never notice it, if you value your head. If she should affirm that Moses the law giver penned those immortal lines beginning "Ba-a, Ba-a black sheep, etc," your future happiness depends upon your alacrity in agreeing, and wondering how she can remember everything. If she tells a joke, no matter if you've heard it since you were rompers, you must say, between spasms of laughter, that her joke is the best you've ever heard and you can't wait to tell it to the girls. Good breeding, naturally, requires that you forget the conversation as soon as possible, and never allow it to enter the realm of more enlightening conversation, such as that you enjoy with your roommate.

The next type of conversation which we consider is that in which we indulge from 7:55 to 4:15 each day except Sunday. Any reader of Montevallo Manners will understand this reference to the conversation of the classroom. Never is there such demand for refinement of speech, and such subdued lover-like tones. Great care should also be taken in selecting the proper person to share this clandestine pleasure. She must be demure and shy, and at the same time intelligent enough to appear interested in the recitation. You should never under any circumstances, converse with more than one person at a time. Should a group of several enthusiastic talkers break into this tete-a-tete, laughing and loud-talking will probably follow, and this might alas "Impress the teacher with the fact that you are not attentive," which is the last thing a well-meaning pupil will desire. We must always be considerate of our elders, and have a reverence for dyed hair—even in the classroom. Under no circumstances should conversation, during a class, bear upon the lesson in question. This would seem to show doubt as to the ability of the teacher, which attitude is unforgivable in a student. Conversation should be confined to irrelevant subjects, such as: "Whose whale swallowed Larry Semon?" "How many cigarettes did Joan of Arc smoke in a week?" or "How to raise pigs for profit, pleasure and pastime." When

the bell sounds at the close of period, pupils should cease talking immediately. Is would show respect for authority to continue the teacher is silent. On passing the room it is not out of place to your way to the desk, and with sweetest smile make some remark to your interest in the subject, and debt of gratitude you owe to such interested and efficient instructor.

However, the most brilliant conversation which we need consider, is which is carried on between the students themselves. I can imagine that could prove more important, more fascinating to a member of the faculty or to a mother of our girls, than to appear suddenly in the midst of a group of our thinkers, while they are engaged in the pleasant and profitable game of conversation. We must remember basic principle of etiquette in game more than any other, since are judged far more often by manner of speech, and our ability as conversationalists, than by the on our false teeth. Girls should be careless, even in their homey chats with roommates or across hall neighbors. Above all, never monopolize the conversation with accounts of what Sennacherib or Pez or Tom said in his special fall, or what divine eyes your Jones has, or even your little To Wootsie umble's ability to shake adenoid in a little meaner rhyme than anybody else at the mid-dances. Should some shy maiden interrupt with a protest as to the tunes of her beloved Africa Alfalfa, never hurl a sofa pillow, book in that direction to silence. Give a feller a chance. Below I a few topics of conversation which think might provoke real thought research on the part of any student who may see fit to interest themselves in the improvement of their conversation.

1. "Why have men discarded penders?"
 2. "How many generations will Irvin's present supply of eggs last?"
 3. "How much snuff is required to snuff a candle out?"
 4. "What influenced H. G. Wells to write for the Whiz Bang?"
 5. "Will our grandchildren enjoy benefits of our recreation room, will it be ready for them?"
 6. "Compare Babe Ruth and J. McCormick as dramatists."
- I think if our students will devote some time and thought to topics such vital interest as these, and they discuss them with the purpose of improving their conversational abilities, the next generation at Alabama will have no need for a book of manners.

(To be continued)

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Don't tell your friend about your sweethearts, they have troubles of their own.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The Saddest is, "I've flunked again."

One day as I chanced to pass, a beaver was damming the river, and a man with no gasoline was doing the same to his flivver.

Mary: "Did you ever read 'To a Field Mouse'?"
Not: "No, how do you get them to listen?"

Mr. Sharp: "Let me hear you spell blind pig."

Pupil: "Why, that's easy, b-l-n-d p-g."

Mr. Sharp: "My dear girl, you left the eyes out."

He (after the proposal): "Have you ever loved before?"

She (after the proposal): "No, John, I have often admired men for their courage, strength beauty or intelligence but with you it's all LOVE—nothing else."

It is rumored that Mrs. Sharpe has become a designing woman. She takes Art, donchano?

Leading up to kissing a girl the first time is a matter of tact: the first kiss is a matter of fact; the second is a matter of act, and the rest of the kisses are matter of fact.—Tiger.

An officer, who was sent from the War Department to observe the maneuvers in Panama is reported to have cabled an officer friend as follows:

Plate.
Date.
Addressed
SOS BVD PDQ COD.
(Signed) POINTER.

Mary: "O Benedict, aren't you a medical student? Then I can show you where I was vaccinated."

Benedict (expectantly): "Please, do."

Mary: "Well, I'll drive by there in a few minutes."

Mayo wrote to Dad hurriedly:
Dad Dear: Please send me some money.

Dad's reply: I haven't any money. Endorsed check for 10,000 kisses.

Three days later he received the following:

Dear Dad: Received your check for 10,000 kisses. Buster cashed it.
Your devoted daughter,
Mayo.

Miss Snyder: "I like your voice, Abbotte, but I can't understand your actions at the beginning of your song."

Abbotte: "My actions?"

Miss S.: "Yes, the business with your eyes and shoulders. I can see no excuse in the song for that."

Abbotte: "It is in the music."

Miss S.: "In the music."

Abbotte: "Yes, right here after the introduction it says, 'Vamp, till ready.'"

The All-College Letter.
students to send home. It can be filled out in a few seconds.

Montevallo, Ala.
Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb., Mar.,
April, May (Check one) 192—

Dad:)
Mother:)
Dear Folks:)

(Check one)

Here's the Season's Best!

I am well—sick-dead-married (heck one). Please send check—flowers—congratulations (check one).

I flunked Math., Chem., Eng. (check one). I passed Gym., Piano, Hist., (check one). So I will, will not (check one) be home this quarter. (Proposer printed form letter for

Better make that check out for \$25, \$50, \$100 (check one).

Love, -----

Helen G. McN.: "I flunked that quizz flat."

Janice: "What was the matter?"

Helen G. McN.: "I had vaseline on my hair and the answers slipped my mind."

Social Polish.
Oh, elucidate not of kerosene
Thou who wouldst capture the rare;
Speak not of the pungent gasoline
When it comes to adorning the hair.

Oh, away with the Mulsified parafine,
Leave the crude oil to those who dare;

But give me—Oh, give me my vaseline,
When it comes to adorning MY hair!

Two "Belles" and All's Well
Lovely night—
Crescent moon;

Situation
Opportune
Ruby lips,
Slight mustache—
Combination
In a flash.
Maiden speaks
Whenever she can—
Softly whispers,
"Naughtn man."
Hesitates—
Whispers then,
"Be a naughty
Man again."

Nita G.: "Hey, Beck, I saw that picture of you over at Mrs. Yeager's. I like it so much."

Rebekah P.: "Which one? What did I have on?"

Nita G.: "A string of pearls."

The following announcement appeared on the bulletin board:

NOTICE:
If you wish to see Venus, see me.
(Signed) MARY G. STALLWORTH.

DON'T WAIT.

Don't wait for the world of success to lay

Its prizes at your feet—but just plod on your way

With songs on your lips and as an aim in your heart,

And then there's small danger you'll fail in your part!

Don't waste your strength longing for that or for this;

Just take the day's labor and then you won't miss

The daily work's payment: and tho it be small,

It's certainly better than nothing at all.

And don't be discouraged at every mistake;

There's never a road or a patch that we take,

But someone gets slipping; we all of us know

It's harder to climb as the higher we go.

THE MAN OF MY DREAMS.

The man of my dreams has slick, black hair,

'Tis not stacomb that keeps it there. His eyes are "Brown" and of the deepest hue,

No not devilish, but they say, "Are you true?"

His lips don't say, "Please give me a kiss."

They are the kind you can't resist! His clothes are not "bell bottom," but

Vanity Fair,

He has the creases and he keeps them there.

He doesn't rave or shoot a line, For he knows I am not the flapperish kind.

In the simplest way he says, "I love you."

But am I dreaming or is this true?

CROOX STEELE.

Scandal Column

By Anny May Skinner.

"Gossip is the stuff of which scandal is made."

A Flapper Alphabet.

Awfully affable,
Brilliantly blest;
Cruelly critical
Daringly dressed.
Erringly elegant,
Flagrantly fluffed,
Generally giggling,
Hastily huffed.
Impishly impudent,
Joyously jump,
Kinky and kittenish,
Luringly limp.
Modishly mannared,
Naughtily nosed;
Occasionally odious,
Prankishly posed.
Quick-tempered, quarrelsome,
Radiant rig;
Smart, scant and sporty,
Trim, taunt and trig.
Usually upish,
Vain, veribest
Wheedlesome winning,
Xtravagantly xpressed.
Youthfully yearning,
zealous in zest.

—Selected.

Mr. Sharp has had a hair cut. Evidently he did not want to be mistaken for a flapper.

Dr. Bacote has one hundred and forty girls(Oh, I mean young ladies) to look after and educate. Don't ask me about it. He made that statement out of a clear sky.

Abbotte (in dining room): "Margaret, what's wrong with your chair? You're so low down."

Margaret C: "Why, my seat's exactly like every other girl's in the dining room."

Emma Louise looked for the rate of taxes in the Alabama Creed. Perhaps the next thing we hear Buster will be asking Dean Carmichael what shade of rouge he uses.

Gregg: "I dream of you day and night."

Frances: "No wonder you look so sleepy."

Bashful Liz.

A modest girl
Is Liz Horsley.
She won't even
Wash the parsley.

Hettie: "Helen reminds me of a character from Dickens."

Julia (observing the dancers): "Which one?"

Hettie: "Oliver Twist."

Mr. Marsh: "What are pauses?"
Josephine: "They grow on cats."

Helen Gray: "I didn't have a date with Buster. I just talked to him."

Miss Irvin: "What else do you do when you have a date?"

Girls* At Last Here's Your Chance!

All ye who would grow plump and well-developel, harken unto my cry! Mr. Marsh offers demonstrations at Glee Club practice. The admission is very small. You'll enjoy it. Come on and we'll all grow shapely! Be sure and bring a baton or some other HEAVY article to aid you in gaining muscular strength.

Girls, if you have a black and white striped coat put it away on going to bed! Mae Nabors nearly frightened her poor little self into convulsions the other night. She awoke about 3 o'clock and saw her coat in the moonlight and thought an Aldrich prisoner had escaped. I'll tell you that moonlight is good at playing tricks!

"Won't you come into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"Parlor nothin'—getta flivver!"
Was our modern fly's reply.

Floi (moonlight and all that rot):
"Do you know what a dumb waiter is?"

Jack (same surrounding of course):

THE PLAYER.

Once, in a dingy music hall,
I heard a violin that threw
A veil across the ugliness
Of vulgar people seeking life,
And wondered if the players knew.

That he had brought on wings of song
Some breath of beauty down to
Who had forgotten that the world
Had beauty and had lost their dreams.
I never heard him play again!

For he was young when he began
His songs and in his eyes he held
A light that flickered slowly down
And died from unresponsiveness
And in its dying seemed to weld.

A brazen screen around the things
Of youth his soul had shown.
He bowed when he was done and
walked away
And lost himself within the crowd
That clapped the jazzband long and loud.

ALEPHSADHE CLUB.

On the evening of January 26 the members of the Alephsadhe Club widened their circle to include Misses Ibbie Jones and Jane Faye Cotney.

At eight o'clock they marched down the assembly hall steps and to the gymnasium, representing Diana, the Goddess of Hunt, and a blue bird, the symbol of happiness; Miss Ibbie Jones being Diana and Miss Faye Cotney being the blue bird.

After dancing a short time at the gym the initiation was continued at the club house. The initiation was sealed by the new members taking the club pledge and receiving the badge of honor, which was a band of black ribbon bearing the insignia of the club to be worn on the head.

THE STRAND

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday,
Friday

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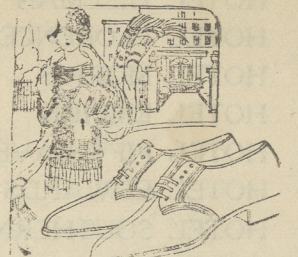
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to announce to our many friends of Alabama College that we are ready with all the accepted fashions for early Spring.

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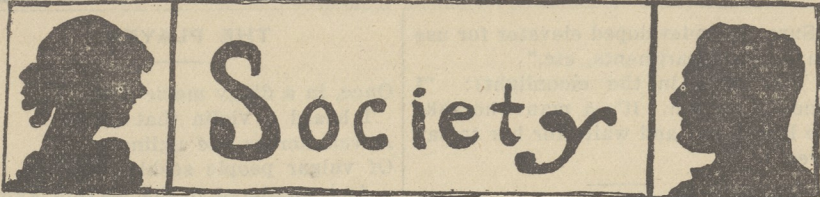
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BLACH'S

Wadesonian Theatre

Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays

Montevallo, Ala.



JOLLY CROWD ENJOYS OUTING..

"And it's oh, my heart! my heart! to be out in the sun and sing." But it's the life for a college lass to be out under the moon and eat. All those who participated in the glorious feed near the log cabin Thursday night will know what I mean. Moonlight madness is the term used to express that contentment of heart which one feels when seated around a big bonfire, "heap much" food at hand, a jolly crowd, and the strains of some familiar air sung to the pang, pang of the ukulele. Those who experienced this contentment of heart on Thursday evening were: Miss Harrington, Kathleen McCormack, Lulie Pitts, Betty Reid, Dot McCleod, Elizabeth Horsley, Lucille Nelson, Lucy McCauley, Alice Bargainer, Rella Rudolph, Anny May Skinner and Eugenia Christopher.

SENIOR CLASS DELIGHTFULLY ENTERTAINED BY THE MISSES IRVIN.

On the evening of January 25th, the members of the Senior Class enjoyed a formal dinner given by Misses Anna and Edna Irvin.

When the Seniors, who had somehow made themselves beautiful for the occasion, had passed the gauntlet of smiles and comments from the interested spectators who hung over the stairway bannisters, they found one wing of the college dining room transformed into a charming cabaret. Between the courses of a most delightful dinner the guests were entertained, as the reporters would say, by "tal-

ent, youth and beauty." The fact that each guest was transferred to another beautifully decorated table and other charming partners with each course added interest to the evening.

This delightful entertainment will be among those longest remembered by the Senior Class of '24 and will also hold a place in the memories of the other guests, who were present. These guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Dean and Mrs. Carmichael, Miss Mac-Millan, Miss Sutherland, Miss Stallworth, Miss Decker, Miss Taber, Miss De Vane and Rev. P. H. Carmichael.

The following varied and entertaining program was rendered between courses:

Selection—Piano and Violin, Janice Fuquay, Ann Long.

Gypsy Maiden—Nancy Caldwell.

Once Upon a Time (dance), Nita Grover.

The World is Waiting for the Sunrise—Martha Fuquay.

My Man John (old English ballad), Mildren Martin, Theresa Conaway, Mildred Vardamen, Ann Long.

The Water Nymph (dance), Elsie Mahaffey.

Rose in the Bud—Abbotle McKin-non.

Reading—Edith Montgomery.

CALKINS MUSIC CLUB HAS INTERESTING PROGRAM.

The regular meeting of the Calkins Music Club was held Thursday afternoon January 31, at 4:30. After a short business meeting, Miss Alice Mahler welcomed the new members who have just been taken in. We were very fortunate in securing some of the earliest hymn tunes recorded in America. The very interesting program rendered about American Music was as follows:

"First Period of American Music," read by Helen Hagood.

Song, York Hymn tune, Alice Mahler.

"Second Period of American Music," read by Florence London.

Song, "On the Death of General Washington," Abbotle McKinnon, Alice Mahler, Nancy Caldwell, Ethel Thompson.

Song, Chester tune, Nancy Caldwell, Alice Mahler.

Violin solo, "Spanish Serenade," Alice Lyman.

We hope all members of the club will attend each meeting in the future. We are very glad to announce the following new members: Anne Long, Mildred Young, Miriam Ernst, Alice Quarles, Genevieve Turberville, Agnes Nicholls.

OLD CLUBS GIVE JOINT RECEPTION.

Saturday night in the club house, the Tutwiler, Philomathic and Castalian Clubs entertained at a beautiful Valentine reception for their honorary members, new members and pledges. The three club rooms were thrown together and the color scheme of red prevailed throughout. In the back room refreshments were served from a lovely round table with the centerpiece, a shower bouquet of red carnations and red hearts. Candlesticks with red candles gave a soft glow to the colorful scene as the guests passed to and fro in their many colored evening frocks.

The new members of each club were

in fancy costume. The Tutwiler represented the famous women of history. Next came the Philomathics in a cloud of gauzy rainbow colors and "Follie" costumes. Last, but by no means least, the Seven Fallen Angels of the Castalians appeared.

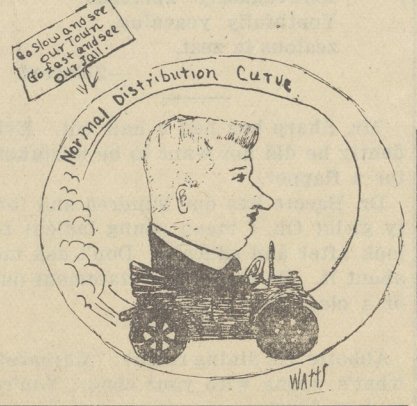
A large punch bowl in the hall held delicious punch, which was served to the guests as they entered. The color scheme was further carried out in the refreshments, which were ice cream, mints and cake. A dainty favor adorned each plate in the shape of a bonbon dish capped by a very red Cupid.

The evening, was pronounced a great success by the participants who, in all, numbered about one hundred and fifty.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB INITIATES NEW MEMBERS WITH KID PARTY

On Saturday afternoon the Home Economics Club delightfully entertained its new members at a kid party in the old library. Promptly at 4:30 crowds of dainty little girls, in frilly party dresses with sashes, hair ribbons and socks to match, and handsome little boys, arrayed in their Sunday best, began to arrive at the scene of marry-making.

There they found swings, see-saws, sandpiles and other things dear to the childish heart, which, with va-



rious games, were thoroughly enjoyed by the youngsters for a lively hour.

The noise and merriment, however, was instantly subdued by the entrance of Miss Lillie Burleson, in the person of the old maid school teacher, who called the class to order, and began the studies of the day with a sadly needed spelling lesson.

Every pupil present was called upon for some kind of performance, and surprising dramatic talent as well as most unusual intellectual ability on the part of the young pupils was exhibited.

One very enjoyable number on the program was the soulful and touching rendition of "Yes, we have no bananas," by five of Miss Burleson's most promising young pupils, Misses Sale, Andrews, Keyes, Kemp and Johnson. The harmonies and tones produced, to say nothing of their rhythm and volume, afford sufficient proof that these young girls will make their mark in the operatic world.

At 5:30 the children went into ecstasies over the appearance of all the red lollypops, ice cream cones and cakes they could eat; and after a generous share of each, the kids went home, sticky but happy.

BETA SIGMA DELTA ENTERTAINS.

On the 17th of January the Beta Sigma Delta welcomed into their club their eligible pledges. The first event of the evening was the attractive "lead out" of a number if the clubs, which was one of the prettiest that Montevallo has ever witnessed.

The Beta Sigma Delta's represented, a marriage of the club to the college and Old Love Songs. The multi-colored lights were thrown on the stairs as the bride and groom entered to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march. The bride was Elizabeth Phillips and the groom, Charlotte Hilton. Immediately after the bride came Little Miss Martha Evans and Master Allen Evans carrying the letters B.E.D. and Alabama College which were made of pink roses.

Then the jester, Kathleen Chester, announced the songs and Miss Snyder in her lovely voice, sang the age old songs of love as each girl came into view and tripped lightly down the stairs.

First came Anne Henderson in a lovely dress of blue taffeta with garden hat to match, representing "Alice Blue Gown." Then Eva Smith in a

California Sunset Satin with a hand bouquet of roses, represented "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses."

"Orientale" was softly played and Margaret Gay as a little Japanese maiden shuffled behind her fan.

Helen Bishop as a Gypsy dancer with her tambourine next represented "Gypsy Love Song."

And last, Julia Chester in an old-fashioned costume danced the minuet as Mitzie in Shubert's "Song of Love."

After a few enjoyable dances in the gym, they returned to the dormitory where a sumptuous banquet was enjoyed by every one. Those present were:

Miss Brownfield, Miss Snyder, Mrs. Evans, Allen Evans, Miss Vausse, Martha Evans, Lucille Williams, Margaret Gay, Grace Evans, Julia Chester, Kathleen Chester, Eva Smith, Anne Henderson, Helen Bishop, Charlotte Hilton, Elizabeth Phillips and Hettie Hinson.

PHI DELTA SIGMA INITIATES.

The Phi Delta Sigma members enjoyed the greatest event of the year on initiation night. The new members were dressed to imitate different flowers, since the aim of the club is to study nature in its different aspects. The following girls were dressed in pretty costumes representing flowers: Agnes Stewart, jasmine; Hazel Black, lily; Inez Ray, forget-me-not; Dutch Watts, carnation, and Edith Adams, violet. Gertrude Patterson, one of our new members, was absent and will be initiated at a special meeting.

After the dance in the gymnasium the five girls, dressed in neat costumes, went directly to the club house for further initiation. The cabin was decorated in blue and gold, the club colors. The new members in a very gay mood, were met by the old ones and two of the honorary members, Misses Stone and Ross.

About nine-thirty, an ice course was served to both old members and pledges. The remainder of the evening was spent in toasting marshmallows over a big log fire.

ZETA PI DELTA PLEDGES REPRESENT CHINESE WEDDING.

On initiation night, one on which all the clubs show their originality and talent, the ZRD represented a Chinese wedding. The parade was led by Ann Long dressed as the lantern bearer. Then came the bride, Jo Kilgore, who was carried in a beautifully decorated litter by Julia Riddle, Elorie Ingram, Ann Jones, and Irma Reaves, each dressed in effective man's Chinese costume. Immediately following the bride, came Mildred Walker, Mariama Taylor, two Japanese boys, carrying the litter of presents. The mixed orchestra was composed of the following Chinese boys and girls. Melba Griffin, Claire Griffin, Helen Allison, Francis Rosenbloom, Rebekah Pduett, and Margaret Butler. Just after the dance at the gym the girls were taken to the club room where they were served sandwiches, tea, cream and cake. Then, oh, then—came the sighs: "To die or not to die."

After the initiation, while en route to the assembly hall the "wrecks of the Hesperas" met four of the pledges, Mildred Thompson, Gladys Huey, Frances Rappaport and Elizabeth Taylor, dressed as Red

Cross nurses. They used their bands and stretcher in administering first aid to the sufferers.

The honorary members present were: Mr. M. L. Orr, Miss Boyd, and Miss McMullan.

MONTEVALLO MILK MAID'S EXCURSION.

"It pays to advertise!" You've heard it said! Evidently some of the girls believe this, for they were seen going to Aldrich peddling milk. If further information is desired apply to Misses Vera Boyd, Permelia Schnell, Mary Struthers, Alice Darwin, Grace Waldrop and Annie Holt Young who were seen to grace the wagon on the milk man's last trip.

She: "Come on over, Jimmy, and if you're a stickler for form you might bring the mistletoe with you."

Mrs. Palmer has promised to entertain the Senior class with a "petting party." Ain't that fine!

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The Store That is Different
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Display

ALABAMA COLLEGE CLAIMS STATE BAS- KETBALL HONORS

When Montevallo's strong Varsity team defeated the co-eds of University of Alabama on February 23 they won first claim to the Alabama collegiate girls' basketball championship. Alabama college has every right to say that her's is the best team in the state for having played this year without a single defeat. Montevallo's total score stands at 152, while that of her opponents total only 55.

The game with the Alabama co-eds was staged as a grand climax to the high school girls basketball tournament, which was held here February 21, 22 and 23. It was a slow game, due to many fowls on both sides, but Montevallo's team work and the accurate aim of her forwards, Burleson and Martin, proved too much for the visiting Crimsonettes and Montevallo piled up a 22 to 5 lead before the intermission. 'Bama came back however in the second half with a decided improvement and outscored Montevallo for the last fifteen minutes, but their "second wind" was to no avail, for it came too late for them to even hope to equal Montevallo's number and the game ended with a score of 27 to 12.

The line-up was as follows: Montevallo (27)—Martin and Burleson, forwards; Albritton and Carmichael, centers; Townsend and Smith, guards. Substitutions: Thomas for Smith.

Alabama (12)—Brinskele and Nuckols forwards; Little and Donovan, centers; Hammet and Shelbourne, guards. Substitutions: Baked for Little; Robertson for Hammet. Referee: Brintell (Albany); Umpire, Grist (Selma Y.)

A NEW SCHOLARSHIP FROM CHICAGO, ILL.

Mrs. J. B. Hall, of Chicago, a member of Stonewall Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of that city, has recently presented to the Stonewall Chapter a gift of \$2,000.00 for a scholarship to aid a worthy girl, a descendant of a Confederate soldier, to pursue a college course. Alabama College has been selected as the institution in which the award will be made. For some years this chapter has been presenting to the college \$50.00 to help a pupil. This gift on the part of Mrs. Hall makes the scholarship a permanent one, and a larger amount will be available than has heretofore been given.

This is the first substantial gift that has come to Alabama College from an individual living outside of the state. The scholarship will be known as the Lucy Harper Hall Scholarship Fund. Mrs. Thomas F. Bottomley, of Chicago, has been the chairman of the committee on this scholarship fund for a number of years, and will continue to serve in this capacity, endeavoring to raise larger funds for this purpose.

SENIORS.

It's great to be a Senior,
To be envied and admired,
It's fun to be conspicuous and
Always keenly eyed,
Yet hard to think your college days
Will be forever past.
For the days when we are Seniors
Cannot forever last.
But there's one thing we are certain,
As sure as we must part,
Will carry as many memories
In our head as in our heart.



MONTEVALLO IS THE SCENE OF TOURNAMENT AND OTHER CONTESTS

The second great classic of girls' high school basketball teams was staged at Montevallo, February 21st to 23rd. A splendid array of teams from every section of Alabama swarmed Alabama's campus and played some of the best basketball ever witnessed in the state. There was marked improvement in the playing over the first tournament which was held in 1923.

One outstanding feature was the hard fighting necessary in even the elimination contests to decide which would win. The teams gathered at the college had fought their way through many victories over other high schools of the state and had come as champions of this districts. Almost without exception, the games were full of thrills from the first to the last, each team showing a determination to out-class the other.

The final game was played Saturday morning, February 23. The contestants were Ramer High School of Montgomery county and Mortimer-Jordan High School of Jefferson county. The score was close at the end of each quarter, but was finally concluded with a victory for the Ramer team with a score of 22 to 26.

The beautiful silver basketball was awarded by Dr. Frank Willis Barnett in his own inimitable style. This trophy was awarded as last year by the Birmingham News.

Coincident with the tournament were a series of other contests held in home economics, art, and expression. Many schools were represented by exhibits in home economics and art.

The first prize in home economics was won by the Coffee High school, Florence, Alabama, while in art the first prize, which was a beautiful painting of an Alabama scene, given by Mr. Roderic D. MacKenzie went to Ensley High school. Numerous individual prizes were awarded for the best individual entries in art and home economics.

Fifteen schools were represented by two students each in the expression contest. Elimination recitals began at ten o'clock February 21, in Calkins Hall. The judges were Mr. Allen G. Loehr, Birmingham-Southern College, Birmingham, Miss Mary Axford, Selma, and Miss Carrie Knox of Anniston.

The auditorium of Calkins hall was filled throughout Thursday and Friday during all the elimination recitals. The best six out of the thirty representatives were finally chosen after very hard and conscientious work on the part of the judges by noon on Friday. These were: Thelma Pearson, Chambers County High school; Ruth Hill Carr, Phillips High school, Birmingham; Wilma Van

Sickle, Jones Valley High school, Powderly; Jessie Crum, Jones Valley High School, Powderly; Helen Veitch, Bessemer, and Elizabeth Russell, Alexander City.

The final recital was staged in the college auditorium where a very large and enthusiastic audience greeted the six winners. It was an evening of delightful entertainment for the spectators and great excitement over who should be the winner. The judges were out for some time, but finally returned with their verdict. The first prize went to Miss Ruth Hill Carr, Uhillips High school, Birmingham, while the second prize went to Miss Jessie Crum, of Powderly. These prizes—medals, were awarded by the Birmingham Age-Herald.

The contests in home economics, art, and expression were an experiment, but the enthusiastic support of the high schools of the state have shown that such contests fill a great need in Alabama's educational program and it is expected that these will become annual events of great interest in the future.

The high school representatives have expressed over and over again their deep appreciation of the splendid hospitality shown them by the student body of Alabama College. All are to be congratulated upon the splendid spirit shown and the splendid success of this great event.

O. C. CARMICHAEL.

THE PLAY IS THE THING

The Alabama Players presented "Arms and the Man" by Bernard Shaw in the College auditorium February 23, under the direction of Miss Monk. Those who saw the play are unanimous in their decision of it being the thing of the season. Miss Monk certainly deserves praise and congratulation on this production.

Editor Montgomery as Captain Bluntschi, The Man, acted the part and then some. Who ever thought Edith could be such a fierce and starved soldier as she was in the first act.

Mildred Martin as Raina, the leading lady, was there when it came to being good looking, and a clever little lady she was. Robbie Allen, as Major Petkoff, the father of Raina, also did some good work. This is Robbie's first year and we are looking for more like this in the future. Janie Crooke Steel as Catherine, the Major's wife, outdid Herod himself. She was a scream from beginning to end.

Mamie Love as Sergins, an officer of the Bulgarian army, portrayed this patirical character to perfection. We lost sight of Mamie entirely and saw only Sergins. Hazel Black as Nicola

(Continued on page 2)

EXPRESSION BODY IN STATE PLANNED

Movement Started At Montevallo
Contests; Loehr Heads
Committee.

A new movement was begun at Alabama College at the close of the first state-wide expression contest held here last week. This movement is called the Alabama Public Speech Association.

A meeting of the teachers of expression and others interested was called, and the aims of the association were thoroughly discussed and officers elected. Prof. Allen G. Loehr, Birmingham-Southern college, Birmingham, was elected president; Miss Leila Mae Smith, Phillips High School, Birmingham, vice president, and Miss Jessie F. Pringle, Bessemer, as secretary. These three form an executive committee who are working on the constitution and by-laws for a permanent association and are calling upon all the teachers of expression and others interested in the state to make it a point to be present in Montgomery at the Alabama Educational Association for the purpose of perfecting the organization and of putting new emphasis of the matter of expression in Alabama.

Wide spread interest is being manifested in the movement. The cooperation of all who desire to promote the cause of better speech and better expression is being asked.—Birmingham News.

Program Outlined For Club Meeting

Montevallo Busy Preparing for State
Meeting of Federated Women

Mrs. John Tilley and Mrs. J. Brevard Jones, of Montgomery, and Mrs. T. W. Palmer, of Montevallo, have prepared the tentative program for the twenty-ninth annual meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, which is to be held in Montevallo April 8-11. Mrs. Palmer, with the aid of local representatives, is busy preparing suggestions for the completion of the program.

Among some of the distinguishing features will be the annual address of the president, Mrs. Val Taylor, of Uniontown. During her administration, the organizing of new clubs but in broadening the scope of the work in every line of endeavor. Mrs. Taylor has served as president for one year.

Comprehensive reports will be submitted for the following departments: American citizenship, by Mrs. Louis A. Neill, Albany; citizenship, training and international relations, by Mrs. B. Z. Glasgow, Athens; community service, Mrs. Albert Moulthrop, Eufaula; friendly cooperation with ex-service men, Mrs. Paul Smith, Montgomery; motion pictures, Miss Alice Pettus, Anniston; applied education department, Miss Hattie Morton, Birmingham; conservation, Mrs. S. J. Starke, Troy; Miss Janet Simpson, Florence; home demonstration, Mrs. Charles J. Bricken, Montgomery; home economics, Mrs. W. C. Vail; illiteracy, Mrs. Frank Thomas, Auburn; library extension, Mrs. L. D. McCollum, Bessemer; scholarships, Mrs. T. D. Parke, Birmingham; fine arts, Mrs. J. Carroll Long, Selma; art, Mrs. H. Y. Toner, Selma; music, Mrs. C. B. Yandle, Birmingham; literature, Mrs. Jack Montgomery, Tuscaloosa; writers' clubs, Mrs. A. J. Gilmore, Sicard; public welfare, Mrs. J. E. Frazier, Birmingham; child welfare, Mrs. G. B. Michael, Mobile; public health, Mrs. Sidney Hart, Birmingham; social and industrial conditions, Mrs. W. A. Hill, Montgomery; publicity, Mrs. C. Mitchell Williamson, Birmingham; Bulletin, Mrs. J. Brevard Jones, Montgomery.

(Continued on page 2)

ALABAMA COLLEGE HOSTESS TO THE ALABAMA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

April Eighth to Eleventh

The A. F. W. C. will hold its 1924 meeting at our college during next month. Over three hundred of the state's most distinguished women will attend. Among them will be some mothers, aunts and sisters of college girls. The greatest time of the year socially and intellectually is in store for us. All of the college organizations are eagerly anticipating this occasion by making ready for it, for they realize that it means more for the college and for the students than did the tournament and other great contests. The citizens of Montevallo who have been taking an active interest in all college affairs are doubly interested in this meeting and will assist in the entertaining.

Mrs. Val Taylor, of Uniontown, a former Alabama College girl, is the President of the Federation and is coming back to her old college home, bringing with her the largest group of women who have ever visited here. Students of the college extend cordial greetings to Mrs. Taylor. It may be that some girl who is now here may fill this high position some day. Girls, we must all meet Mrs. Taylor, her cabinet, and as many of the other representatives as we can.

It has been twenty-four years since the Federation met in this town. Wonderful changes have taken place in the college, in the town, yea in the Federation.

We, as students, should not forget that through the Federation several loan scholarships are given to Alabama College. The Conra McConaughy Scholarship, Kate Morrisette Scholarship, Mrs. John H. Phillips Scholarship, Elizabeth Haley Moore Scholarship, Kate Hagan Scholarship for Music, and Mary Hill Randle Scholarship have aided a number of girls to complete their courses of study. The Joycrofters Club, of Birmingham, has recently added another scholarship to assist one student in the senior class to finish her course this year. This scholarship is to be made permanent, helping some girl every year.

Welcome, Federation women, to Alabama College! The students greet you and wish for you the most successful meeting that you have ever held. It is our honor and our pleasure to serve you. Command us for anything you wish.

Oh, how I long for the days when I was full! wailed the waning crescent moon!

Of course you ucan't believe everything you hear—
Oh, no! but you can repeat it."

THE ALABAMIAN

Published bi-monthly during the scholastic year by the students of Alabama College.

\$1.50 A YEAR

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SUCCESS

Success is a happy consummation of our dreams or ideas. To make our dreams come true, or our ideals realities, is not an easy task. Mental concentration, coupled with great effort, is necessary.

It is the ambition of nearly every healthy boy or girl to be a success in some line of endeavor after leaving school. To do this, he must keep wide awake while in school and take advantage of every opportunity presented to make himself efficient. "You would be a success tomorrow? But that is so far away. And whatever the task, this is what men ask: Were you a success today? Don't wait for some far tomorrow. Success isn't built that way; fame will come to you by the things you do. So how did you serve today?"

Good ideas are useless unless we put them into practice. We may have dreams or ideas, but if we never make an effort to put them into practice we will not succeed. If we are like Joe Sullivan, with our minds intent on the thing that we want to do, and not a thought of the thing we do not want to do; we too can succeed though somewhat handicapped.

Joe Sullivan was born of poor parentage, and when he was very young, one leg and one arm were paralyzed. He injured his other hand in the attempt to move himself about by crawling. Joe's brothers often said, in his presence, that they would always have to support him. This made him determine to make his own way in life. Notwithstanding his physical handicaps and the many obstacles in his way, he could not be downed; today he is a prominent business man in one of our largest cities. So filled with the idea of victory was his head and heart, failure was impossible.

A fireman once walked a frozen ledge not much wider than his hand, around an eight-story building to save a little child from the flames. This man was not a physical giant, but a mental one. If he had been thinking of the nerve-racked crowd that watched him from the awful depth below, and of the slippery ice upon which he walked instead of his purpose, he would surely have failed.

It is not always the genius that succeeds. Oft times we see the talented person fail, just because he was overwhelmed with the dread that he would do exactly what he did do. He that is less gifted and knows how to use what talent he has, will outstrip the genius and usurp his place in fame.

Success in the eyes of the world is generally counted in dollars and cents. To gain power, position and wealth is success; but Dr. Burton says: "Success is spiritual and nothing else. You succeed in the great art of life just according as you have formed character, and advanced in the exercise of truth, purity and kindness."

THIS SUNNY SOUTH.

The weather we have with us—but this week we have had just a little more of it than usual. Yet do we complain? We do not! Even on February the second when the ground hog, after a brief squint outside, made one deft handspring toward the little trundle bed, did we pine and sigh?

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Drinks, Candies, Toilet Articles

Compliments of

J. R. Johnson

Not we; we followed his little example and made a dash for our fur coats and good dispositions—if we possessed such. And just in time.

For early Tuesday morning in spite of the fact that the weather man had announced as the next number on the program "There is sunshine in my soul today," he whimsically changed the tune to variations of "Pit-a-pat! pit-a-pat! Fall the tiny raindrops," and "It's not raining rain to me, it's raining daffodils!" But either we were very poor singers or the weather man was hard to please; for suddenly he discarded that tune altogether and led out with "Faster, fleetier, fall the snowflakes." At this point such a heated discussion arose as to whether they were really snowflakes or not that the poor things melted in the heat thereof. (N. B. This was our only proof that heat had not altogether passed away from the world.) During the rest of the day even the weatherman's wits were frozen, and as for us—we joined mournfully enough in the chorus: "Darling, I am growing co-o-old!"

Yes, the weather we have always with us.

She frowned on him,
And called hi mMr.
Because in fun he merely Kr.
And then, in spite,
The following night
The naughty Mr. Kr. Kr.

JACK O' LANTERN

Millions Against a Man

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

(©, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Now, what in the world can that mean?" Miss Dacy asked of space, peering through her half-drawn blind at the car end, turning into the narrow Burton drive. Not only narrow, but unkept—a mute proclaimer indeed of Burton blood. Trim-kept hedges and shrubbery would have let in freely curious eyes.

Instead of them long blossomy boughs bending across the front walk obscured whatever happened there. This made Miss Dacy peevish—even more than the fact that the house sat diagonally across from her own, instead of full face to her.

A tight-lipped body, so plump she looked to have been melted and poured into her clothes, she was a chronic sufferer from wasted efficiency. She felt so wholly equal to managing everybody's affairs it seemed a fair shame her efforts should be confined to her own. They were very small, yet sufficient—only the drawing of her annuity, getting her full dues from the Italian who worked her tiny truck farm and keeping tabs on the missionary money until she knew it was safe in Lawyer Holden's hands.

He was the sole and shining exception to her scathing scorn of men in general—even the most part of Biblical characters. Lazarus, Job and St. Paul had her good word—as for the rest, from King David down to St. Peter, she held opinions that would not look pretty in print.

But antipathy reached its climax around Jimmy Holden, son to the lawyer. Him Miss Dacy could not abide. He ran the plantation as he pleased, spoiling all the workers round about with his ways, keeping foxhounds, going night hunting, too, and giving Saturday afternoon barbecues the summer through. This was upsetting, any thrifty person must admit; but even that was not the worst. Jim not only stood up stoutly for Phyllis Burton, but made his mother and his twin sisters do likewise. And that girl needed putting down if ever one did. Actually putting her hand to the plow—a riding plow to be sure—wearing overalls and short hair, and old clothes years behind the style, because, forsooth, she said outright she couldn't afford new. She might alter them, at least, as she might cut the grass, and trim up the rose bushes, and white wash the side fences—when nobody was looking.

Instead, she was up at dawn, in the fields, doing a man's part, hiring as little as she could, but paying roundly, and worst of all, making such truck, so fine and flavorful and well packed and sorted, it not merely got the top of the market, but made other truck look to be worth much less. There, perhaps, lay Miss Dacy's liveliest root of grievance. Her Italian, notwithstanding he knew his business, either couldn't or wouldn't learn the frills Phyllis was putting onto it—always getting books and new sorts of things and seeds, and never minding sunburn nor blistered hands, no matter who came round.

Most men hated her, Miss Dacy was sure of that. Why wouldn't they, paying off a heavy mortgage as she was doing, when they could barely scrape along from year to year. It might be all straight business. Miss Dacy, though, had her doubts. Phyllis had had a bank behind her from the first, and old man Young wasn't the sort to do things for nothing. His scapegoat son, Bill, was mighty set on marrying Phyllis. Miss Dacy had charitably made up her mind that the girl in refusing him over and over was playing for his widower-father. Deep—too deep—for any girl to be, said the moral policewoman to her gossips. But just now all she could think of was the wholly strange car that was halted before the Burton piazza, while the big farm bell clanged a brazen summons to Phyllis at the farthest edge of the place.

"It ain't Young's, nor Holden's, nor any sort o' agent," the observer soliloquized. "Cain't be the preacher's, neither—nor the sheriff's. No sech luck as my seein' him come! Must a-come from a good ways off by the look of the dust. Ed give my best hen to know all about it. Wouldn't be

stayin' so and callin' in the boss if somethin' wasn't in the wind."

The reflection bespoke almost psychic insight. For Phyllis Burton, enchanting in clean blue overalls, tousled goldy-brown hair framing her rosy face, stood face to face with a severely correct legal-looking person, who extended his card saying with almost abjectness: "Miss Burton—you can't know my relief at finding you—after running down the blindest clues a matter of three years."

"What made you do it?" Phyllis asked, in a shaken voice she tried vainly to make saucy.

"To put it briefly—money and matrimony," the newcomer, Judge Verrill, said with a low bow.

"The climax of an old romance. Austin Chalmers, who loved and lost your mother, through his wild ways, went back to the Indian Nation, now Oklahoma, and the squaw he had left there, lived there—vegetated rather—for ten years or so, then roused as statehood came to pass—and ended by making millions in oil, just a month before he died—"

"Oh, poor man! How pitiful!" Phyllis interrupted. Judge Verrill smiled grimly, saying, "Hear the rest. He pensioned his half-breed descendants handsomely—they get more than half. But the residue he willed to you, jointly with his nephew—a Chalmers unalloyed. You see, he loved his blood in spite of everything—also his name. I was with him at the end. He said clearly: 'Fix it so my real heirs shall be Lucy Wyeth's grandchildren—then I'll mind nothing—not even h—l.' Have you the heart to thwart him?"

Phyllis shrank and shivered. "Go away!" she half moaned. "You must—I can't think—dad is away—and I must ask—somebody else," choking over the last word.

"I see," said Judge Verrill, sighing. "Well, young lady, you have the choice of a million lifetimes. You have just a month to make it in—under the will. I will be back a trifle earlier—have your mind firmly made up."

With that he pressed her trembling hands and went, smiling and sighing to himself.

Dad, convinced by the will and other appended documents that the millions were not mythical, shook his head, whistled loudly, and ended with:

"My conscience! How ever could you spend all that? Hard labor for life, it seems to me—"

To which Phyllis undutifully countered: "Oh! That don't scare me a bit—ain't I your daughter?" laughing and fondling his hand.

After a week's silence they went at the matter seriously—with a result of dad's demanding counsel—from Jimmy Holden, of all people. This was a facer to the youngster, but he took it like a thoroughbred, asking with dancing eyes: "How can you hesitate, Fillacy-Follacy? Don't you know the governor can get you a divorce, neat but not gaudy, if you happen not to like the shape of the Chalmers nose, or the color of his hair?"

"Of course," Phyllis flung back. "But what good would that do? I'd have such alimony you'd never dare look at me—and you know unless we marry finally all the congregation at Brush Creek will be so disappointed they'll think damnation is too good for us."

"That so?" from Jimmy reflectively. "I'm at the first of it, but if that's true talk, we'll let the Injun money lapse to the half-breeds. Johnny Chalmers don't get it, unless he gets you—he'll be real cross over it I reckon, but not a patch on what I'd be if I had to lose you."

"Not really?" from Phyllis, but her eyes were like stars.

Old-Time Tavern Sign

The museum of the city of New York has an old-time tavern sign on which is printed the following: "Four pence a night for bed. Six pence with supper. No more than five to sleep in one bed. No boots to be worn in bed. Organ grinders to sleep in the washhouse. No dogs allowed upstairs. No beer allowed in the kitchen. No razor grinders or tinkers taken in."

Maybe Long Distance

"Why, Mary, where's your little brother?"

"I've locked him into a clothes closet. He's been in there an hour."

"Goodness, why aren't you playing any more?"

"We are. I'm the telephone lady and he's waiting for a connection."

PROGRAM OUTLINED FOR CLUB MEETING

(Continued from page 1)
gomery, editor; legislation, Mrs. Bibb Graves, Montgomery.

Among the distinguished out-of-state visitors will be Mrs. J. E. Hays, the corresponding secretary of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Alabama College faculty is preparing a musical program, to be followed by a reception on one evening.

The Tutwiler Club, one of the student organizations, is a federated club, and while it has been a member for several years this is its first experience in helping to entertain the state federation. Miss Winifred Castleman, of Greensboro, is president and will deliver one of the addresses of welcome. Other welcome addresses will be given by Mayor J. A. Brown, for the town; President Palmer, for Alabama College; Charleton G. Smith, president Exchange Club; Mrs. T. W. Palmer, president of the Studiosia Club; Mrs. George DeShazo, worthy matron, Eastern Star, and by representatives of other organizations in the town of Montevallo.

Twenty-four years ago, the Federation of Clubs held its annual meeting in Montevallo. Since then the federation, the town and the college have greatly enlarged their field of activities. This meeting is anxiously awaited by the entire community.—(From Birmingham News.)

"THE PLAY IS THE THING."

(Continued from page 1)
the model man-servant, and Gladys Huey as Louka, the maid-servant with a soul above her station, were two characters that were not easy to play. For once they were servants with sense and the action of the play depended largely upon them. The whole cast proved to be very talented actors.

The Program.

Caste—
Captain Blutschli, The Man, a Swiss though serving in the Servian Army—Edith Montgomery.

Major Petkoff, of the Bulgarian Army—Robbie Allen.

Catherine, the Major's wife—Janice Crooks Steele.

Raina, their daughter, engaged to Sergius—Mildred Martin.

Sergius, also of the Bulgarian Army—Manie Love.

Nicola, the model man-servant of the Petkoff household—Hazel Black.

Louka, the maid-servant with a soul above her station—Gladys Huey.

A Russian Officer—Margaret Butler.

Act I—Night. Raina's bedchamber in Bulgaria in November, 1885.

Act II—The sixth of March, 1886. In the garden of Major Petkoff's house.

Act III—The same day. In the Petkoff library after lunch.

The Alabama Players are planning two trips this spring; one March 14 and 15 to Howard College and Birmingham-Southern college. The other will be March 21 and 22 to Montgomery and Auburn. The schedule is not completed yet and other engagements will probably be added.

The organization consists of:

The Producing Staff

Miss Scott and Miss Monk—Directors.

Miss Ross—Costume Designer.

Mrs. Wills—Scene Designer.

Miss McMillan—Art Director.

Mr. Jones-Williams—Director of Lighting.

Mr. Robinson and Mr. Reid—Stage-Craftsmen.

Officers of the Club

Margaret Butler—President.

Alice Mahler—Secretary-Treasurer.

Willie Lee Reaves—Stage Manager.

Elsie Mahaffy—Property Manager.

Marianna Thomas—Advertising Manager.

Advisory Board

President T. W. Palmer, Dean O. C. Carmichael, Miss Myrtle Brooke.

Cafe

D. P. WALKER



I stole a kiss the other night
My conscience hurt alack
I think I'll have to go tonight
And give the darn thing back.

"The ysat alone in the moonlight,
And she soothed his troubled brow
"Dearest," she said, "My life's been
fast,
But I'm on my last lap now."

"Three hair nets, please."
"What strength?"
"Two dances and a car ride."

He: "Can you play 'Mah-Jong?'"
She: "Sorry, haven't touched a
piano in six months."

"Jack kissed me last night."
"How many times?"
"I came to confess, not to boast."

Husband: (who is terribly mad)
"Are all women fools?"
Wife: (meekly) "No, there are
some who never marry."

Father: "Look here, my dear, I
don't mind your sitting up late with
that young man of yours, but I do
object to his taking my morning paper
when he goes."

Girl: "What's your opinion of
women who imitate men?"
Boy: "They're idiots."
Girl: "Then the imitation is suc-
cessful?"

That Little Game.

He told me that his herat was mine
He lied
He said he never shot a line
He lied
He swore to me that he'd be true
And love me just as lovers do—
I told him I believed him too
I lied—"Sweet Briar."

He called her pansy, violet, rose,
And all the flowers of spring
She said I can't be all of those
You li-lac everything!

They met on the bridge at midnight.
But they'll never meet again.
For she was a west-bound heifer
And he was an east-bound train.

Profs. are those which—
Talksodamfastyoucanttakeanote.
Spend three quarters of an hour and
one box of chalk explaining and then
after you've copie dfour pages of
notes tell you that the stuff is not
important.

Wear red neck ties and horse col-
lars.

Wait until you're jammed with work
and then throw a quiz.

Think that their course is the only
one you're taking and hand out prob-
lems as if they were giving away
German marks.

Tell you not to cram for exams
because it will be general and then
ask you if you agree with the state-
ment on page 247.

Give you F's and all the others get
A's and B's.

Ruth Little to dining room girl:
"What's the matter with my coffee?
It looks like mud."

Frances McGee: "It was ground
this morning."

The Blushing Bride.

They tell us of the blushing bride
Who to the altar goes
Down the aisles of the church
Between the friend filled rows.
There's Bill whom she motored with
And Bud with whom she swam,
There's Jack—she used to golf with
him,
And Ed, who called her "Lamb."

There's Ted, the football man she
owned,
And Jim of tennis days,
There's Herbert too, and blonde
Eugene,
They took her off to plays,
And there's Charlie, the high school
pal
With whom she used to "mush."
No wonder she's a "Blushing Bride!"
Ye Gods! She ought to blush.

She: "Mary certainly is wild about
Jim.

He: "Why bring Jim into it."

One moon
One porch
One cushioned swing
One man
One girl
The usual thing
One clinch
One (?) kiss
A heavy line
It must
Be good
For it works fine
Each night
There is
One chang of plan
Same girl
All right—
A different man.

Frances Seldon: "What's the name
of this dessert."

Mr. and Mrs. Sharp were visiting
New York last summer. At dinner
one evening Mr. Sharp was heard to
utter a cry of horror and fear.
"What's the matter?" asked Mrs.
Sharp.

He held the menu out for her to
see.
"Baked Indian Pudding." Can such
things be in a civilized land?

Ruth Smith: (at breakfast) I want
a roll!"

Nell T.: "Well, get down and go
to it!"

A NEW ELEMENT—"WOMAN"

Symbol—WO.

A member of the Human family.

Occurrence: Can be found wherever
man exists. Seldom occurs in the
free or native state. Quality depends
on state in which it is found. With
the exception of Alabama state, the
combined state is to be preferred.

Physical Properties: All colors and
sizes. Always appears in disguised
condition. Surface of face seldom un-
protected by coating of paint or film
of powder (composition immaterial.)
Boils at nothing, and may freeze at
any moment. However, it melts when
properly treated. Very bitter if not
used correctly.

Chemical Properties: Extremely ac-
tive. Possesses a great affinity for
gold, silver, platinum and precious
stones of all kinds. Violent, reactive
when left alone by men. Ability to
absorb all kinds of expensive food at
any time. Undissolved by liquids, but
activity is greatly increased when sat-
urated with spirit solutions. Some-
times yields to pressure. Turns green
when placed next to a better appear-
ing sample. Ages very rapidly. Fresh
variety has great magnetic attraction.
Note: Highly explosive and likely
to be dangerous in inexperienced
hands.

—(THE VOO DOO.)

FRESHMAN LAMENT.

Who makes me wear a cap so bright?
Who haunts my footsteps day and
night?

The Soph!

Who ducks me when I need a bath
To wash my soul of all its wrath?

The Soph!

Whom would I like to see so dead
That green grass grows above her
head?

The Soph!

SCANDAL COLUMN

By Anny May Skinner.

"Gossip is the stuff of which scan-
dal is made."

To me it has for some time been
somewhat a mystery as to why some
girls could find it so interesting to
hike to Aldridch every Sunday after-
noon, but now the secret is out! Who
would have ever imagined that such a
small town would hold such a wealth
of Romeos. And so faith! (?) Be-
fore the last ray of the dying sun
could fade in the west, they had al-
ready made their way to the lattices
of the new dormitory.

No man cares to be a woman until
he is a professodr who is help up by
a girl who has been "undeservedly
flunked."

Fluff: Just the same women are
the salt of the earth!

Wynn: You win. They must be—
think of the men they've driven to
drink.

Of all good spellers I have known,
Venarah now the coop has flown,
She sees thru things at the first
whack.
She spells Sam backwards and finds
its "Mack."

The Eteral Feminine!

How I wish that some debator,
Versed in all forensic laws,
Would some happy day create a
Safe rebuttal for "Because."

Agnes: "The cold air chills me to
the bone."

Miss Brooke: "Put on your hat."

Faith:—The young man who sends
flowers to a girl who has broken a
date on account of illness.

Hope:—The man who calls a girl
for a date at eight o'clock Saturday
evening.

Charity:—The girl who suggests
they go to the movies.

Soft Music.

Ernestine: "I hear your cook quit,
Buster.

Buster: "Yeah! My sweetie went
away."

"Stop!" cried the voice in the taxi.
The driver stopped.
"I didn't mean you. Keep right on
driving," said the voice.

"Words and eggs must be handled
with care.

For words once spoken
And eggs once broken
Aren't the easiest things to repair."

A swallow doesn't make a summer.
But a swallow of the stuff men drink
these days will make a funeral.

If when you finished reading
These fe wjokes I've told
Don't repeat the same old stuff
"Aw! That one is old."

A Rare Amulet

A jade amulet discovered at the San
Juan de Teothuacan pyramids, near
Mexico City, had the following en-
graved Chinese inscription: "The gold-
en fish that passes by the Dragon's
gate is converted into a dragon." The
Chinese legation readily interpreted
the inscription, which is a quotation
from a very old Chinese lyric.

Women Receive LL. B.

Since women were regularly admit-
ted to the Yale Law school in 1918
nine members of the fair sex have re-
ceived their LL. B.

Correct!

Officer (very angry)—Not a man in
this division will be given liberty this
afternoon.

Voice—Give me liberty or give me
death.

Officer—Who said that?

Voice—Patrick Henry. American
Boy.

YOU.

I am one of those who loved you
In the olden day;
My heart yet holds the passion
Of that golden day.

We walked the fields together
In that olden day;
In spring or wintry weather
Of thta golden day.

Not for me was it to win you
In that olden day;
It was not mine to hold you
In that golden day.

In dreams my arms enfold you
Oh, that olden day!
In dreams my heart hath told you
Of that golden day.

But time will turn back never
To that olden day;
My love doth tell me ever
Of that golden day.

But fate our lives did sever
In that oldne day;
Another love did win you
In that golden day.

The autumn leaves are falling
And my hair is turning gray,
But my heart is yet a-calling
For that golden day.

I am one of those who loved you
In the olden days;
My heart yet holds the passion
Of that golden day.

W. H. Tayloe.

Uniontown, Ala.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR KIND AT- TENTION!

It's great to be an editor,
To sit up late at night;
And scratch your head,
Stay out of bed
To write and write and write.
We editors may work and work
Till our finger tips are sore
But some poor boob is bound to say,
"I've heard that joke before!"

It's great to be an editor,
To sit up late at night;
To do your best
To please the rest
And write and write and write.
We editors may work and work
Till tired beyond description
Yet still they come to us and say,
"Please cancel my subscription!"

AMBITIONS

The pedestrian's—To invent a cheap
portable balloon.

The judge's—To have all cases in-
volving weeping witnesses transferred
to another court.

The widow's—To find a second hus-
band as nice as she tells everybody
her first one was.

The information clerk's—To work
in a city where the entire population
is deaf and dumb.

The explorer's—To discover a new
continent where there are no such
things as phonographs, saxophones,
ash cans or milk wagons.

The smoker's—To commute on a
railroad train composed of seven cars
reserved for passengers who use to-
bacco and one for those who do not.

Old Date Palms Bear

Thousands of date palms set out by
Jesuit missionaries in Lower Califor-
nia in 1729 are still producing quan-
tities of high-class fruit.

Marinello Beauty Parlor

1929 1/2 3rd Ave., North, and BURGER'S STORE
Expert in Misses' and Children's Hair Cutting. Permanent Wave
50c Per Curl.

Wadesonian Theatre

Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays

Montevallo, Ala.

ELIZABETH BENAGH COLLECTION A VALUABLE BEQUEST TO ALABAMA COLLEGE

Following close upon the establish-
ment of the Lucy Harper Hall Scholar-
ship, another gift comes to Alabama
College in the will of the late lament-
ed Miss Elizabeth R. Benagh, of Nash-
ville, Tennessee. Miss Benagh passed
away last fall, and in her last will
and testament she gave to Alabama
College all of her curios gathered
from an extensive travel in Europe
and countries in the Far East. Her
brother, Henry C. Benagh, has re-
cently sent by express to the college
these various curios. There are many
hundreds of them. It is indeed a very
interesting collection, and will serve
as the foundation for a museum for
the institution.

Miss Benagh formerly lived in Tus-
caloosa. Her father was professor
of Mathematics at the University of
Alabama for several years. He was
drownde in the Warrior river, and
was succeeded in the department of
Mathematics by Dr. William J.
Vaughn, who, after serving for fif-
teen or twenty years, was followed
in that position by Dr. Thomas W.
Palmer, now president of Alabama
College. President Palmer and the
Benagh family were close personal
friends, also Mrs. J. W. Heatfield,
who is now the very worthy matron
at Alabama College. It was not
known until the package arrived that
Miss Benagh had left these curios to
Alabama College, but it is presumed
that she did so on account of her
personal friends connected with the
institution.

These curios will be placed in the
library of the college, and will no
doubt be much admired by all visitors
to the library.

C. C. Holcombe Music Company

PIANOS and VICTROLAS

1919 Third Avenue
Birmingham, - - - Alabama

P. C. Wilson Drug Co.

Drinks, Confections and Toilet
Accessories

THE STRAND

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday,
Friday

Paramount, Pathe, First Na-
tional Pictures



Society



VALENTINE!

The lights were shining brightly
On that wondrous Monday night
When down the stairs came trailing
Girls dressed in red and white.
First a lively grand march
Through the corridors and halls,
They danced around the judges
In costume, one and all.
A solo dance was given,
A reading and a play—
And jolly Old Saint Valentine
Won a lady's heart that day.
The music rang out joyfully
The dance began with glee
While dainty maids of Valentine
Brought sweets to you and me.
And then the Judge's voice was heard
Proclaiming clear and wine
Whom they had chosen for the prize
From all that lovely crowd—
And all were glad when they chose
Croox,
She well deserved the prize!
Now will you listen to that bell—
Good gracious how times flies!
But wait a minute let me add
Just one more tiny word—
For such a lovely Valentine
We thank the Honor Board!

MISS AUXFORD ENTERTAINED.

In honor of a popular student of last year, Miss Agnes Auxford, Misses Caldwell and Fuquay entertained on Saturday night. Knowing that nothing can ever be more enjoyable than food and more of it, this happy event was celebrated by merry making and feasting. The following girls were guests: Martha Fuquay, Manie Love, Winifred Castleman, Flora Seldon, Elizabeth Horsley, Lucille Nelson, Alice Barganier, Lulie B. Sanford, Ruth Sanford and Anny May Skinner.

PICNICKING.

"Oh goody!" was the response to the proposal put to each of the crowd of girls who experienced that good picnic Saturday evening. "All the world loves a lover" and next to that comes a picnic. Much cheer was shed around the big bonfire, but most food was set before these jolly lasses who

Compliments
Birmingham Hotel
Men's Association
Birmingham, Ala.

HOTEL TUTWILER
HOTEL MOLTON
HOTEL HILLMAN
HOTEL FLORENCE
HOTEL MORRIS
HOTEL EMPIRE
HOTEL FIFTH AVENUE
HOTEL EDWARDS
HOTEL SOUTHERN

Yeager's Studio
Highland Ave.

Montevallo, Alabama

"The Store For Groceries"
Elliott Mercantile
Company

showed themselves equal to the occasion and there was no grievance about having to "bring home the bacon" because it was all eaten on the spot.

The following girls were chaperoned by Miss Jones and Mrs. Sharp: Dorothy McLeod, Eugenia Christopher, Lulie B. Sanford, Sara Ganz Miller, Elizabeth Horsley, Lucille Nelson, Kathleen McCarmack, Mary Luther, Venarah Strickland, Alice Barganier and Annie May Skinner.

OVER THE TEA CUPS.

Those who saw the array of mops, water buckets, brooms, dust pans and dusters go down first East hall early that Saturday morning, must have thought that "Dutch Cleanser" was parading. When the parade entered Miss Stallworth's room it was concluded that Miss Stallworth was doing her spring cleaning. Indeed, the Dutch Cleanser spirit was so contagious that Miss Edna Irwin left an O. K. note in every room on the hall! But there were twelve girls in the dormitory who knew that Miss Stallworth had something more than spring cleaning "up her sleeve." These girls were the members of the Mathematics Club, for Miss Stallworth had invited them to have tea in her room that afternoon.

At 4:30 twelve enthusiastic young ladies were admitted to Miss Stallworth's room. The vice-president, Miss Helen Townsend, had gone to Montgomery as a member of the Varsity, and the president, Miss Rebekah Pruett, expressed the true Alabama college spirit in going along as a "rooter." To make the party of twelve complete, Misses Fannie Joe Scott, Ellen Hagood, and Lena Harris were invited as guests. The party was served with delicious hot tea, wafers, little cakes and dates. These were spiced with pleasant chatter of the days when Alabama College was only an infant in the cradle, of the game to take place with Woman's College that night, and of the tournament soon to be held here. But the most delightful subject for conversation was Kingsley's novel, "Hypatia." This novel appeals to the members of the Mathematics Club because it is the true story of Hypatia, the first woman mathematician. All too soon, the dinner bell rang and the pleasant little group had to disperse—'tis a serious offense to "cut" a meal!

OLA MAE BREEDLOVE.

TUTWILER PLEDGES DRESS AS FAMOUS WOMEN.

At the joint party given by the Philomathic, Castalian and Tutwiler Clubs on Saturday evening, the Tutwiler pledges were dressed to represent famous women: Lucille Nelson as Helen of Troy; Pauline Curry as Catherine II; Ruth Pardue as Joan of Arc; Allene Slade as Pocahontas; Alice Mahler as Mary, Queen of Scots; Ruth Little as Betsy Ross; Helen Gray McNeil as Cleopatra; Lula B. Sanford as Marie Antionette, and Mabel Keller as Dolly Madison.

Hattie McLeod: "Cup custard."
Huff: "How'd you know?"
Hattie: "I just swallowed a piece of the cup."

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FANNIE FALLS FROM FAME

By Elma O'Neill.

Fannie had possibly the longest connection with the Morgan Theatre than anyone at present involved in its business. She had come there a blond slip of a girl twenty-five years before and now at forty-five—stout, heavily painted and propense to wear rather broad stripes and large flowers. Fannie was still at Morgan's. She had every job in the business from scrub maid to near star, but was happiest among a group of young players relating her experiences. Lounged tonight on a rusty trunk, in a dressing room, marked "Theatre" Fannie awaited the entrance of the would-be stars. As they pounded in, gawdy in their make-up, Fannie arose with effort from the trunk, and began her nightly job of removing make-up.

"Fannie," shrieked May Belle Motley, "I was a knockout. Gee, but I stepped out with the honors."

Lela, another player, eyed her and said in sarcasm, "She stepped out all right—but it was out of her petticoat!" Everybody began to giggle and the mortified May Belle became redder than her make up.

"I know it fell off but the curtain had gone down . . ."

"Ha, ha! The only thing that was 'gone down' was Ootto, who stumbled over the white waste bucket trying to get to the curtain button. It may be down now though—and again it may be—"

"Well," Fannie began, "don't ever be too sure of fame, either of you. Twenty-five years ago I was in your shoes. I came to this theatre to get away from the homefolks. I was hired here to scrub. I did that for some weeks till Madame Yorski noted me and told old man Morgan that it was a shame to have such a pretty girl scrubbing. Soon after that he gave me a part as maid in a play. A little later I had a better part; finally he let me have a character part. I'll never forget that night in the third act my sweetheart was to get into a fight with another man over me. I was to come, grab the villain's walking cane and lam him over the head with the small end which was padded with cotton. Well, the fight came on and the drama of it must have gotten into my blood, for I picked up that cane amid the suspense of the audience. With an upward wail of my eyes as an appeal to heaven (original with me that night) I brought down the iron end of the cane with my orbs still cast up.

"Immediately a man sprawled out on the floor and I tripped out with a deep bow as the curtain went down. The applause was something fierce. They had to raise the curtain twice for me to bow. My head was so big over the dramatic act I had just performed I couldn't hardly dress for the last act. I heard a knock at the door! It was old man Morgan coming to congratulate me. Before I said 'come' I picked up the perfume bottle and daubed my ears. Well—when old man Morgan got in he had chewed his cigar to a pulp. He was fighting. Maybe someone has criticized my acting to him, I thought.

"Fannie, you'll find the mop in its usual place in the morning. They have just taken Mitchell to the hospital (and he was my sweetheart in the paly.) He hasn't come to yet. The play's broken up."

"So that was the climax of my acting. I've had maid parts since then but most of my time's been spent scrubbing floors and faces."

O gee, some girls play basketball,
And some run round and round
And bat a silly rubber ball
Across the bumpy ground.

And some play tennis—not so bad!
But such sports aren't for me,
I want to write and write and write
About what I hear and see.

I don't mean English—Horror's, no!
That's work, and I want play.
Why can't we have an "Authors' Club"
To pass spare time away?

The girls who like to act or sing,
Or play the violin,
All have their clubs. Alas, poor me!
Say, where do I come in?

In this big place why can't I find
Some other folks like me,
Who like to write, in tale or verse,
What they hear, or feel, or see?

MUSICAL NOTES.

A concert of interest and variety was given at Alabama College, Montevallo, Saturday evening, Feb. 16th. The soloists were Gladys Swarthout, soprano, Margaret O'Conner, harpist, and Florence Brinkman, pianist. Miss Swarthout has a rich soprano voice, with wide range and beauty of tone. The lower notes are almost contralto in quality, lending an appealing tone which is sympathetic and well shaded. Her ease of manner and her clear diction makes her a soloist of distinction.

Miss O'Conner won her audience with her first number. Complete mastery of her instrument, dancing rhythms well brought out, tone, color, technique, grace of movement in hand and arm, and a well chosen program delighted the large audience and several encores were demanded.

Miss Brinkman is something more than a mere accompanist, she is a soloist of the first order. Her three solo numbers were striking in contrast, and were played with a breadth of understanding. The concert waltz by Stoye for the left hand alone was played brilliantly and an encore was demanded. Her accompaniments were in perfect accord with the soloist, and Miss Swarthout graciously acknowledged the support given her in her singing by insisting that Miss Brinkman return to the stage with her to share the honors in the round of applause which followed their numbers. The following program was rendered:

PROGRAM

I
Pieta Signore—Stradella.
Canzonetta—Rosa.
Jeunes Filletes—Bergerette of 18th Century.
Chantons les amours de Jean—Bergerette of 18th Century.
(Miss Swarthout)

II
Mazurka—Schuecker.
Caprice—Lebano.
Gitana—Hasselmans.
(Miss O'Connor)

III
Mazurka Aminor—Chopin.
Spinning Girls of Carantes—Rhene-Baton.
Concert Waltz—Stoye.
(Miss Brinkman)

IV
Bird Song from "Shanewis"—Cadman.
Supplication—La Forge.
Just for This—Humphrey Mitchell.
Thank Gor for a Garden—Del Riego.
(Miss Swarthout)

V
Ballade—Granjany.
Valse de Concert—Hasselmans.
(Miss O'Connor)

VI
Connais-tu le pays, from "Mignon"—Thomas.
(Miss Swarthout)

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YOUR CALVARY.

If calvary was meant for all,
If burdens each is called to bear,
If to each one some harm befall,
Before his sky is bright and fair.

Then, why not make the best of things?

Take life as it shall come to you,
Be thankful for whate'er it brings,
Alone you row your life boat true.

Your calvary has hurt no more
Your strength and all your golden dreams,

Than others Calvary makes sore
The shoulders where it leans.

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The Alabamian

Vol. 2.

MONTEVALLO, ALA., OCTOBER, 1924

No. 1.

DRAMATIC CLUB TRY-OUT

"Ain't you going to try out for the Dramatic Club?"

"I ain't said I ain't."

"I ain't asked you if you ain't, I asked you ain't you is. Is you?"

Yes, this long-talked of "Dramatic Club tryout" is at hand, and as a proof of it we saw what a try-out would really be like Saturday morning in chapel, when Lula Hawkins and Marianna Thomas very cleverly presented six minutes of murdering Saline, by Margaret Scott Oliver. The club, besides showing us what a try-out was, gave a very interesting program.

The history of the club was given by Lillou Burns. The future of the club by Hettie Hinson, and an appeal to the new girls to try-out, by the president, Hazel Black. Almost every new girl left chapel with the determination to try-out and be one of the lucky 13 taken in this year.

SPORT NEWS

Bathing beauties of Alabama College mourn the fact that the swimming pool has not been opened this year. Everybody knows why—the weather.

Class teams start basketball practice October 6, 1924. Everybody come out.

Varsity is ready and more than anxious to begin work the week beginning October 13. Although several of the star players did not return to A. C. this year, everyone hopes that this year's team will be sufficiently strong to cope with Woman's College team.

Meanwhile varsity players intend to start the year's fun by going on a camp the 11th.

Hiking is as popular this year as in the past, which really means that everyone that has the time has taken it up.

ATHLETIC BOARD HOLDS MEETING

The Athletic Board of Alabama College held its first meeting of the year on Thursday, October 2, 1924.

At this meeting the new counselors of the various phases of athletics—camping, hiking, tennis, swimming, hockey and basket ball—were appointed and their work for the year outlined. It is undoubtedly true that the year '24 and '25 will be a great one athletically speaking, greater than ever before. All counselors have begun work with great enthusiasm and pep, already there has been hikes, and camping time is not far away.

The question of the new athletic field—Malory Field—was discussed. Before many weeks Alabama College will be proud to point out the place destined now to be the most popular on the campus—a place where tennis lovers, hockey players and basket ball players can truly have lots o' fun—a place where green fields, trees and sunshine make life happy.

MEMBERS OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH GIVE RECEPTION FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

A reception was held at the Baptist church Thursday afternoon, October 2, for the college girls who are members of the Baptist Sunday School.

The parlors of the church were made attractive by ferns and cut flowers. The guests were cordially welcomed by Mrs. Milton Jeter, Mrs. Robert Reid, Mrs. John Lewis and Mrs. T. W. Cox. Messrs. Reid, Lewis and the pastor, Rev. Curry.

A delicious ice course was served. About one hundred and twenty-five called during the afternoon.

JOHN POWELL AT ALABAMA COLLEGE

John Powell, "the Pride of Virginia," as he has been called, was born in Richmond, Va., in 1882. He received his musical education in Vienna, under Leschetizky, and after making his Berlin debut in 1908, he became known throughout Europe as a virtuoso to be ranked with the foremost. His New York debut occurred in 1913. In 1920 he was chosen as one of America's most representative composers and pianists to appear as soloist with the New York Symphony on its European tour. On this tour he played his "Rhapsodie Negre," which met with success wherever it was heard. Alfred Casella, the Italian apostle of modernism in music, wrote that "John Powell's 'Negro Rhapsody' impressed the audience more than any other piece played at Mr. Damrosch's concert. For once, it seems, a European audience heard American music of clear, immediately recognizable and stimulating American voice."

The history of the many performances of this work begins with the first public hearing given it by the Russian Symphony in 1918, after which it was heard in turn at the subscription pairs of concerts by the New York Philharmonic, New York Symphony, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Chicago Orchestra, The Detroit Orchestra and the Worcester Festival gave four performances each of the rhapsody, while it has appeared on the programs of the Newark, Norfolk, Conn., and Asheville, N. C. festivals.

H. T. Finck, the veteran critic of The New York Post, considers it to be "the best in American music." Up to date the rhapsody has been given 45 performances, and bids fair to be as popular a composition as the Tchaikowsky Pathetique or the Dvork "From the New World."

Powell was inspired by Joseph Conrad's Hearts of Darkness to compose the work.

TO THE FRESHMEN

"The Alabamian" wishes to extend a hearty, though late, welcome to all, and especially to the freshmen. It is to you that we look for encouragement, therefore, it is essential that you realize how important our paper is to you and to our college. You, and, in fact, every other Alabama College girl have part ownership in it—it is yours to help make. We want your support and, in return, we intend to give you every bit of news and fun we can find. Truly, we mean it when we say, "Fifteen rags for Freshmen! They're all right."

SECRETARIAL CLUB WEINER ROAST

On Saturday afternoon, October 6, the Sophomore Secretarial girls entertained the Freshman Secretarial girls to a Weiner Roast at Big Spring. It was an ideal day for an outing and everyone entered into the spirit of fun most readily. There was never a prettier scene than when the girls gathered around the big fine toasted weiners, and marshmallows. After several hours of fun the girls returned to the dormitory with renewed vigor and a greater fellowship.



"Sybil says:"

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a good motto, but if people lived by it, there'd be lots of folks conceited over their neighbors.

ALABAMA COLLEGE ARTISTS' SERIES

October 25, 1924, 8 P. M.—John Powell, famous pianist.

October 27, 1924, 8 P. M.—Charles Crawford Gorst, the bird man.

November 13, 1924, 8 P. M.—Sascha Jacobsen, Russian violinist.

December 5, 1924, 8 P. M.—Dr. A. M. Harding, in one of his famous celestial travelogues.

January 24, 1925, 8 P. M.—Mildred Dilling, America's greatest pianist; Edgar Schofield, the eminent baritone.

January 17, 1925, 8 P. M.—Laura Huxtable Porter in "Parallelisms in Poetry and Music."

February 2, 1925, 8 P. M.—The Hinshaw Opera Company in the "Marriage of Figaro," with Chamber Orchestra.

February 23, 1925, 8 P. M.—Vilhjalmur Stefannson, foremost Arctic explorer and lecturer.

March 14, 1925, 8 P. M.—The Letz Quartet.

It is seldom that a college course offers so many world renowned artists, with such a wide range of genius, as the Alabama Course this winter.

Beginning with John Powell, the famous international piano virtuoso, then continuing with Sascha Jacobsen, the genius of the violin; then passing to Mildred Dilling, the greatest American harpist, and Edgar Schofield, the eminent American baritone, in joint concert, it includes the Hinshaw Opera Company in Mozart's opera comique, "The Marriage of Figaro," with Clytie Hine, soprano of the Royal Opera Covent Garden, London; Editha Fleisher, coloratura soprano of the Deutsches Opera House, Berlin; Celia Turill, mezzo-soprano of the Royal Opera Covent Garden, London; Pavel Ludikar, bass-baritone of the Royal Opera House, Milan; Alfredo Valenti, baritone of the Royal Opera Covent Garden, London; Ralph Brainard, tenor of the Society of American Singers, New York; DeKoven's Robin Hood Company, and the Hippodrome, New York, and Herman Gelhausen, baritone of the Beggar's Opera Touring Companies, in the cast; Chamber Orchestra, with Dr. Ernest Knoch, the world-renowned conductor, ending its musical numbers with the Letz Quartet, acknowledge to be the direct and worth successors of the original Kneisel Quartet.

Sandwiched in between these rich musical treats will be four varied and interesting lectures, the first by Chas. Crawford Gorst, the "Bird Man," who gave such a delightful lecture recital to a Montevallo audience last year. Next comes Dr. A. M. Harding in one

ALUMNAE NOTES

Miss Lillian Burns, '23, has returned to her alma mater to receive her degree. She is also an assistant English teacher in the college.

Miss Vivian Monk, '15-'16, has charge of the English Department at Alabama College.

Miss Lucile Teague, a former student, spent last week-end with Refa Duncan at Alabama College.

The Alumnae Association for the year 1924-25 has at present 119 members. Listen! Girls! If you have a friend who is an alumnae and has recently changed her address won't you please report same to the Alumnae Editor? She would thank you many times! We are striving to gain a correct list of names and addresses.

Miss Gladys Jones-Williams, '16, who is our treasurer, is doing work in the library here.

Miss Allene Bell, '20, is with us again this year teaching Home Economics in the high school; also Miss Sarah Apperson, assistant food supervisor, is "home again."

Miss Laureson Forrester, the executive secretary of last summer, has returned to Ramer as teacher of mathematics in high school. Nell Browder, who is executive secretary for regular session, has resumed her school work, as well as alumnae work.

ALUMNAE EDITOR.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT PARTY.

The Student Government Association gave a party for the faculty, officers and students of the school in the student parlor Saturday night, October 4.

A musical program was rendered by Misses Vansse, Gibbs and Glover, and Miss Hook gave an enjoyable reading. Punch and cake were served.

PHILOMATHIC CLUB NEWS

The members of the Philomathic Club entertained at a theatre party Friday evening, October 3, in honor of several new members of the faculty.

After seeing Viola Dana in "Rouged Lips," they enjoyed a salad course served at the Pioneer Tea Room, which was attractively decorated in the club colors of green and white.

The honorees of the occasion were Miss Polly Gibbs, Miss Louise Glover, Miss Newsinger, Mrs. Reynolds and Miss Marguerite Coup.

Miss Catherine Braswell, a former member of the Philomathic Club, will sail for Europe at an early date.

Miss Floi Dozier, an attractive member of the Philomathic Club, is spending the Winter in Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Minnie Bintz, a graduate of '24, is now teaching in Brewton High School.

Miss Minnie Lee Dozier, who will be remembered as our most beautiful girl of last year will spend the Winter in Louisville, Ky.

Friends of Miss Julia Kimbrough will be glad to know that she is again at her home in Thomasville, after undergoing a serious operation for appendicitis at the Baptist Hospital in Selma.

of his famous "Celestial Travelogues," followed by Laura Huxtable Porter in "Parallelisms in Poetry and Music." Mrs. Porter will also have a special message for the musical practice teachers. Last in the lecture series comes that by Vilhjalmur Stefannson, foremost Arctic explorer and lecturer. This promises to be unusually novel and interesting.

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THE YELLOW EMPEROR

Deborah Ames, fourteen-year-old flapper, sat with her chin propped in her hands, her wide blue eyes gazing fixedly at the face of her adored professor, Mr. Gerry Eaton, young, handsome and un-married. She was conscious only of his many charms, as he talked to his "Nature Study Class," and paid little attention to his discussion of moths, bugs, beetles and etc.

"How could he be so interested in the study of horrible bugs and moths? I could never stand to lecture to a buggy class on the first of May," thought Deborah, "especially if one of my most beautiful pupils was in love with me." What was it they were talking about, anyway? She seemed awfully interested.

"This moth," said Mr. Eaton, "is one of the most remarkable ones found. It is easily recognized by it's largeness and bright yellow color, and is more commonly called the Yellow Emperor, and its"—but it was too boring a subject for the girl who sat so dreamily, gazing into space, so again her imagination went soaring away on rosy clouds.

Buzz —buzz,—butterflies—beetles—yellow emperors—cocoons—bugs! went the nature study class.

Then Deborah's imagination.

"Oh, Miss Ames, I love you. I cannot ask love from you yet, you are so young, but if you will do me the honor of becoming my wife I will cherish you with all my heart and make your life less sad. Oh, my girl—my—"

"Deborah, will you please come back to earth and pay attention to the lesson!" This from Mr. Eaton who had become rather uncomfortable under her steady unseeing gaze. Deborah came back, and with an awful crash! A giggle went around the room while one silly little girl wa sfoolish enough to say, out loud, "Deborah must be dreaming about you, Mr. Eaton!"

"Such a stupid bunch of children to have to sit in class with," thought the outraged young lady. The giggling subsided and the lesson continued.

"Now, this moth is not as rare, but at the present we are badly in need of one, so I think I shall offer three dollars to the student who will bring me one un-bruised and perfectly mounted," continued Mr. Eaton. At the mention of such a prize excitement reigned

among the pupils. And in the midst her scheming the bell did ring. She hurriedly collected her books, forgetting to even glance at her idol, and hurried home. There she got her little butter-fly book, as it was called, and set forth in search of the Yellow Emperor, the rare specimen needed so badly in the first year nature study classes.

All the afternoon she searched tirelessly for a large yellow moth, twice she caught one which she thought to be a yellow emperor, but after consulting her guide book, she discovered it to be only a Luna cocoon. She was ready to give up in despair, and leave the forest when she saw floating in her direction a beautiful, soft, fuzzy, yellow moth. It lit on the lower branch of a small tree and there, before her facinated gaze, clung to the underside of the limb. She stared speechless with joy and amazement watching it slowly raise and lower it's exquisite wings. She must have it, and the only way of getting it was to climb the tree; she tiptoed softly over to it and began to climb, scarcely breathing, for fear of disturbing it, finally she reached the limb and crawled toward the spot where her prize was waiting for her. When she was within reaching distance she held out a finger in the line of the moth's advance up the limb, and it unhesitatingly climbed on it. She was too excited to breathe; as she sat there, astride the limb, holding her hand poised in mid-air so absorbed in her catch; she did not see Bubber Ferguson, one of her class mates, who on passing through the swamp, and seeing her perched on the limb, had came over to see what she was up to.

"Hullo, Deb. Whatcha' doin'?" he drawled. Horrified and frightened Deborah started; dropped her precious moth and almost lost her balance, but regained it just in time to see her beautiful yellow emperor sail lazily out of reach. Her anger knew no bounds; and she vigorously gave vent to her feelings.

"None of your business, Bubber Ferguson, and I'd thank you to leave this swamp this very minute, you're always at the wrong place and at the wrong time, so quit your silly laughing and go home!"

Bubber continued to laugh, and she, unconscious of the comical picture she presented, sat astride the limb, with one dirty hand still held stupidly aloft, and tried desperately to regain the haughty self control she usually maintained.

of the confusion, Deborah who had heard only the latter part of his statement, was suddenly struck with a perfectly wonderful idea, one so very extraordinary that it brought color to her cheeks, and a sparkle to her eyes.

"They way to that man's heart, is through bugs!" thought she. "And I'll catch this moth—Yellow Emperor—I think is what he wants—if it takes me all night, and when he offers me the money I shall smile and say: "Oh, Gerry (I' call him by h's first name then) How can you offer me money, when love is all I want? Do you think I have toiled so long and hard for money? How could you Mr.—er—Gerry?" Then I shall shake my head sadly and turn to go. "Oh, Deborah!" he'll say, and stretch out his hand to detain me—"That'll be great! Will school ever be out, I just

know I can find a Yellow Emperor in the swamp." And in the midst of "I guess you're chasin' butterflies for pretty Mr. Eaton, ain't you? taunted Bubber.

"Certainly not, I shouldn't waste my time fooling with bugs of any kind, for anybody"—almost screeched Deborah.

"Not even for Mr. Eaton?" asked Bubber.

"I care not a snap of the finger for him or any other man, they do not interest men in the least. You and your love sick friends make me sick!"

Well then, I recon you climbed up in that tree to pick strawberries didn't you?" sarcastically remarked Bubber. "But say, Deb., are you comin' to the party over at Anna Louises tonight? We're gonna have an awfully good time an' I wish you'd go."

"Thank you. No I have no time for parties, my reading and studies interest me much more than silly parties and you can just tell them I said so."

With that Deborah made as haughty a descent as possible from her perch in the tree and walked hastily by Bubber and home. There alone in her room, she threw herself exhausted on the bed and cried herself to sleep.

When she awoke it was dark. Her mother had gone over to some of the neighbors. So she crept down into the kitchen and ate her supper. Feeling somewhat strengthened by this repast she decided to go down to the edge of the forest, carry a lantern and see if she couldn't find another yellow moth. She had read in her book that they were easily attracted by a light and readily came to hover about one. She was a tiny bit frightened, but it would be worth it. So she started to the woods which were only a short distance from her home. There she hung her lantern on a limb and soon had a swarm of moths collected about it. But not one of them was a yellow emperor, everything she saw was luna cocoons. She became very sleep and cold; why didn't a yellow emperor come.

"I wonder if Bubber was much mad at me this evening?" she thought—"and who all is at the party—and if they miss me, etc., etc." But, after all, they were all so young. (Deborah, herself, was very old—in her imagination) and even if Bubber was good-looking he wasn't near as handsome as Mr. Eaton.

Oh, what was that that flew against the lantern? Yes—No—Yes it's a yellow emperor!" she breathed. "Oh, I hope I can catch it before it flies off." With fingers twitching she reached over and there she had it safe and sound. She waited no longer, but seized her lantern and ran home. She slipped unnoticed by her mother's room to her own. And then on the floor, amid books of instructions she mounted her beautiful moth. After she had finished she crawled in bed and lay awake for hours thinking about what the morrow would bring, and visioning the surprise and envy of her friends when she should announce her engagement to Gerry.

The next day at school she could scarcely wait to see Mr. Eaton alone, but at last the much dreamed of hour came and she walked up to him, holding before her the yellow moth gracefully and perfectly mounted.

"Here is the yellow emperor which you offered to pay three dollars for," said Deborah softly. And waited for him to begin his enthusiastic proposal before she declined the money.

Then her adored one began, "That is a very fine specimen, Deborah, but I'm afraid you were not giving your attention in class the other day. It was not a yellow emperor we wanted, but a plain, well-mounted luna cocoon. I hope it has not caused you too much trouble?"

But his last words were addressed to an empty room, for Deborah, after one agonizing moment of surprise and disappointment, had fled.

Beta Sigma Delta's entertained at a picnic at Big Springs from 4 to 6, on Saturday, October 4, honoring some of the new faculty members. A sumptuous pic-supper was enjoyed by eight teachers and the old members of the club.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Welcome Party

Y. W. C. A. welcome parties are annual events at Alabama College. On this occasion, each new student has a chance for an introduction, otherwise than a glance at a schedule card while waiting in line to greet the professors.

Saturday night proved to be one of the best. Everyone gathered on the front campus and joined in songs and yells. The freshmen showed much echoed one of the college songs that enthusiasm and ability when they was practically new to them.

This was followed by relay races, and in every one there was a representative from each class. We will have to admit that Lula Hawkins is the fastest girl in the whole school, that is when it comes to dressing. She was given a box of animal cakes for such a speedy preparation and hasty journey.

Louise Brooks, of the Sophomore class, was awarded a fish, in recognition of being the best or worse "giggler" in the laughing contest.

Alas: none could compete with the freshmen when it came to crying. Evidently they were in practice. Frances O'Neal, who was winner, was given a rattler to dry her tears.

The students were then divided into groups of one hundred and fifty each and were sent first to the Assembly Hall, then to the parlor and gymnasium and finally to the front campus, where refreshments were served. At the various places games were played again and again until each group had taken a part in everyone.

Every girl retired with an air of contentment, because Robbie Andrews revealed the great secret of "how to get fat" and "how to get slim!"

The State Y. W. C. A. Training Council will meet at Auburn from October 10 to 12. Lula Hawkins, Helen Davis, Mildred Walker and Ethel Brown will represent Alabama College.

The Y. W. C. A. program committee has planned some very interesting programs for this quarter. Do not miss hearing Dr. T. H. Johnson, of Talladega, Sunday night, Rev. N. G. Stephens, of Huntsville, on Wednesday night and Judge Taylor, of Uniontown, the following Sunday evening. You will find these speakers helpful to you. Everyone is cordially invited.

Remember the Tea Room girls! It opens at three o'clock every Saturday afternoon. Reserve a table! Save your nickels and dimes!

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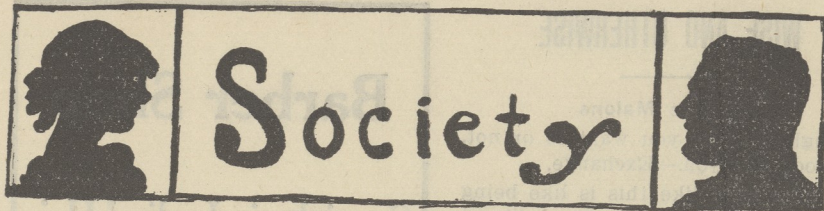
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TUTWILER CLUB NEWS

We are still using our spare time to good advantage by racing around telling all our summer experiences to our long-tried friends. Our spirits become somewhat dampened, however, when we think of the old familiar faces missing this year. Consolation comes along in the form of thoughts of the important work they are carrying on in other fields.

Janice Fuquay, as instructor of music in the Teacher's State College at Hattiesburg, Mississippi, is putting into practice all the hard earned instruction gained at Alabama College.

Mayo Pardue realizes the great importance of an education in the lives of our future citizens and is training the minds of Siluria school boys and girls.

Nancy Caldwell has accepted a responsible position as assistant director of public school music in the schools of Anniston.

Mabel Kellar will never consent to being termed an 'old maid school teacher' even if she is teaching in the Hurtsboro school.

Ruth Sanford evidently is under the impression that Alabamians need no education, judging from the fact that she's following the noble profession of teaching in Monticello, Ky.

We're all hoping they won't always teach school. Who knows? Dan Cupid may be even now preparing his arrows for a swift, sure flight.

In fact, Addie Scarborough has already been smitten and is now married and living happily ever afterward.

The girls of the Tutwiler Club entertained several members of the faculty, including their honorary members, at an afternoon tea, Saturday, October 4, at the residence of Mrs. Sharpe. Refreshments were served during the course of the evening by the following hostesses: Frances Selden, Winifred Castleman, Annie May Skinner, Ina Mae Malone, Alice Bargainer, Marion Grant, Helen Gray McNeil, Elizabeth Horsley, Lucille Nelson, Ruth Pardue, Alice Mahler, Lubie B. Sanford, Pauline Curry, Alene Slade, and Ruth Little.

Among those who called during the evening were: Mrs. Hubert Reynolds, Mrs. E. G. Givans, Miss Marguerite Cope, Miss Glover, Miss Hook, Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Carmichael, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe, Miss Marie Lamar, Mrs. Chamberlin, and Dr. and Mrs. James.

The Castalian Club was hostess at a bridge party Thursday afternoon, October 2, at the home of Miss Hattie Lyhan, president of the club.

Decorations and score cards carried out the Hallowe'en idea with the room lighted only by jack o' lanterns. The highest score prize, which was a handsome leather card set, was awarded to Miss Cobb.

Plate lunches were served to the following guests: Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Chamberlain; Misses Cobb, Monk, Andrews, Hooke, Cope, Stoy, Meuwesinger, Gibbs, McMichael and Mr. Kelley.

With seventeen members back, we started regular meetings the first Saturday night. Officers for this year are: Hattie Lyman, president; Patty Cole, vice-president; Mary Watson,

MISS MILDRED MARTIN MARRIES

A wedding of much interest to students was that of Miss Mildred Martin and Mr. J. R. Owens, which took place at the home of Rev. P. H. Carmichael, of Montevallo, before a few friends. The young bride, whose home is in Bessemer, returned to her college town to be married.

After the impressive ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Owens motored to Birmingham, and from there to Chicago, where Mr. Owens will continue his studies at the university and Mrs. Owens will attend the Art Institute.

Mrs. Owens was widely known for her beauty and artistic talent and will long be remembered at Alabama College.

treasurer; Elizabeth Ward, secretary; Agnes Hardy, critic. "Ag" acted as secretary at the first of the year, as "Ward" was late coming.

Annie, Dionetta, Elsie and Kate are all teaching this year, and Odelle was unable to return, though we hope she will come after Christmas. Annie Laura Dunn was married on June 26, to Mr. Bob Haygood. They are in New Orleans now, where he is attending Tulane as a senior medical student.

The other members are: Mamie Kroell, Laura Carmichael, Della Rudolph, Anna Murphree, Martha Twitty, Bill Smith, Lula Hawkins, Mary Crossley, Gage Norton, Aline Ellzey and Fannie Jo Scott.

The pledges who returned are Lucy McCalley, Mary Robertson and Susie Marshall.

PICNIC SUPPER

Although having been in school only one week, a number of the girls seem to have craving for solitude from 800 en masse, or a wish to get closed to Mother Nature, and away from the school surroundings, which have haunted them for a whole week after three lovely months of vacation. So the following skipped the Sunday night cheese and pickles by cooking their supper at Big Springs.

The following girls, chaperoned by Miss Cope, enjoyed this treat: Frances Sayner, Frances Poole, Elizabeth Poole, Dorothy Malthy, Joyce Stapler, Hattie McLeod, Alleen Slade, Emma Louise Morriott, Eleanor Thagard, Dorothy Thagard, Corrine Parrish, Claudia Slade.

The seniors seem to be enjoying their privileges to the fullest extent. A number of them contrived to go to see the "Cooke Players," on Thursday night, and saw that tragic play known as "Mildred," while none of the undeclassees saw either afternoon or evening performances.

The seniors who enjoyed this novel privilege and silently mused, "Lo! the poor freshmen," were Ethyle Thompson, Gladys Huey, Lillou Burns, Mary Sparks, Marianna Thomas, Hettie Hinson and Miss Hook.

The Zeta Phi Deltas entertained a number of the new faculty members at a picnic supper at Big Springs last Friday night. They cooked their supper in the open and returned by the light of the moon. An enjoyable time was had by all.

The Way of Youth

The truth is that youth always knew what it was old enough to find out rather than what it was old enough to be told.—Alexander Black in Harper's Magazine.

In His Official Capacity

"I hear your friend Jack addressed 5,000 people yesterday. Orator or broadcaster?"
"Neither. Envelopes."—American Legion Weekly.

THE KEYNOTE

"Venerunt, Viderunt, Vicerunt"

The "Mixed Symphony" may once more be heard floating from Calkins' Hall windows and again the passer-by wonders what the unearthly medley of voice, violin, piano, etc. can mean.

Without a doubt, the long sought for perpetual motion may be found in these practice rooms. Come all ye scientists and observe!

After a recent try-out, Mr. Frank E. Marsh, Jr., director of the School of Music, announces the personnel of the Glee Club, including the new members. The list is:

First Sopranos—Lucille Clay, Frances Fox, Myrtle Turberville, Alice Quarles, Eleanor Hooper, Saroah Bion, Margaret Butler, Rosina Haygood.

Second Sopranos—Winifred Castleman, Alice Mahler, Pauline Curry, Anny May Skinner, Genevieve Turberville, Frances Crump, Helen Bishop, Alice Lyman.

Altos—Mary Riley, Anne Jones, Ethel Thompson, Verna Brasher, Marie Turner, Helen Gray McNeill, Madge Jacobs.

With this strong membership great things may be expected of our Glee Club this year, and, of course, there is the promise of many good trips.

It is with pleasure that we announce the joint recital of two of our music faculty members, Miss Rebecca D. Stoy, contralto, and Miss Polly Gibbs, pianist. This first faculty recital of the year will be given on Saturday evening, October 28, and promises to be a delightful one.

The program will be:

I
Zueignung Strauss
Traum Durch Die Dammerung—
Liebesfeier Strauss
Spleen Weingartner
Seguedille, from Carmen Bizet
Miss Stoy

II
Praeludium Oldberg
Barcarolle Leschetizki
Ricordanza Liszt
Miss Gibbs

III
I've Been Roaming Horn
The Voice of Philomel Chadwick
Corals Treharne
Cloths of Heaven Dunhill
Tomorrow Henschel
Miss Stoy
Steinway Piano Used

At a recent called meeting, on October 2, of the Calkins Music Club, the work for the new year was discussed, and Helen Haygood was appointed to take the place of Florence London, the retiring program committee chairman.

The club has gone forward by leaps and bounds and still more progress is expected of it this year, after the new members have been taken in. An interesting program will be presented at the next regular meeting, on the evening of Friday, October 17, and all the members and music faculty are cordially invited to attend.

Choked by Diamond

While walking through a field, a farmer at Lichtenburg, South Africa, noticed a crow suddenly drop dead. When he examined the bird he found that it had been choked by a 7½-carat diamond.

Indestructible

Customer—Are the stove lids indestructible?
Clerk—Yes, to be sure.
Customer—I'll take one of this size.
Clerk—Better take two; you might break one.—Good Hardware.

Measuring Zero

News Editor—"Did you interview the celebrity?" Reporter—"Yes."
"What did he say?" "Nothing." "I know that. But how many columns of it?"—Boston Transcript.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Dan G. Hagood (Anna Laura Dunn) has been heard from to the extent of a box of "eats," which she sent out from Piggly Wiggly in New Orleans. From this we gather that she is leading a prosperous and happy married life.

Misses Ouida Champion and Jane Cope motored to Wilton to meet the Birmingham train.

Misses Stella and Lula Palmer are taking post graduate work in Boston. Miss Stella Palmer is doing special education work. Miss Lula Palmer is commencing a "Pre-Med" course at Simmons.

Miss Gladys McLeod visited her sister Hattie the past week end.

We are glad to have Miss Grace Speake with us again after a year's absence.

Miss Mary Riley had as her guest Misses Mildred Wardman and Fay Hightower of Sylacauga, on Sunday, the twenty-eighth.

Mr. Claude Hebson spent Sunday the twenty-first of September, in Montevallo as the guest of Miss Anny May Skinner, before leaving for Lansing, Michigan.

We regret that Miss Jacqueline Dansley was prevented from returning to school on account of illness.

Miss Kathryn Leath is suffering with a wrenched side at the college infirmary.

Miss Julia Kimbrough is recuperating at her home in Thomasville, after a recent illness of several weeks spent in the Baptist Hospital at Selma.

We are glad to have Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe with us again. They have been taking a summer course at Chicago and are just returned.

We regret that Misses Eugenia Harper, Bernice Green, Sophie Jordan, Genevieve Allen, Martha Orr, Eleanor O'Barr and Miss Vivian Stone have all been ill in Peterson Hall, but are glad to have them recovered now.

Miss Billie Tatum, one of our last year's graduates, and Mr. Joe Allgood were married on June 30, at Calvert, Ala.

Friends are welcoming Miss Martha Twitty since her return. She was absent the latter part of last year.

Miss Mattye Faye Dunklin spent last week-end with her sister, Reba.

The following visitors of the college on September 25-29: Mr. Robert Street, to see Miss Gertrude Broadway; Mr. Frank Greene, to see Miss Doherty Aycock; Mr. Leonard Sanders, to see Miss Frances Freeland; Mr. Andrew Hoskins, to see Miss Lucille Nelson; Mr. Daniel Scarret, to see Miss Kathryn Angle; Mr. B. F. Crabb, to see Miss Helen McNeill; Mr. Herbert Martin, to see Miss Virginia Thomas; Mr. John Hardy, to see Miss Martha Orr; Mr. Nelson Fuller, to see Miss Jettie Ward; Mr. Homer Crim, to see Miss Kathleen McCormick; Mr. Goodwin Scott, Mr. Marvin McKeitchin and John Travis to see Miss Nell Tyues; Mr. Milton Jeter, to see Miss Ina Mae Malone.

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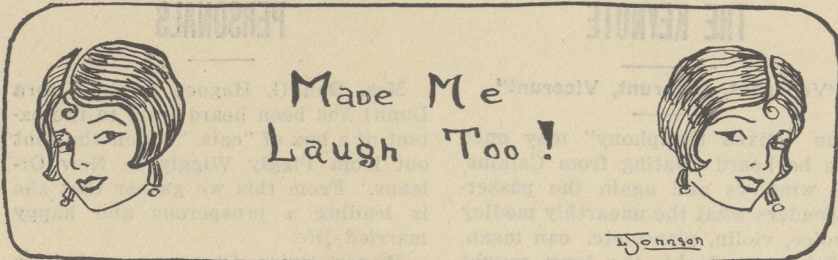
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The Store For College Girls

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The Joys of Summer Camp
"Where do all these little bugs come from?"
"Search me."

Prof.: Why are you always late to class?
Rat: Because I have to pass a certain sign on the way.
Prof.: What has that to do with it?
Rat: Why it says, School Ahead—Go Slow.—Plainsman.

"Did you have a pony for that History exam?"
"Pony! That subject's so dry I had to use a camel."—Juggler.

Coed: Sir! what do you think I am?
Ed: To tell the truth I was just trying to find out.—Grinnell Malteaser.

Proud Owner of New Ford (addressing man walking along the road): Tired of walking?
Hopeful Pedestrian: Yes.
P. O. N. F.: Fine, try running a while.

Many people who are pretty as a picture are handicapped by an ugly frame of mind.

Once, a long time ago, there was a little snake and it got rattled.

You're first at last,
You're early of late,
You used to be behind before.

Cold feet often keep a hot head out of trouble.

When he popped the question
She said she'd be his sister
He turned in smiling elation
And like a brother—kissed her.

Poet: My girl said this last poem of mine caused her heart to miss a beat!

Editor: Then we can't use it. We can't print anything that will interfere with our circulation.—Mugwump.

When a girl looks sweet enough to eat don't give her the opportunity.—Denver Parrakeet.

Stude: I am going to Birmingham over the week end to get my eyes tested.

Prof.: Fine. Send me a program.—Penn. State Froth.

Customer: I want a cup of coffee without cream.

Waiter (returning): I'm sorry, but we have no cream. Would a cup of coffee without milk be all right?—Exchange.

She (Back from a honeymoon in Switzerland): Don't you remember that wonderful gorge in the Alps, dear?

He: Sure do; it was the squarest meal I ever had.—Royal Gaboon.

"Abie, for vy did you dake oud insurance on your house?"
"Oh, id sounded like a sure fire proposition.—Yale Record.

Old Lady (to tramp): But, my man, your story has such a hollow ring!
Tramp: Yes, Missus, that's what comes of speaking on an empty stomach!—Mugwump.

He: Don't you think that my girl looks like a lovely flower?
She: Yes, one of those century plants.—Bison.

Kathleen Mc.—I can't understand why you sat out so many dances with such a wonderful dances as Charlie.
Liz H.—But he should me some new steps and we sat on them.

Professor—What do you know of Samuel Gompers?
Girle H.—Please, sir, it's my first week in college and I don't know any one yet.

Fresh Rat—Say, do you know the difference between a girl chewing her gum and a cow chewing her cud?
Lulie B.—Sure! A cow generally looks thoughtful.

Frances S.—Came near to selling my shoes today.
Dorothy M.—How come?
Frances S.—Had them half-soled.

Bill—And may I—er kiss your hand?
Alice M.—Yes, I suppose so. But it's much easier to lift my veil than take off my gloves.

Danny—I shall never be able to kiss you enough.
Kate—Now, don't get discouraged.

Rat—We call our Ford True Love.
Soph—Why?
Rat—'Cause it never runs smooth.

Old-Timer—What has become of the old-fashioned girl who said, "Ask father?"
Modern—His daughter is saying, "Step on the gas, George, the old man is gaining."

Citizen—Judge, I'm too sick to do jury duty. I've got a bad case of itch.
Judge—Excuse accepted. Clerk, just scratch that man out.

Judge—And what are you here for, young man?
Young Man—Hiv—I'm here for fragrancy Your Honor—hic—I've been drinking perfume.

Sam—Where have you been?
Bill—Had a date?
Sam—With that dirty shirt?
Bill—No! With a girl.

Mrs. Alsop—(to her husband) Where have you been until this hour? Now none of your fables.

Lucille N.—If you were in my shoes what would you do?
Winnie—I'd shine 'em.

Ruth L.—Do you see that man over there? I wouldn't speak to him if I met him on the street?
Visitor—Why not?
Ruth L.—I dont' know him.

Helen Gray—Who was the smallest man in history?
Marion G.—I give up.
H. G.—Why the Roman soldier who slept on his watch.

He—I see in the paper that three persons were killed in a feud.
Alice B.—Those little cheap cars are dangerous.

Bobby—(who was given a new microscope for his birthday) Grandma, can you lend me a flea.

Margaret—Trude, wake up!
Trude—I can't (sleepily).
Margaret—But you must! Why can't you?
Trude—'Cause I'm not asleep.

Geo. Kroell

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Montevallo, Ala.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Ina Mae Malone

Laugh whether you want to or not. It's good for you.—Exchange.

Writing stuff like this is like being at a dance. Somebody's toes will get stepped on—Careful dancers and careful people are less liable to embarrassment.—Exchange.

In selecting the cast for the Dramatic club play, someone firmly announced that she thought Robbie Allen would make a grand old maid. Robbie immediately came to her own defense and hotly protested, "Indeed, I will not!" Probably she has been enlightened as to this, by some brave member of the opposite sex.

Mabel J. Long can't understand why every one doesn't know whom she is speaking of, when she says "The lady with bobbed hair."

A new girl, on entering her room saw the radiator and exclaimed in disgust, "What in the world did they put a pipe organ in my room for? I'd never learn to play it."

Poor Freshman, who is afraid she will freeze this Winter. She found no fire place in her room.

If you don't believe that everybody is busy around here, just try to get help in some form—Now about advice—well, that's a steed of a different hue.—Exchange.

Ouida Champion says every time she looks at her face she thinks of that \$2 she has to put out for her picture to put in the Technala.

A hint to the wise—Winnie!
If you want to find out a girl's best or worst qualities ask her room-mate.—Exchange.

Just to show how well Martha Fuquay in aware of what goes on in her class room—On being asked what she would teach first of all in a class of first grade Arithmetic, Martha blankly answered, "Spelling!"

Mary Wiley is terribly worried for fear she will be campused. Thinking that means she cannot be seen on the campus, she has a perfectly good reason to worry.

Sh—h! don't tell her better.
Miss Putnam asked her physical education class if anyone of them knew Helen Keller. Madge Page enthusiastically replied, "No, but I know Elizabeth Keller."

Poor green Freshman who thought we had three elevators, just because she heard girls calling "Elevator First!" or "Elevator Second!" and "Elevator Third!"

Kat Leath is very perturbed over having 28 hours of work and only 24 hours in a day. When did a week get to be a day?

Anny May declares that the mosquitoes around here are getting entirely too bold. W'y one of them had the audacity to bite her on the cheek. She slapped his face for it, too!

Elevator is called so often that the new girls are inclined to think she is a very poular girl. She is—especially among the girls on third floor.

Timely Suggestion

Customer—This is our wedding anniversary. What would you suggest for our dinner?

Waiter—Well, sir, on our anniversary my wife and I had warmed-up scraps.

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Articles and Sundries

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The Alabamian

Vol. 2.

MONTEVALLO, ALA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1924

No. 2.

MONTEVALLO DRIVE BOOSTED BY \$17,000

The most encouraging week of the entire campaign for Alabama College, according to Director O. C. Carmichael, was the week ending October 11, which was Founders' Day.

Splendid reports from all sections of the State came in. Contributions by counties, as reported at State headquarters, for the week exceeded \$17,000. The total for the campaign to date is \$300,000, with only 15 of the 67 counties thoroughly worked.

Y. W. C. A. TRAINING COUNCIL MEETS AT AUBURN

The Y. W. C. A. Council which met at Auburn from October 10 through the 12, was very successful.

Of the many accomplishments of the meetings, the most important ones are: First, that the Y. W. C. A. was organized with Emily Hare, of Auburn, as chairman.

Second, a special objective was decided upon for all the colleges to work toward throughout the year.

Third, that from the delegates representing various colleges, an executive board was selected.

Mildred Walker, of Alabama College, was appointed to serve on this committee.

The other delegates from Alabama College were: Lula B. Hawkins, Helen Davis, Mary Kate Denby and Ethel Brown.

JUNIOR CLASS GIVES PARTY

On last Saturday afternoon the gym was a scene of interest to members of the Junior Class, who were entertained at a lovely party. Red and white, the class colors, were effectively used as decorations. A delicious ice course with sandwiches was served at 5 o'clock.

PERSONALS

Miss Hannah Reynolds and Miss Juliette Mather were the guests of the College Y. W. A. girls on Friday and Saturday. Both made pleasing talks on Friday night.

Misses Mary Bradshaw and Mary Hill went on a trip to Birmingham to get ads for the Technala. They reported great success.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Bailey and little son, Edward, Jr., were the guests of Roberta Bailey, their daughter, on last Sunday.

Mr. Oliver Boaz had as his guests for dinner at Big Springs, Mrs. O. Phillips, Mrs. W. B. Boaz, Misses Anne Arnold, Vivian Leston and Helen Chancellor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Rile were in Montevallo on last Sunday to see their daughter, Mary.

These girls are home for the week-end: Lola Alice Croll, Jessie Powell, Mary Cola Hungerford, Mary K. Wilkingsham, Olivia Latham, Dorothy Hixson, Annae Mae Langston, Ruby Saunders, Maurine Chapman, Catherine Parker, Willie Parker, Willie Martin, Mytilene Vildibill, Carmenita Green, Hazel Black, Mary Dudley Dray, Mary Harbin, Annie John Haynes, Henrietta Rademacher, Lydia Finklea, Jessie Hobbs Morrison, Aurora Cantangano and Ruby Belcher.

Miss Heinrich has been here in interest of, and to organize the Woman's League of Voters. Miss Irma Reaves is the president of the college girls' branch of this organization.

Miss Bernice Clements is the guest of Ethel Drake for this week-end.

LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS ORGANIZED

On Monday, October 13, Miss Heinrich, an interested, as well as interesting worker, spoke to a group of the girls on the interest and benefits of the League of Women Voters. Those who attended her lecture were very enthusiastic over the league. The vote to organize was unanimous and the following officers were elected.

Irma Reaves, president.
Joy Cawthorn, vice-president.
Robbie Allen, secretary.

At the Wednesday evening Y. W. C. A. services, the program was carried out by our delegates to the State Training Council at Auburn.

Mary Kate Derby was leader, and interesting talks were made by Lula B. Hawkins, Mildred Walker and Helen Davis. In these talks they discussed the purpose of the council and the work done as the various meetings.

The program for next week is: Talk by Lillou Burns, Sunday, October 19. Duties of the Cabinet Members, by the Cabinet Members, Wednesday, October 22.

ALUMNI NOTES

THOSE WHO HAVE COME "HOME" AGAIN!

Miss Minnie Sellers, class of '17, our beloved president, spent last week-end with friends here. She was also here to take part on the Founder's Day program. Before leaving Miss Sellers packed out work for the executive secretary.

Will the girls who were not mentioned in alumnae notes please pardon the error? And, indeed, it was a great error. Miss Ollie Tillman, class of '18, who is the college nurse, is with us again. Miss Addie Lee, class of '22, has her former position in the grammar school here. Miss Nena McDuffie, class of '22, has returned to receive her A.B.

Miss Marion Hinton, class of '23, now teaching at Centerville, made an extended call on her friends at Alabama College last week-end.

Misses Ernestine Bonner, class of '24, Margaret Fox, class of '21, and Evelyn Scott, class of '22, came "home" last week to pay us a visit. My! but how glad we were to see ol' girls back with us.

Come around to see me at leisure hours to drop a "bug" in my ear, so to speak. The executive secretary is in sore distress! Bring her address of ol' girls and you will help to cease her worries.

Oh! Yes! Miss Virginia Edwards '22, who is using her "knowledge obtained at Alabama College" to teach the children at Wetumpka Hi, came to see us Founders' Day.

Mrs. D. F. Rucks (Medara Holcobe), '12, was up on Founders' Day to present us with the beautiful oil painting of Mr. Erskine Ramsey.

Anybody else? Well, if there is, please 'cuse us, 'cause we have so many "new ones" that it's difficult to keep track of the "old ones."

NELL BROWDER,
Alumnae Editor.

Hattie Lyman entertained the Junior Class with a delightful party on Saturday, October 18, from 3:30 to 5:30 in the college gymnasium.

Tad Martin and Frances Smith had a lovely October drive with Country Reeves on last Sunday afternoon.

Miss Cope, Nathalie Hall and Martha Orr went for a ride last Sunday afternoon.



JACOBSON, A PROLIFIC WORKER

Sascha Jacobsen, the violinist, who will appear here at Alabama College, on Thursday evening, November 13, is one of the most active members of the artistic fraternity. Although he is still in his middle twenties, he has managed to make nine consecutive tours of this country, playing from coast to coast in the largest and smallest cities of the country. To anyone conversant with the rigors of a musical tour it would seem that this is a man's job by itself. To travel daily, play at least three times a week and to keep in physical and artistic trim in the meantime would seem sufficient. To this must be added the work of constantly adding to one's repertory. As a rule, this part of an artist's work is done in the summer time. And Mr. Jacobsen can boast of as extensive a concert repertory as any violinist before the public. As if this were not enough, there comes the work of playing for the phonographs. Mr. Jacobsen has been an exclusive Columbia artist for several years and in the course of this time he has played about forty different compositions, at least twenty of which have been issued in record form. The making of a record is not a mere bagatelle. It is an easy matter to wind the phonograph, insert the needle, relax in one's arm-chair and listen to the world's greatest bring their music to one's home. But every one of those wax impressions represents a task of no mean proportions on the part of an artist. Sometimes a composition has to be played over and over again before it is passed by the artist as worthy to be issued to the public. The more conscientious the artist, the more time and energy he spends on making a record. But all this work has not yet exhausted the vitality of Mr. Jacobsen. He digs in musical archives and searches for old and new material of various kinds suitable for violin arrangements, to which he can add his own personality. Thus, he is able to place on his programs his own transcriptions of famous piano compositions, as well as his own compositions. And after he has done all this and he still finds time hanging on his hands, Mr. Jacobsen joins forces with his musical brethren and plays chaber music, the intellectual and artistic retreat of the true musician. And finally, Mr. Jacobsen never refuses to contribute his art, time and energy to a worthy charity cause.

This makes the personality of the man, the artist, the musician. Constant work for the artistic and spiritual welfare of the nations and this lends color to the vitality of the artist, which is immediately apparent to every listener; the minute Mr. Jacobsen steps on the stage.

He who laughs last is usually the dumbest.

FOUNDERS' DAY CELEBRATED

On Saturday, October 11, all classes were suspended in order that Founders' Day might be celebrated by the students, officers, members of the faculty and friends of the institution. The exercises were held on the campus in front of the main dormitory at 11 o'clock in the morning, when the following program was enjoyed:

College Song.

Address—Braxton Bragg Comer, ex-Governor and United States Senator.

Presentation of Portrait of Mr. Erskine Ramsey—Mr. Victor H. Hanson.

Acceptance of Portrait—Mr. William T. Sheehan, chairman Executive Committee, Board of Trustees.

Woman's Opportunity and Alabama College—Mrs. Val Taylor, president Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs.

Music.

The Alumnae Spirit—Miss Minnie Sellers, President Alumnae Association.

Progress of the Campaign—Dean O. C. Carmichael, Director.

Alabama College of Tomorrow—Alto V. Lee, Trustee from Seventh District.

Announcements—L. Sevier, Trustee from State at large.

The Future Business Woman—Mr. Erskine Ramsey.

Song.

At the conclusion of the exercises, a delightful barbecue was served, which truly represented in quality and quantity Alabama College—the Million-Dollar Institution.

ATHLETIC NEWS

Alabama College has always had real sports who play the game and play it well. Did we not win every game we played last year? Sure, and we will do it this year. Work for class team, then varsity.

What we do when we don't play ball!

No! We ALL can't play basket ball, but we all have to and need to play something. That S-O-M-E-T-H-I-N-G this year is the most exciting and interesting thing you could imagine—Golf! No not exactly. It's easy to learn, easy to play and loads of fun. We've just had the field made ready for us. About November 1 we can say, One, two, three! go! yes, put it in! put it in! Maybe basket ball teams have been selected, all the better! What? then you, who THOUGHT you weren't successful can come out and play it! What? Why I thought you would have heard 'ere this—It's hockey, that best game we have.

Ethel and Sallie Mae Fuller were called to Selma last week-end on account of their father's illness at the Vaughan Memorial Hospital.

The following were visitors of the college girls on last Saturday and Sunday: Ross Thomas, Lyman Holland, John Marriott, A. J. Brown, Joe Withersbee, Welke Coleman, Ernest Northcutte, Andy Davis, Max Johnson, Grif-



"SYBIL SAYS"

SYBIL SAYS

If everyone minded his own business there wouldn't be anything left for the other fellow to do.

DEVEREUX PLAYERS TO VISIT ALABAMA COLLEGE

Those of us who have had the privilege of seeing the Devereux Players on their previous visits to Alabama College will be glad to know that they will appear here again on November 8, giving two performances, both matinee and evening.

"The Barber of Seville," the masterpiece attraction is a typically Spanish comedy. It was first written as an opera, and when rejected in that form was converted into a play of unusual merit. Since then there have been three musical versions of the same plot. Interspersed through the play Mr. Devereux uses snatches of the original Spanish music, which is quaint and charming and lends rather more atmosphere than the formal better known music of Rossini. While "The Barber of Seville," is classic, it is full of fun, most ludicrous situations and complications, and has maintained an unequalled popularity during the last century and a half.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Count Almaviva.....	Clifford Devereux
Figaro.....	William Padmore
Rosina.....	Zinita Graf
Doctor Barthola.....	Butler Manderville
Marcelina.....	Georgiana Wilson
Juan.....	Reginald Fife
Don Basile.....	John Osgood
Natary.....	Reginald Fife

It is impossible to deny that so the Spanish dramatists Echegaray has reached a larger audience than any of his precursors, or of his contemporaries. Not merely in Spain, but in every land where Spanish is spoken or translated, he has met with an incomparable appreciation. The career of Echegaray is unique. It was while he was Minister of Finance that he began his dramatic work, and since that time his plays are regarded as the best examples of modern Spanish drama. One of his greatest successes will be presented by the Clifford Devereux Company on Saturday evening, November 8, in the college auditorium, under the title of "The Mummy's Earring."

The following is the cast of characters:

Dova Dolores.....	Georgiana Wilson
Don Castulo.....	William Podnure
Luciano.....	Reginald Fife
Don Lorenga.....	John Osgood
Mariana.....	Zinita Graf
Is5Sfm.....	cmfwyp shrdlu cmfwy shr
Don Haralda Montagu.....	

Clifford Devereux
Don Pablo Aateaga Butler Manderville

NEW MEMBERS OF ALABAMA PLAYERS SELECTED

The annual tryout of the Alabama Players was held on Saturday evening, October 11, in the college auditorium, when 20 students of the college demonstrated their dramatic ability to a large and appreciative audience. The following were the successful applicants: Neil Burns, Nina Dautzler, Annie Jones, Ruth Jones, Katherine Leath, Madge Page, Frances Laftin, Vallie Rogers, Elanor Hooper, Elosee Ingram and Gladys Waldrop.

Membership in the club is limited to 35, each year a tryout being held so that new students may fill vacancies left by the former members who do not return. The Alabama Players made several successful road trips last year, and even more have been planned by the club for the coming season. The club is fortunate in having as its director Miss Hood, of the expression department, and great things are expected of the players under her capable leadership.

fis Powell, George Porter, William Fuller, Frank Holle, Paul Davidson, James Armstrong, Paul Freeman, Marshall Marriott, Joe Burnett, Roscoe Thurman, Brooks Wooley, J. B. Wright, Jr., and Luther Gaines.

Juniors are proud of their new privilege of going to the picture show once a week at night, in bunches of fours.

THE ALABAMIAN

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Nellie White.....Aleph Sade

DOLLARS, COOKIES AND LOVE

It could have happened in any small Alabama town provided that town claimed or owned a bachelor of thirty-five who, in turn, was sole possessor of a big roomy car, acres and acres of land, plenty of ready cash, a position, preferably president of the best bank in town, good looks, good taste but a very careful system of spending his money. Not that he was stingy, nor was he a "tight wad." He was just careful. He knew what he spent his money for.

This could have happened only in the time of the "Million for Montevallo" campaign. Most any young, vivacious girl could have been the heroine but only Mary Sue Leslie really was, so forget all the others.

The twenty-seventh regular session at Alabama College had just closed when the director of the "Million For" received the following letter:

Dear Mr. Director:

I very much fear the campaign will be unsuccessful in our town. County schools are in need and the people will not contribute to a college at this time. We have one hope: there is in our town a man who could give more than our entire quota and never miss it. He is not particularly interested in county schools, for he is a bachelor but I am proposing a method of interest to him in Montevallo. He has never loved or seemed to love any girl. Now I have heard of the charm of Alabama College students, of how a larger per centage of them marry than from any other school. Could you not send us one of the charming ones to help put over the campaign here? Probably this suggestion sounds like a dime novel letter to you but I am perfectly honest when I say "I believe the plan will work."

Yours very truly,
H. B. SAMUELS.

A twinkle of fun came into the eyes of the director as he folded the strange letter. He had received all types but this one was distinct. As he slipped the information back into the envelope he thought of the girl, Annie Sue Leslie. She had just finished college and was giving her Summer for her Alma Mater. She was not pretty but very attractive, in fact, she was so full of life, fun, resourceful and jolly good spirits that one conversation was enough to make one adore her. She was not brilliant in books yet she always passed; she was just the one who could put things over in college life. There was no doubt but that she was the one to send. The only flaw in the plan was that she disliked men. Oh, she did not hate them but she preferred female society. Her good sense, however, would teach her to, at least, pretend a caring for the other sex if things looked brighter that way.

Monday morning of the next week found Annie Sue Leslie in Oakville. She never questioned her instructions from her director. She left as soon as possible to awaken the town.

As the train stopped at Oakville she was right ready to get off. Mr. Samuels, the town chairman, met her and escorted her to his Ford, unfolding a plan in which she was to go at once with him to the Exchange Club luncheon and make a short talk.

He, the money possessor, the handsome bachelor, was there. He did not know he was a planned victim nor did she know jusy why she had been sent.

A general buzz went on as Annie Sue was being shown her place. As soon as it passed over the chairman arose.

"Gentlemen, Fellow Exchange members: Miss Annie Sue Leslie, a grad-

uate of Alabama College, will be in our town for a short time to help us win our part of the million dollars for that great school. She will speak to us for a short time now. Miss Leslie."

Clap! Clap* Clap!

"Gentlemen of the Exchange Club: I am glad to be here on such a great cause today. Alabama College needs money to carry on her great work. The State will not give an ample sum so the people at large must. This task is upon you and me and many others. If we all do our part the million is possible, but if some will not help we lose. I need not even point out to you the unfairness in education for the boys against the girls in Alabama for everyone of you know this fact. The posters I see in your stores show that you are interested. You must show that interest and put this drive over here in a few days. You just must begin now! Men are trained to build bridges. Why not train women to build homes? Surely the home is more important. Let's get behind this unfairness and make it fair and square!"

Clap! Clap! Clap! And more claps!

"Is there a community house here? There is Good! Do you think we could get the people there to a gathering tonight? Suppose we have a penny-year party and make each person pay one cent for each year old he is. Of course you Exchangits will be glad to furnish something for the people to drink and I will put this matter before them and also lead some forms of amusement. Are you willing?"

"Yes!"

"Sure!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Two boys can easily post the people this afternoon and signs can be painted on the sidewalks to attract the younger set."

"The very thing!" This came from half a dozen voices.

And so it all happened just as planned except the man did not play a very active part. He went and when Annie Sue asked him at the door to pay a penny for each of his years he handed, out of the graciousness of his heart, a fifty cent piece.

"Why, Mr. Keith, you're not fifty! You don't look that old!"

"Oh! Ah!—I beg your—why certainly, I'm only thirty-five. I thought you might like the extra cents for your school."

"Why, surely! Thank you and walk right in."

Annie Sue made only ten dollars that night, but one hundred dollars worth of advertisement and real enjoyment among the visitors. She made a 'regular' speech, better than she had ever made at a dramatic club meeting in college. This showed her excellent method of putting into practice things once learned.

Wonder of wonders! He asked to see her home. She, the man-not-liker, had already learned where the money of the town lay so she smiled a sweet "yes." He took her for a short ride down the highway before he took her to the town chairman's home.

"Isn't this a grand road! It's mighty kind of you to ask me to ride."

"Not at all! I'm glad to have you."

Silence! Distance!

"Have you ever visited Alabama College, Mr. Keith?"

"No."

"Oh, you must go down some day."

"Perhaps I can."

Silence.

"Don't you want to head the list in this town in subscribing? I'd like to have some encouragement before beginning my work tomorrow."

"No, Miss Leslie, I'm not particularly interested."

At this point he turned the loop and started back to town. They soon reached her temporary home. She said, "Goodnight" and he responded. She heard him drive away.

"Well, you certainly got a refusal that time, Miss Leslie," she said to herself. "Point blankness! He said 'No' good and plain! Well, you must go before the Woman's Federated Club here tomorrow and remind the ladies that the Federation has promised to support."

She went to sleep trying to think how she could make him change his mind.

The next day was a busy one for Annie Sue. She did get the support of the club and she did get a few dollars from the children. She told them stories at the Hut and charged each a nickel. They fell in love with her and her stories but years of that would not make the quota. Then after the stories, the children sold tags, while Ann'e Sue tried to solicit larger donation. The taxi station gave her a dollar and the children sold a few tags for twenty-five and fifty cents. In the evening He called to take her to ride again. She had received such a "No" from him the night before that she decided to show indifference.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Keith, but I believe I am too fatigued to even ride tonight. Besides Mr. Samuels and family are going out to his farm tonight for some vegetables and they have invited me to go along. Of course, if I go anywhere I will go with them."

"Then won't you go horseback riding with me early in the morning? I have two jim-dandy horses."

"Thank you, but I must begin work so early tomorrow that any moment I spend in leisure will seem a waste of time to me. Goodbye."

Now the Honorable great Mr. Keith was not accustomed to refusals, much less from one girl in three minutes. He became interested and immediately borrowed an Alabama College catalogue. He read it throughout and noticed that Annie Sue was in everything. A Technala of his cousin's had her picture on nearly every page. He tried to buy the annual from her but the foolishness of his offer was exemplified by her blank refusal. He then stealthily cut one picture out with his knife and looked at it many times before retiring.

At the picture show the next night the Montevallo reels were shown and with his own eyes he had to see the needs of the school. He thought he saw her in one picture.

Suddenly the music stopped and the musician, none other than Annie Sue, walked up the steps onto the stage. The lights flashed on her and she began a spirited violent plea for her Alma Mater. She announced that only one hundred dollars had been raised in Oakville and that the following afternoon cookies would be sold on the Court House lawn for the campaign fund. After that feature she would depart.

"I have enjoyed my stay in your town and only wish we could have made the quota here. I see your condition, though, and will not insist that you give more. If you have daughters to send to college, however, and you write to the State Woman's College to get them in, don't be shocked when they reply, "There is no room."

Silence! A few eyes looked at the rich bachelor.

He was glad the lights went off and he listened only to the music. (Annie was to get five dollars for playing that night.)

"I wonder what else she can do besides play, sing, tell stories, speak and steal interest," he thought. "She isn't pretty but—I wish she'd let me see her home." These thoughts turned round and round in the mind of Mr. Keith, the banker.

She let him see her home and more than that she invited him to come to her stand the next day and get one of her cookies absolutely free.

He blushed.

"But why not go riding with me in the morning?"

"Oh, I must bake the cakes then."

"You! bake cakes?"

"Why, sure! I have not spent my years at Montevallo in vain."

She actually shook hands with him when he told her goodnight. As the big car rolled away Annie Sue wondered why she thought of him regardless of his plain "No!" Why did she think of him as she had never thought

of another man. "Men! Oh!" (a shudder from the man-not-liker.)

The next afternoon everybody in town was eating cookies. No big signs or shouts for customers were needed after the first cake had been eaten. She sold out in one hour yet she almost knew she had baked a thousand. Instead of giving Mr. Keith one free he made her take f've dollars for it. This was a modern miracle in Oakville and would be written up in the weekly.

He asked to take her to the train and she graciously accepted. When he came an hour early she thought she had just misunderstood the hour and she went with him. She was surprised when he turned down the highway instead of toward the station. Perhaps he had come early on purpose just to take her for one more spin before her departure. That was nice of him. How she did wish he had contributed what he should to her school. Why couldn't she hate him because he did not?

After a silence of about five minutes, Mr. Keith said "How do you like our town, Miss Leslie?"

"Oh, I love it. I think its people are lovely."

"Thank you. I'm glad I live here. Would you ever consider living her always?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I love you and your school and your teachers and everybody you love. I love the million dollar drive because it brought you here. I want to give \$100,000 right now. You have made me see my narrow views. Will you, could you? Please do!"

The decision of the girl was immediate. She suddenly liked all men but she knew she loved just this one. Her "Yes" was given straight forwardly as she always said things.

"And now, instead of your leaving tonight, let's just drive to the telegraph office and send in the results. And say, forgive me for saying this now, but could you bake me just one more cookie real soon? You do make such delicious ones!"

"One million for—you, if you wish, dear."

BASKETBALL

The season has opened with real enthusiasm. Every class is showing determination to have their class the champion class when the final game is played.

Friday afternoon an interesting game was played in the gym, freshmen against juniors. Starting things going. You say freshmen won! Yes, they did. But will they win in the end? Or shall we break the record this year.

HIKING

What are the two most important days in the week? Any wide-awake Montevallo girl can answer this simple question. Thursdays and Saturdays, of course. And why? some stranger might aksy. Why they are hiking days. Every Thursday and Saturday afternoon you can see a group of khaki-clad figures start for the woods and leave civilization behind them. What happens while they are gone, they only know, but from the expression on their faces when they return you can easily see that they had a good time.

Are you one of the lucky ones in these groups? If not, be sure to go on the next hike and see how much fun it is. Come early and bring your friends with you. No experience necessary. Everybody welcome.

PHILOMATHIC CLUB ANNOUNCES PLEDGES

The Philomathic Club has the pleasure and honor of announcing the following pledges: Miss Sara Binion, Miss Kate Gaillard, Miss Sue Dickey, Miss Martha Orr, Miss Elizabeth Latham, Miss Myrtle Tuckerville, Miss Althea Hughes and Miss Dorothy Crabtree.

PHILODENDROI CLUB ANNOUNCE PLEDGES

The Philodendroi Club announce the following pledges: Susie Powers, Mitylene Vildibill, Grace Black, Kathleen Cummings, Helen Chancellor, Marjorie Hill, L'rene Hank'ns, Mary Gilliland, Clara Redden, Ruby Cruise, Mahel Mayfield.

Rufus—Comin to mah party, Clyde? We gonna have a whole gallon o' corn.

Clyde—Nupp. I can't come. We'se got a case of tonsillities over to my house.

Miss Blackiston: "When two bodies come together violently they generate heat."

Ruth Little: "Not always. I hit a lady once and she knocked me cold."

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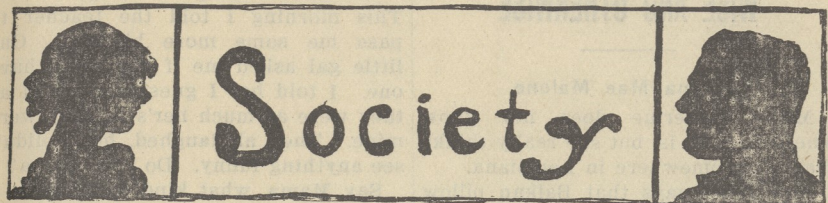
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Service With a Smile

at

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The Corner



TUTWILER CLUB NEWS

The Tutwiler Club announces the following new honorary members: Mrs. Katherine Hopkins Chapman, president of The Writers Club, who is widely known for her short stories; Mrs. Chamberlin, Miss Marguerite Cope, Miss Marie Lamar, Miss Lucyle Hook, who is head of the Expression Department, and Mr. Kelly.

Misses Dorothy Matby, Mary Wylie, Elizabeth Keller, Alice Alsobrook, Mary Elizabeth Moody, True Marble, Margaret Coleman, Isma Long, Margaret Grayson, Claudia Slade, Nan Holland, Rosa Perry and Kathleen McCormick received the following invitation program for rush week: Theatre party, Monday, October 13, at 5 p. m.; feast, Tuesday, 8 p. m., club room; bridge party, Wednesday, 4:30 p. m., at Mrs. J. C. Sharpe's; tea, Thursday, 4 to 6 p. m. at Mrs. Chamberlin's; picnic, Friday, 5:30 p. m., at Big Springs; luncheon, Saturday, 2 p. m., at Hotel St. George.

After seeing Gloria Swanson in Zaza Monday afternoon the party went to Hendrix Drug Store for refreshments. The drug store was beautifully decorated in the club colors, red and white. The ice course also carried out the colors in the form of a Tutwiler special.

The feast at the club house Tuesday evening, began at 8 o'clock and lasted until quite late. After the feast the table (if it could be called a table) was removed and the room was cleared for dancing.

At the home of Mrs. J. C. Sharpe on Wednesday afternoon the club entertained at bridge. Hot chocolate and sandwiches were served as refreshments. The prize was awarded to Miss Alice Alsobrook, of Lagrange, Ga., who was the winner of the highest score.

On Thursday afternoon a formal tea was given at the attractive new home of Mrs. Chamberlin. The home was beautifully decorated in Autumn leaves which blended in so nicely with the home in its woodsy setting. The guests called from 4 to 6 and among those were Mrs. Hubert Reynolds, Miss Georgia Leiper, Mrs. John Louis, Mrs. Heatfield and Mrs. J. C. Sharpe.

At 5 o'clock Friday afternoon the club had a picnic at Big Springs to contrast the whole week of formality. The crowd gathered around a large bon fire to partake of the bounty of food and to join in the fun. The smell of the boiling coffee and the frying bacon aroused an exceedingly large appetite. The result was quite obvious.

The club gave as their final entertainment on Saturday at 2 o'clock a luncheon at Hotel Saint George. The table was in the shape of a "T" and even the sandwiches carried out the initial letter of the club. The center piece of the table was of the club flowers, red and white carnations. Miss Alice Mahler acted as toast mistress and Miss Kathleen McCormick answered the toast.

Miss Elizabeth Horsley is in Columbia where she is doing her practice teaching. She will return after the first quarter to continue her course in Home Economics.

Miss Katherine Angle spent last week end at home in Anniston. Mr. Burgess Little, of Mobile, was at the college last week to visit his daughter, Ruth.

Miss Winifred Castleman had as her guests during last week her mother, Mrs. Lane Castleman and her sisters, Polly and Frances.

Mrs. A. I. Selden spent last Sunday at the college as a guest of her daughter, Frances.

While spending the week-end at the college Miss Mayo Pardue attended the luncheon given by the Tutwiler Club at Hotel St. George.

Miss Anny May Skinner and Miss Ina Mae Malone spent the first part of last week in Birmingham on business in behalf of the Alabamian.

Miss Nancy Caldwell came down from Anniston and spent last week-end as the guest of Martha Fuquay.

Rufus—A whole case!?

Say, can't we have that party to no' house?

CASTALIAN CLUB NEWS

Rush Week began Monday morning at 7 o'clock, and the Castalians were right ready to tell who they were—as this had not been allowed before.

That afternoon found nearly all the members down town and at the picture show with the new girls, showing them what good "rushers" the Castalians are.

Every day brought some new form of entertainment, for beside parties and picnics good work has been done "where two or three are gathered together."

The formal party came Wednesday night at the Pioneer Tea Room, where eight tables decorated in Castalian colors awaited the guests. Those partaking of the delicious four-course dinner beside members and pledges, were Misses Stoy, McMichael and Cobb, new honorary members; Misses Lucy Stevens, Rosa Perry, Fannie Norton, Dorothy Malby, Julia Stroud, True Marble, Margaret Coleman and Evelyn Norris; Mrs. Mona Davies, one of the charter members, was also there.

Between courses Alice Lyman gave a violin solo and Alene Elzey danced.

Friday afternoon Hattie Lyman gave a bridge party at her home in town for some of the new girls. Ask Lucy Stevens who got the prize.

That night all of the old members, pledges, honorary members and new girls went to the club room for a "feast fit for the gods." Everything was spookily decorated in Hallowe'en colors, with appropriate favors and place cards. Alene and Bill played their guitars and everybody sang for awhile. Then came the time to see if the spread was as good as it looked. All the food you can imagine was soon eaten by the crowd sitting around on sofa pillows.

When the 9:30 bell had reminded everyone that time had been quickly passing and they were all coming upstairs loaded down with fruit and favors, blowing horns just as peppy girls can, someone from upstairs hearing all the noise looked down and expressed the whole thing with "Oh, of course, it's the Castalians!"

Saturday afternoon ended the long waited for, but long-to-be-remembered "Rush Week" and we gave it the final touch with a steak roast at Forest of Arden.

THE KEYNOTE

Faculty Concert

The season of concerts which is so much enjoyed by the members of the college and people of the town of Montevallo, opened Saturday evening, October 18, with a faculty concert given as a joint recital by Miss Rebecca D. Stoy, contralto, and Miss Polly Gibbs, pianist.

Miss Stoy is a graduate and post-graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass., and is head of the Voice Department at Alabama College. Her voice is full and rich in quality, and her training gives her the ability to sing with a splendid ease and excellent interpretation. On the program were two groups of songs, which well selected and varied in style. The "Seguedille," from the opera Carmen, and "The Voice of Philomel," were among the best numbers. But all were given with skill and a pleasing personality, which adds so much to the success of an artist.

Miss Gibbs, who is a graduate from Henderson-Brown College, and from Northwestern University School of Music, gave a group of solos in addition to playing the accompaniments for Miss Stoy. It was a pleasure to hear accompaniments so well played, and with such thought for the wishes of the singer. Miss Gibbs' solos were very fine. The delicacy of the "Barcarolle," by Leschetizki, was delightful, and the Liszt "Ricordanza" was brilliant, showing to splendid advantage the ability in execution which Miss Gibbs has attained.

The college is fortunate in having secured the services of two such splendid teachers, and those who attended the concert will look forward with pleasure to more recitals from them.

MAY ANDRUS.

BETA SIGMA DELTA NEWS

Two of the most delightful events of the "rushing" season occurred Thursday afternoon when the Beta Sigma Deltas entertained at tea from four to six at the home of Mrs. Dawson, an honorary member; and when they also entertained at a feast Friday night at the club house.

The living room of Mrs. Dawson's home was very beautifully decorated for the tea. Purple and white, the club colors, predominated, but here and there ferns and beautiful flowers added lovely color to the scene.

The Beta Sigma Delta girls were becomingly and beautifully dressed, and greeted each favored girl as she arrived. Soon the living room was filled with smiling, girlish faces.

Tea with wafers was served to all, and the favors, which were novelty Hallowe'en cups filled with delicious nuts, and bearing the fraternity letters, were presented.

At different intervals the guests were entertained with readings which were rendered by Misses Mabel Long and Vivian Letson. Also music was furnished throughout the evening by a victrola.

About thirty girls were invited to enjoy this afternoon with the Beta Sigma Delta girls and honorary members.

The feast given Friday night at the club house was one of the most enjoyable entertainments the club has ever given.

The club room was decorated in the club colors, purple and white, and flowers. The room had a very home-like atmosphere, and was full of merriment when guests and hostesses were assembled. Music was furnished by the victrola for part one. A few of the girls rendered some pieces on ukes and other string instruments. Miss Frances Loftin rendered a most entertaining reading.

A plate luncheon, consisting of salad, sandwiches, wafers, cheese crackers and olives was served with cold drinks.

After the luncheon the girls made merry, singing school songs and dancing.

Thirty girls enjoyed this evening with the club girls, and when time came to leave, all expressed their hearty appreciation for the evening's entertainment.

ALPHA SODHE CLUB

Rush Week was rightly named, for there was nothing but Rush! Rush! Rush! all week.

On a Tuesday afternoon the Aleph Sodhe Club entertained with an "informal tea" and a picture show party. It is not necessary to say that the picture was enjoyed when it is known known that it was "The Reckless Age." Those enjoying the fun were: Sadie Pouncey, Esther Reogan, Saphronia Wadsworth, Gladys Richardson, Lola Sealy, Dorothy Boller, Bertha Narthrop, Eloise Harmon, Elizabeth Graves, Veida Mae Helm, Bernice Green, Verdie Strickland, Thelma Holmes, Bera Phillips, Pauline Thompson, Flossie Orr, Leeta Orr, Eunice Matthews, Annie Jones, Agnes Grimsley, Faye Cotney, Caroline Thrash, Ibbie Jones, Nellie White and Miss Anna Irwin, who is one of our advisers.

The bawls of laughter issuing from the club room on Friday night were caused by the jolly games played at the "Kid Party." The little girls and boys were served in purely kid-party fashion.

We are delighted to have one of our old members back with us this year, Flossie Orr, who spent an enjoyable year teaching, and is now here to receive her degree.

On October 3, Ibbie Jones left for Auburn, to serve as "sponsor" for Auburn in the Auburn-Clemson game. She reports a week-end filled with excitement and thrills. Of course Auburn won!

Elizabeth Mackey is in Porto Rico with Theo Campbell, where they are having a novel teaching experience.

Marion Hinton had such a successful year at Centerville last year that she is back there again. Marion is capably filling the position of math and science teacher.

Gussie Haygood, our ex-president, is now at Girard, Ala., teaching the principles of home-making that she learned at Alabama College.

All of the members claim that they enjoyed the circular club letter more than anything else this summer. This letter traveled from North Carolina, all over Alabama, and even to Porto Rico.

PHILODENDROI CLUB NEWS
RUSH! RUSH! RUSH!

And it was indeed a "Rush Week" in the very fullest and strongest sense of the word.

First, invitations went out for the "big party," but you grabbed your girl any other time you could. Sometimes another club would grab your girl just when you thought you had her. Such was it!

The Philodendroids rushed a jolly bunch of girls to Big Springs Tuesday afternoon to a weiner roast. They had more than just "hot dogs" however, for the girls came back very painfully. All said they would add that they had a good time, but that "actions spoke louder than words."

The "big party" was on Thursday afternoon at the picture show, and then a dinner at the tea room. The picture was "The Reckless Age," with Reginald Denny. Of course that is enough about that part of the afternoon. The tea room was right ready to receive all the visitors and the dinner, music, readings and jolly companionship entertained for the next half hour. Specialties on the program were: Reading, by Gertrude Patterson; a violin solo by Grace Black, and several piano selections by Pansy Higgins. The girls who attended the party were: Ruby Cruise, Grace Black, Helen Chancellor, Edith Crew, Mary Gilliland, Susie Powers, Marjorie Hill, Clara Redden, Lorine Hankins, Johnnye Dodson, Pansy Higgins, Mabel Mayfield, Emma Barlow, Kathleen Cummings, Grace James, Mitylene Vildibill, Willa Deane Holder, Bill Slone, Mildred Kealrey, Mamie Carmichael, Annie Holt Young, Mildred Britton, Florence Guyton, Colene Hamilton, Lena Harris, Madge Jacobs, Agnes Stewart, Gertrude Patterson, Hazel Black, Edith Adams, Inez Ray, Alene Lecroy, Jimmie Nelle Branyon; Miss Sara Apperson, chaperone.

On Friday the same girls decided to have a candy-making completely "out of the kitchen." The candy was good and the good old songs around the camp fire made the outdoor party indeed novel. It was reported once that the spring was on fire, but this was all a false alarm. Miss Tabor was also a member of the Little Spring's party.

And to answer the question asked almost daily around Montevallo, "Where is our dandy forward, old Lil Burleson?" She is teaching Vocational Home Economics in the Berry High School.

Kathleen Arnold is one of the faculty in the Agricultural School at Lineville. One of the teachers there said in regard to her work, "She knows what she's supposed to teach, and she means business."

Dutch Watts, whose sign, "It's not the team alone that can win that game, but the spirit behind that team" held the eyes of all Montevallo last year during the basket ball season, is now doing welfare work in Alexander City.

PHILOMATHIC CLUB NEWS

A series of social events was given by the Philomathic Club during "Rush Week." The initiative party was a weiner roast on the hillside back of the log cabin, Monday night, October 13. The guests arrived long before dusk and divided into little groups, some playing bridge, others played on "ukes," while the "woodmen of the world" gathered sticks for a fire. Then a big bonfire furnished light as they gathered around it, toasting marshmallows and weiners.

On Tuesday evening the Philomathic Club was hostess for a feast at the club house. The club colors, green and white, were effectively used in decorations.

An improvised table was daintily laid for about forty guests. A welcome toast was given by the president, Miss Mary Hill. Several of the talented members were entertaining by performing various stunts throughout the evening.

The home of Miss Virginia Hendrick was a scene of loveliness on Thursday afternoon, when she entertained the members of the Philomathic Club, and a few invited guests at bridge.

The living room and dining room were thrown together. Here six tables were tastefully arranged. The Hallowe'en idea was carried out in the decorations and refreshments.

At the door to welcome the guests stood Miss Mary Hill, with Miss Hen-

dricks.

The high score was awarded to Miss Martha Orr, and the booby to Miss Sue Dickey.

At the close of the game an ice course was served. The guests attending the various parties were: Miss Myrtle Turbenville, Miss Martha Orr, Miss Althea Hughes, Miss Nathalie Hall, Miss Sue Dickey, Miss Kate Gailard, Miss Sara Binion, Miss Rosa Perry, Miss Julia Stroud, Miss Mary Wiley, Miss True Marble, Miss Margaret Coleman, Miss Dorothy Crabtree, Miss Roberta Bailey, Miss Virginia Barnes, Miss Katherine Morrison, Miss Newsinger, Miss Gibbs, Miss Glover.

The Philomathic Club announces the following new honorary members: Miss Poly Gibbs, Miss Louise Glover and Miss Newsinger.

PI KAPPA DELTA NOTES

The Pi Kappa Delta Club entertained at a reception at the Pioneer Tea Room Friday evening from 6 to 7. During the evening Miss Mildred Brantley rendered a delightful vocal number, and Miss Anita King gave a reading entitled "Visitation."

A delicious salad course and ice cream and cake were served to Misses Frances Freeland, Frances Hightower, Dorothy Knowles, Lucile, Lucile, Tommie and Ruby Jo Snellgrove, Katherine Prentiss, Anita King, Mary Evelyn Clark, Maybelle May, Mildred Brantley, Ruth Griffin. The hostesses were Ruby Foster, Olene Johnson, Frances Seay, Georgia Jordan, Sophia Jordan and Hazel Jackson.

Saturday afternoon the club will enjoy a picnic at "Big Springs" from 4 to 6.

The Store For College Girls

Candies, Drinks, Groceries and "Gym" shoes

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Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Shoes and Athletic Sweaters

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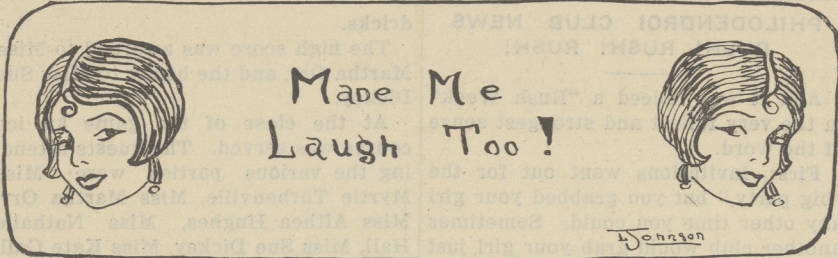
Merchants

Montevallo, Alabama

Hendrick's Drug Store

Cold Drinks, Toilet Articles and Sundries

Montevallo



Ruth L.—I see the restaurant advertises pies like my mother used to make.

Margaret—Yes, I tried a piece today and judging from the size of the piece I got the lady must have been the mother of a very large family.

Single—There's a right and wrong way to do a thing.

Married—Yes; but a man generally saves time by doing the thing his wife's way.

What yo' lak about dat big yaller gal dat yo' is goin' ter pr'pose to?

What I likes 'bout her? Why de way she works, boy. Dat gal am indust'ous. She sho' am a bright future for any husband.

Father—Would you sooner have a little baby brother or sister?

Son—If it's immaterial to you I'll have an ice cream cone.

Favorite song of the ducks: Waddle I do.

Ruth P.—I wish to enlarge my vocabulary. Would you advise me to consult a dictionary?

Mary W.—No, get married.

D'nah, I shuah would lak to engrave my name on yo' heart.

Oh, gwan niggah. Don't you know as how it takes a diamond to do any engravin'?

Kat Parker—Find the old burg changed much?

Annie John—Well, they had one new local post card.

Ina Mae—Why is it that a red-haired woman always marries a meek man?

Alice B.—She doesn't! He just gets that way.

Men are known by the company they keep. Woman by the clothes they keep on wearing.

Alleen—There's one thing about me, when asked to sing I don't say I can't, I just go ahead.

Emma L.—I see. And let them find it out for themselves.

Friend—Why did you kill your wife?

Hubby—She said she wanted a choker.

Mary R.—Didja ever see Sara Bernhardt in "Camille?"

Made P.—New, but I seen her in Paris onct.

Sara G. (craving excitement)—Let's blow up the school.

Lulie B.—Let's do! I've got a fire cracker.

Anny May—What prophet in 'the Bible is like Middlebrook?

K. Mc.—Don't know.

Anny May—Moses.

K—I don't understand.

Anny May—Well drop brook and change iddle to oses and you'll have it. Very clever isn't it?

K—Yes! Very!

The reason "corn" has such a kick to 't is because they shock it in the field.

The cooling stops with the honey-moon, but the billing goes on forever.

Little Sis—Would a long pair of stocking hold all you want for Christmas?

Old Maid—No, but a pair of socks would.

Alice M.—I enjoyed her singing immensely. Everybody thought she had a large repertoire.

G'rlie—Yes, and that dress she wore made it look worse.

Lucile—I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth.

Mack—Of course you wouldn't. You'd get killed in the rush.

Ina Mae (at football game)—Hold 'em Potter, I know you can.

No. 1—Went too fast last night and guess what happened?

No. 2.—Pinched of course.

No. 1—No, slapped.

English—What's the best way to make an Englishman happy in his old age?

All-American—Tell him a joke when he's young.

Kappa—See that girl across the street?

Sigma—Uh huh.

Kappa—Venus had nothing on her.

Sigma—Yeah, I know, but what's that got to do with the girl across the street?

Hattie M.—Did you know we all sprang from monkeys?

Pete—Then you must have forgotten to jump.

Kathleen Mc.—They must have had dress suits in Bible times.

Alleen—How come?

K. M.—It says in the Bible that "He rent his clothes."

Winnie—I've got to go up and get my beauty sleep.

Fluff—Goodbye forever!

B. F.—I'm half inclined to kiss you.

Helen G.—How stupid of me. I thought you were merely round shouldered.

Alice M.—You know the proof of pudding is in the eating.

Bill—Yes, dear. But remember I'm no test tube.

Waitress—It looks like rain.

Boy—Yes, but it tastes like soap.

Krazy—My great grandfather was slightly wounded in the battle of Brandywine.

Kat—Aha—half shot, I s'pose.

Alice B.—When Charley found that lip stick at the dance how did he know it was mine?

True—Recognized the taste.

Lulie B.—Pardon me, I was buried in thought.

Miss Hook—Awful shallow grave, wasn't it?

Anny May—Why did you fall for me?

Claude—Your line was enuf to trip me.

Old Lady—Are you content to walk from door to door begging for your living?

Tramp—No'm, many's the time I wish't I had a car.

Ruth L.—I have a great idea!

Margaret G.—Well be good to, it. It's in a strange place.

Frances S.—We are held on the earth by the law of gravity.

Kat Angle—Well how did we stick on before the law was passed?

Date: "I never gissed a girl before in my life."

Datest: "Well, get away from me. I'm not running a Prep. school."

THE TUTWILER CLUB ANNOUNCES PLEDGES

The Tutwiler Club announces the following pledges: Miss Alice Alsobrook, of LaGrange, Ga.; Miss Mary Elizabeth Moody, of Piedmont, Ala.; Miss Isma Long, of Hurtsboro; Miss Mary Wiley and Miss Elizabeth Keller, of Union Springs; Miss Kathleen McCormick, of Center, Ala.; Miss Dorothy Motley, of Chicago, Ill.; Miss Margaret Coleman, Miss True Marble, Miss Nan Holland, Miss Claudia Slade and Miss Margaret Grayson, all of Mobile, Ala.

W. J. MITCHELL
DENTIST
Montevallo, Ala.

THINGS FRESHMEN LIKE TO KNOW

Whether ice plant grafted on a milkweed would make ice cream?

How farmers keep dust out of the potato's eyes?

Can a detective solve garden plots?

Why a farmer allows lambs to gamble on the green?

Where people hide when bullrushes out?

Will a farmer sow wild oats?

Kind of straw farmers use to make strawberries?

Is a chicken house and eggplant the same?—Gold and Black.

YOUR LITTLE SISTER

What kind of a Big Sister are you?

First of all, have you looked up your little sister?

Did you help her with her registration, and with her schedule?

Do you take her to Y. W.?

Are you helping her to meet girls and make friends?

Are you telling her the college traditions?

Is your sense of honor high enough to be an example to her?

Do you go to church with her?

Are you telling her the things of interest on the campus?

Are you helping her to make faculty members her friends?

Are you showing her the sources of fun within our reach?

Do you take her to prayer meeting? What do you encourage her to think about chapel?

Are you helping her to get rid of that occasional lump in her throat?

Are you being her friend?

Can she see in your life that Jesus is your ideal?—Selected.

ATTENTION!

Do you like to be surprised, amused and learn something all at one time? If so, then you'll certainly enjoy hearing the "Bird Man."

On Monday evening, October 27, Alabama College is offering a unique attraction in Charles Crawford Gorst. Mr. Gorst has given years of his life to the study of birds and their songs and has perfected the reproduction of more than six hundred songs of more than two hundred birds. Thus his title, "The Bird Man."

He is recognized as one of the great naturalists of the country, and is a well-known member of the American Ornithologists' Union, the National Association of Audubon Societies, and other leading organizations of naturalists. His accomplishments and his lectures bear the unstinted endorsement of such men as the late John Burroughs, T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the National Audubon Society, and others as prominent.

The purpose of Mr. Gorst's lectures is to awaken the interest of the people in bird-life. There are few in this busy world of today who take time to notice, let alone think about the beautiful feathered songsters who find their way even into the crowded cities, and are abundant in the open spaces of the country.

The marvelous reproductions of bird-sounds as perfected by Mr. Gorst never fail to produce the question: "How does he do it?" It is neither singing nor whistling, but a bird-like note produced in the mouth and broken into 20-tons variations by the diaphragm, learynx, soft-palate, tongue, teeth and lips. He has worked on this accomplishment since eight years of age, when he first tried to imitate the song of the lark-bunting on the sunny hill tops near his home in Nebraska. It is his own discovery, and although he has tried to teach it to others, he has been unable to do so.

The lecture is illustrated by enlarged paintings of the birds about which he talks and whose songs he reproduces.

Kanter's Kash Store

Dry Goods, Shoes, Millinery and Ready-to-Wear

Montevallo, Alabama

WISE AND OTHERWISE

By Ina Mae Malone

Mary Catherine does not know where L. S. U. is, but she really thinks that it is somewhere in Louisiana.

Ann Jones says that Balkan pillow is simply irregating.

How can "Chink" Fuquay expect to pass an eye test unless she is one of those few persons who can see with their eyes closed.

In discussing the customs of the romantic period in comparison with those of today, Miss Monk brought out the point that in those days men considered kissing the most courteous form of greeting. She said, "Men of today never kiss—er—er—that is, never kiss each other."

In a letter home, Mr. Kelly said that we get up so early up here that Miss Irving in her breakfast blessing gives thanks for the rest of the night.

Perhaps it would be nicer if some of us would pay rent for standing room in front of our P. O. box, rather than rent on the empty box.

Where is the freshman who wants to meet the Bachelor of Arts?

Few girls are as bad as they are painted, or as white as they are powdered.

While studying English literature Joyce said to Helen Gray: "I have the Anglo-Saxon period, but I haven't a date for it."

Helen Gray: "I'll see if I can help you get one."

Kindness goes a long way lots of times when it ought to stay at home.

If you want to forget all the rest of your troubles wear tight shoes.

Kat says her ideal man is one who is clever enough to make money and foolish enough to spend it.

Lucille, my dear, the reason you can never find a pin is that they are always pointed in one direction and headed in another.

You had better hurry, Marion, you'll be late to the picnic.

No I won't; I have the food!

Kat Leath's Soliloquay

Let me see. Now Solomon was the one who had a hundred wives. Yes that's right. Then it was he who said "Give me liberty or give me death." Now I have that much straight.

The lecturer stated quite emphatically that every woman should have a vote. K. McCormick whispered to the girl sitting beside her, "I'd much rather have a voter."

Hattie (to shoemaker)—If you had a sore toe what would you do?

Shoemaker—I'd go barefooted.

A FRESHMAN'S FIRST LETTER HOME

Mrs. U. R. A. Dullone, Frogville, Ala. Dear Ma'am:

I will write you a few lines to tell you how I am getting along in college. I got here last night safe and sound, but it shore is a wonder. When I got off the train some little gal grabbed my suitcase. I told her to put my suitcase down and mind her own. She said she was a Y. W. C. A., or something like that, but I held my suitcase myself after that. There was lots of girls got off the train, and one of them asked me if I was a "Rat." I told her know, indeed, I wasn't no "Rat," and nobody better not call me one either, 'cause I was liable to be a cat if they did.

When we got to the dormitory some of the girls hollered till they almost cried, and grabbed another girl around the neck and kissed her. I thought that was the way to do, so I grabbed one, but I guess she was a new girl too, and didn't catch on as quick as I do. You know I always was good at catching on. Some little gal asked me what my name was. I told her "Ima Dullone," and she looked like he didn't much believe it. Then she said she would show me to my room. I unpacked my trunk and my roommate hasn't come.

There is a great big tin thing outside my room. I asked some gal what that was for, and she said it was to put trash in. I went back and got some trash and threw in it, and some other little gal saw me, and laughed and laughed. I commenced laughing too, but I didn't see anything funny, but that little gal said, "Child that ain't for trash! It's the fire exkape." Well, mama, maybe it is, but I don't see how no fire can exkape through that thing. I told her it looked like a smoke stack to me.

We have real good things to eat. This morning I told the teacher to pass me some more biscuits. One little gal asked me if she could have one. I told her I guess she could as they were as much her's as they were mine. They all laughed, but I didn't see anything funny. Do you, Mama?

Say Mama, what kind of plank is a zeccatine board. Every time I turn round I hear something about a zeccatine board. I want to see one.

I had to go get my skedule made out today, and they said I'd hafta take entrance examination, and if I didn't pass I'd hafta go back home. Well I'll take them tomorrow, and I don't much care if I do go back home. It's nice to be off in a big town like Montevallo, but Frogville is big enough for me.

I'll write you again tomorrow.

Your loving daughter,
IMA DULLONE.

P. S.—Tell Mary, Maggie, Donie, Johnnie, Jake and all the rest to write to me.

Aleph Sadhe Club announces the following pledges: Elizabeth Graves, Eloise Dorman, Esther Reagan, Sadie Pouncey, Verdine Strickland, Gladys Richardson, Thelma Holmes, Verta Mae Helm, Bernice Green.

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We specialize in Ho-made
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Sandwiches
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Specialty in Ladies' Hair
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R. B. TATUM, Prop.

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Furniture, Paints, Varnish and Candy
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Mona M. DAVIES
"The Store That Is Different"
Montevallo, Ala.

The Alabamian

Vol. 2.

MONTEVALLO, ALA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1924

No. 3.

INTEREST IN THE CAMPAIGN GROWS

Interest continue to grow in the Alabama College, according to reports from all sections of the state—more than 4,000 subscribers to the fund are already on the list and several hundred added each week.

For the week ending October 25, \$10,500 was added to the fund. Distributions by counties, according to Director Marmichael, is as follows:

Calhoun, \$600; Perry, \$900; Escambia, \$132.50; Wilcox, \$120; Shelby, \$240; Butler, \$5; Coffee, \$120; Covington, \$120; Clarke, \$20; Henry, \$1,220; Houston, \$480; Randolph, \$1,325; Clay, \$1,271; Jefferson, \$465; Mobile, \$440; Century, Fla., \$360; miscellaneous, \$1,301.

ANNOUNCEMENT

To the Students of Alabama College:

The Y. W. C. A. announces a change in the Wednesday evening service. As you know it has been our custom to have our visiting speakers for Sunday evening. This year we shall have a distinguished speaker once a month on Wednesday evening. Our Sunday evening programs will be as strong as we can make them. We shall have many invited speakers for the Sunday service. But once a month the Wednesday service will be one of especial significance. For these meetings we are inviting leading ministers of this section. These are busy men—too busy with their church work on Sunday to come to us on that day. We want to hear them, and so we are arranging these mid-week services. Too, we believe the devotional service in the midst of our busy week will prove a great spiritual gain. Each speaker will choose his own subject and so his talk will contain the message he wishes to give us.

Leaving their own work and coming to us will be an expression of the interest these ministers feel in us as students. Our attendance will show our appreciation of their visit to us. Come to the meetings. Bring your room mate. Speak to the minister after the service. He will be here because he wanted to come to see us.

There will be a special musical program with each service.

"I have come that you may have life, and that you may have it more abundantly."

OVER THE PRINTED MATTER

Big rush in the staff office! The Plainsman just came in. It's not a new thing with our staff and they know a good thing before they read it if it bears the name of "Plainsman."

Crimson and White, we welcome you. You hold a warm spot in the hearts of more than one fair damsel on our campus—so there's no reason to register surprise when I say that the staff has the well known symptoms, too.

The Alchemist is a sisterly interest to us. We might say, an older sister—because we are yet in our infancy. But if all our big sisters and brothers show us such good ways to grow as Brenau we'll soon have shortened our skirts!

'Ray for Howard Crimson! We see so many familiar names and familiar faces on those eight pages that we feel "all uplifted like" just as though we'd had a big "ball session" with some of your students.

Mr. Sharp: "What is all the noise I hear in the biology laboratory?"

Mr. Kinnely: "That's the biology students rolling the bones."

We see where a brunette took Peroxide and dyed.

STUDENTS URGED TO ENTER ESSAY CONTEST

Announcement has been made here concerning the Prize Essay Contest conducted by the American Chemical Society and open this year to college students.

The essays may be written on one of the following subjects:

The Relation of Chemistry to Health and Disease.

The Relation of Chemistry to the Enrichment of Life.

The Relation of Chemistry to Agriculture and Forestry.

The Relation of Chemistry to National Defense.

The Relation of Chemistry to the Home.

The Relation of Chemistry to the Development of an Industry as a Resource of the United States.

Students wishing to write on one of these subjects will find material to work with in the library. The special set of books sent out by the American Chemical Society, to be used in connection with writing these essays, will be placed in the library. They are:

Creative Chemistry—Slosson.

The Future Independence and Progress of American Medicine in the Age of Chemistry—American Chemical Society Committee.

Discovery, the Spirit and Service of Science—Gregory.

Life of Pasteur—Vallery Radot.

Besides these books, there are several scientific magazines in the library that will be of help to the writer of an essay on any of the subjects. The chemistry department especially is interested in this contest and is anxious that as many students as possible may take part. Consult the Chemistry Departmental Bulletin Board for explanation of prizes and other information.

CHARLES CRAWFORD GORST LECTURE

An interesting and entertaining lecture was given at Alabama College, Monday evening, October 27, by Chas. Crawford Gorst, "The Bird Man." Mr. Gorst is one of the leading naturalists of the country and, in addition, is our greatest imitator of birds. His lecture, "Adventures in Snaring Song Birds," was full of interest. The first and last numbers on the program were whistling solos, given with the trills and calls of the birds, interwoven with the melody of the compositions, making a delightful effect. Mr. Gorst uses no artificial whistle in imitating the birds and as he went from one bird song to another, analyzing the songs, comparing them one with another and pointing out the distinctions and differences between the songs of closely related birds, the audience showed their appreciation of his retentive memory, and his amazing skill at imitation, with frequent applause. He gave an account of many experiences with birds and showed how birds, in imitating the songs of other songsters, will take only as much of the song as will blend with the rhythm of their own song. The mocking bird was a striking example. Mr. Gorst has made charts showing the rise and fall of the bird voices in their songs. This scientific aspect made it an evnning full of interest and instruction.

Miss: "What happens when gold is exposed to air?"

Major Staton: (after long reflection) "It is stolen."

News item: "The 8-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Parker was struck by a falling electric cable and badly burnt on the South Side."

Ina Mae: "Hang it, I just missed a train."

Annie May: "Who could have taken it?"

COLLEGE GIRLS ATTEND STUDENT CONFERENCE

ALABAMA COLLEGE GIRLS ATTEND THE BAPTIST STUDENT CONFERENCE AT JUDSON COLLEGE

The words, "Make Christ Campus Commander," have sounded and resounded through the ears and hearts of the 15 college girls, who, accompanied by Dean Ward and Rev. Currey, attended the Baptist Student Conference in session at Judson College from October 24 to 26, inclusive. The conference was undertaken and promoted jointly by a student organization, of which Miss Georgine Coley, of Judson, was president, and the Inter-Board Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention, with Mr. Frank H. Leavell, of Memphis, Tenn., as executive secretary.

Delegates were registered from the University, Auburn, Howard, Newton, Bridgeport, Eldridge, Alabama College, Judson College and the Marion Institute, the number of visiting delegates totaling more than 200.

The conference opened Friday night at 7 o'clock at the Siloam Baptist Church, with welcome addresses made by Dr. E. V. Baldy, president of Judson College, and Dr. R. Kelley White, pastor of Siloam Baptist Church. A fervent and well delivered response came from Miss Hazel Black, of Alabama College.

Among the student speakers on the program were delegates from every school represented at the Conference. The other speakers included such widely known religious leaders as Dr. J. P. Boone, Dallas; Dr. Robert G. Lee, New Orleans; Dr. John L. Hill, Nashville; Dr. George Lang, of the University; Sec. D. F. Green, Baptist State Mission Board, Montgomery; Dr. J. W. Cammack, Birmingham; Dr. E. A. Fuller, Greenville, S. C.; B. S. Ding, China and Louisville, and Dr. T. W. Ayres, Hwanghsien, China.

Every student in attendance was brought to personally realize the student task and its possibilities on the home campus.

Steps were taken toward perfecting the State Baptist Student Conference. Miss Helen Hagood, of Alabama College, was elected vice president for the coming year. The next conference will be held at the University in 1925.

The following girls attended the conference: Hazel Black, Helen Hagood, Una Franklin, Era Boyd, Thelma Holmes, Beatrice, Jones, Thelma Riley, Ruth Jones, Carmenita Greene, Ethel Thompson, Juanita Rogers, Nan Nell Frederick, Joyce Jackson, Fay Cotney and Pauline Currey.

As it is Spoken

Professor: "I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?"

Joe: "Yes, sir."

Professor: "Why is it wrong?"

Joe: "Because you ain't went yet."

—King College News.

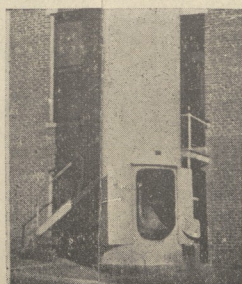
He: (over the phone) "What time are you expecting me?"

She: "I'm not expecting you at all."

He: "Then I'll surprise you."

Frances F.—Are you Scotch by birth?

Sara G.—No, by absorption.



Exit of the Fire Escape

SELMA WOMAN DELIVERS PROSE WRITING LCTURS

Mrs. Katherine Hopkins Chapman, of Selma, who is delivering a course of lectures at Alabama College on creative prose writing, is also delivering, once a week, a general lecture on practical features of prose writing. On Tuesday at the regular chapel period, she read an original unpublished story, entitled, "Sanctuaries." The scene is laid in Demopolis, Ala., and contains many interesting historical facts concerning the early French settlers at that place. The author illustrated in this story the real subject of her lecture, "Story Starts in Alabama History." Mrs. Chapman has a charming way of presenting cold facts of everyday life in a very interesting manner, and she held her large audience at the closest attention while she read this very interesting story, which will probably be published this winter.

JOHN POWELL CONCERT

The opening concert of the artists' series at Alabama College was given Saturday evening, October 25, by John Powell, pianist. Mr. Powell is one of the most interesting artists before the public today, not only as a musician, but as a man of scholarly attainments in other fields. He is a pianist of unusual ability and personality, and a composer who has sensed the true American type in music. His home is in Virginia and it is fair to presume that only a Southerner could have caught the spirit of the music of the South as he has shown it in the "Banjo Picker," which, while it was the only composition of his on the program, made the audience demand that it be repeated, and left the wish that he had given a group of his own compositions. His scholarly mind, linked with artistic ability, gives a finish to his playing which is unusual. Every phrase was worked out in detail in technique and interpretation, and there was very fine distinction in his clearness of tone. Besides his own number, which was received with so much enthusiasm, others well applauded were the Waldstein sonata by Beethoven, which was given with splendid breadth of style, and the Chopin group, in which he was especially pleasing.

The following was Mr. Powell's delightfully arranged program:

I.

Waldstein Sonata.....Beethoven

Allegro con brio

Introduzione—Adagio molto

Rondo—Allegro moderato—

Prestissimo

II.

Nocturne, C sharp minor.....Chopin

Scherzo, C sharp minor.....Chopin

Polonaise, A flat.....Chopin

III.

Three Country Dances.....Beethoven

E major

E flat major

C major

The Banjo Picker.....John Powell

Turkey in the Straw.....David Guion

IV.

Slumber Song.....Liszt

13th Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt

"Hello, Mose, how long you all in jail fo?"

"Three weeks."

"What you done done?"

"Jes' killed a man."

"An' you all only got three weeks?"

"Dat's all. Den they's going' to hang me."

Boarding House Lady—Do you keep late hours?

Gob—Naw, I give 'em away.

The flower of the nation seems to be composed mainly of blooming idiots.

The Doctor—"All you need is a little sun and air."

The Patient—"Sir, how dare you."

—Pelican.

"What makes your feet so wet?"

"I've been wearing pumps."

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS OF ALABAMA COLLEGE HAS ITS FIRST MEETING

The result of Miss Heinrich's visit to the college was the organization of the Junior League of Women voters held its first meeting Friday night, October 24, 1924. Irma Reeves, president, presided over the meeting and took the lead in putting the organization of the league before the new members. Business was attended to, in which dues and date of meeting were decided.

The president read several interesting articles, all tending to inspire interests in the members and enthusiasm for the success of the League.

The second meeting is to be held November 14 and a special program will be rendered.

STRAW VOTE TAKEN

Students of Alabama College were given an opportunity at the chapel period October 20 to express their preference in regard to the nominees for President of the United States. The public speaking class, under the direction of Miss Hood, had charge of this interesting program, which determined the trend of political opinion at the institution. The entire chapel period was given over to campaign speeches for the three candidates, Davis, Coolidge and La Follette, and with the national election so close at hand, even the greenest rat became interested in understanding, through these campaign speeches, the present political situation. Calvin Coolidge in the person of Lula Hawkins, was a most interesting and dignified speaker, and as he explained the platform of his party, even the most hardened Democrats began to wonder just how they would cast their vote. The next candidate to speak was John W. Davis, whom we at Alabama College know as Hazel Black. With his fiery oratory and his denunciation of the Republican Party and policies, he swept his timid audience off their feet and even the members of the faculty were swept before him. He was enthusiastically applauded by the great audience, when he at last took his seat in his usual majestic manner. Anne Jones as La Follette, who like Lochinvar and lots gather trouble, came to us out of the west—brought a most convincing and convicting campaign speech, which was eagerly embraced by the more broad-minded and progressive citizens of Alabama College.

At the close of the program each student was asked to cast her vote for one of the candidates, and at lunch it was announced that Davis has been elected by an overwhelming majority. This vote was important, in that it served the same purpose in respect to student thought, as national magazine votes serve in respect to nation-wide opinion. Yes, we here at Alabama College are dyed-in-the-wool Democrats.

"Stockings?" said the salesman.

"Yes madam. What number do you wear?"

"Why, two, of course," replied the sweet young thing.—Burr.

Margaret C.—Have you even come across the man who could make you tremble and thrill in every fiber of being at his touch?

Alleen—Yes, the dentist.

Nat H.—What would you say to a tramp in the woods?

"Mutt"—I wouldn't say anything, I'd run.

"Marry me right away."

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Wait until tomorrow."

Rent Regulation to End

Washington.—The end of government regulation of rents in the District of Columbia appeared in sight when the District Supreme Court ruled that no emergency exists which makes a rent control act necessary.

THE ALABAMIAN

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Hazel Black.....Philodendroi
Lucille Williams.....Beta Sigma Delta
Margaret Butler.....Zeta Pi Delta
Nellie White.....Aleph Sade

BE YOURSELF.

"Be yourself" would be a glorious code for each of us to adopt. We are too easily attracted by the charm which others have developed instead of realizing that we, too, may have at least one of our own. Just because the other fellow has developed his charm earlier than we, is no sign that we should struggle with our whole character trying to imitate characteristics which are absolutely foreign to our make-up. If we could realize that God was wiser in dealing with our characteristics than we are in adopting those of other people, it is evident that we would be wiser in showing the world what we are. Just because we can't have the blase air of Mae Murray, the envied grace of Pavlowa, the indifference of Coolidge, the style of Irene Castle or Beau Brummel, or the idealism of Shelley, do not lose faith in yourself. It is by the characteristic which is different that persons are attracted. Be yourself!

Not only ought we to be ourselves, but also ought we to be glad because we are ourselves. We don't stop to consider that we are normal spiritually, physically and mentally. If we were not ourselves we might be the young cripple across the way who depends on someone else for every trip out into the fresh air and sunshine. And it is not an impossibility that our mentality might fail us, and worst of all, we might have been an infidel or a pagan. Be yourself! Be glad you are yourself!

Rella R.: "Say, Miss Funk just told us ill health always hits you in your weakest spot."
A. Murphree: "I always wondered why you had so many headaches."

Joe—What nice, soft hands you have.
Joyce—That's because I wear gloves at night.
Joe—Do you wear a hat, too?

Rosa P.—I'm a little stiff from bowling.
Fanine Jo—I don't give a hoot where you're from—bend over that chair.

ATHLETIC NEWS

Who are the best all around girls? Of course they are the girls who are developed in all three important ways: Spiritually, mentally, and physically. Take exercise and improve your health and the spiritual and mental development will be greater.

Hockey News

Does anyone here know the weatherman personally, if so please tell him to send us some rain. Not no "swisher swisher," not no "gully washer," but just some long "drizzly, drizzly" showers. Then we can begin—what? Hockey!

A Freshman the other day wanted to know if they were building a tennis court in all that huge space. Yes it looks like golf and reminded her of tennis, yet it's more fun than all of those. Come play when that rain comes.

Did you hear about the Seniors? Well, they can put up a hockey team you bet—basket ball too. In fact they have up a hockey team, come all you who will—they'll hold you all—come learn the game. Much easier than basket ball, tennis, etc. Come hold those Seniors who are all on needles and pins to play. Juniors can put up a fine team too. So Sophomores and Freshies come out when the counselor says—"allright, hockey season opens today." Get the rain, we'll get up the game.

Hiking

Many interesting parties go on hikes every Thursday and Saturday afternoons. Do you know what lies behind the hills that surround the campus? How many miles can you walk without complaining of tired feet? In hiking as in other exercises, practice makes perfect. Your reputation must be a good one as a hiker before you are eligible to camping parties. A committee is scouting the surrounding country for a suitable location of the Cabin. Get in practice on the short hikes.

Knotty—Is the world flat or round?
Head—Neither!
Knotty—What is it then?
Head—Crooked.

ACTIVITIES OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Alabama Players are making a study of the development of the drama. At each meeting some scene or act is given which typifies the plays of the period being discussed. Quite a bit of interest and enthusiasm is being shown by the members of the club. At the last meeting a scene was given from a Saint George play of the Seventeenth Century. This was dramatized by the members of Miss Hooks' Dramatic Art Class. By special request it was given in chapel on October 30 with the following cast: King Alfred.....Nena McDuffie
King Cole.....Madge Jacobs
Queen.....Joy Cawthorn
Dragon.....Robbie Allen
Saint George.....Vallie Rogers
King.....Ruth Parker
Giant Blunderbore.....Marianna Thomas
Jack.....Mabel Connor
Father Christmas.....Hazel Black
Jester.....Hettie Huison
Dr. Ball.....Lula Hawkins
Morris Men.....Bill Smith, Lucy Holt
.....Irma Reaves, Lillian Burns

The music was furnished by Misses Anne Jones and Helen Townsend.

The next dramatization will be a scene from Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

BASKET BALL!

The class teams—everyone of them—have been and are working exceedingly hard. The class games will be played between sister classes, Saturday, Thursday and Saturday before the Thanksgiving Holidays. The "final" being on the last Saturday. Won't "you" help to work up enthusiasm in "your" class? Get the real spirit. And let's put more pep in the games this year than ever before.

Miss Funk represented Alabama College at the Call Conference of Alabama Coaches of basket ball in Montgomery. The varsity has begun work on a two-court field, getting in shape to win the State championship. Let us do our part.

Mr. K—What's the hardest subject? Therese—Geology, it's all about rocks.

"That man has met with reverses."
"You don't say?"
"Yes, he backed his car into a ravine."

Elizabeth North—They say Shelby County is the wettest county in the state, but I declare its dry now: It hasn't rained since we've been here.

Miss Irwin (in Inst. Manag. Class)—Do any of you girls know anything about hominy?
L. B. S.—Yes, my roommate takes a music course.
Air ain't free. Every now and then you hear about a cry that rises and rents it.
Actor (on stage)—Will you miss me?
From Gallery—Not unless you dodge awfully good!

THE KEYNOTE

The Calkin's Music Club is following a most interesting and instructive program this year in the study of modern composers. At the meeting on October 24 a paper on Paderewski's early life was read by Miriam Ernst and one on his later life by Evalie Singleton, while Paderewski's "Minuet in G," played by Alice Mahler, gave an idea of the composer's work.

Cecile Chamenade and Radimaninov were the subjects for discussion during the last meeting on October 31, and the following program was presented:

"Cecile Chaminade—Her Works"—Joyce Jackson.
"Life of Cecile Chaminade"—Ruby Foster.
"Outstanding Points of Rachmaninov's Life"—Miriam Young.
"Criticism of Rachmaninov's Works"—Alice Quarles.
"Prelude" in C-sharp minor—on Victrola.

Bids to new members will not be sent out until the beginning of the new quarter; then it is expected that quite a few music students who are both interested and eligible will be taken in.

ALUMNI NOTES

"Home again! Home again! 'Tis Alabama College for me."

Miss Odelle Carmichael spent a delightful visit last week-end with her sister, Laura Carmichael. We are very sorry Odelle could not be with us this year.

Miss Lena Yarbrough ate dinner with Colene Hamilton and Lena Harris last Saturday.

Miss Mildred Thompson made an extended visit with her sister, Ethel, last week.

Miss Edith Thomas, who is teaching at Plantersville and Miss Marion Hinton, of Bibb County High School, made a "pop call" with Katherine and Virginia Thomas last week.

Miss Leula Mae Parsons spent last week-end with friends at Alabama College.

CASTALIAN NOTES

The Castalian Club announces the following pledges:

Lucy Stevens, Birmingham; Julia Stroud, Union Springs; Evelyn Norris, Gadsden; Fannie Morton and Rosa Perry, Bessemer.

All of us were glad to have Emma Lou Simms back for a week-end.

Helen Fowlkes has been visiting friends at the college. She is one of our pledges of last year—and she's done some more "pledging" since then.

Odelle Carmichael spent Sunday with us. We all miss Odelle and the varsity team especially needs here. We hope she can be in school again soon.

Lucy McCalley is spending the week in Birmingham, where she went with Miss Sales in interest of the Home Economics Department.

It looks good to see Dionetta Kroell up here again and we wish she could stay longer than the week-end. Pledges—make your grades!

PERSONALS

Dionetta Kroll spent the past week-end at home. She is a busy teacher now; consequence, we see very little of her.

Guests of the College on last week-end were: Joe Whitfield, George Taylor, E. E. Hall, Milton Jeter, Van Chunn, Fred Hammond, Jack Hendrix, Alvin Bird, Bill Henderson, Howard Couch, Danny Scarritt, Morris Jones, Theo De Loach, Eugene Dunn, Jack Hendrick, Wallace Strauton, B. D. Burke, Jr., B. Elliott, Walter Rozelle, Sam Gentry, Londis Williams, Alvin Lefkovits, Lewis DeBardeleben, Clinton Pritchett, Gerald Williams, Holford Todd, Guy Burns, Clarence Cox, Andrew Hoskins, Shelton Dunn, Homer Walton, P. Harrison, T. Higgins, Dick Sanders, Hal Floyd, Harry Burns, T. L. Norrell, M. E. Bouss, Mims Morgan, Richard Korty, Lenton Selman and Enoch Morris.

Helen had a little bear,
She nearly lost her mind,
The folks were surprised to see her running
With her little bear behind.

Treasure in Rubbish

While cleaning accumulated rubbish from the home of Catherine Rosenberger, an aged woman living at York, Pa., workmen found \$1,161 and some small change which the occupant of the house did not know she had. The money was found in stewpots and other containers mixed up with the rubbish. It has been deposited in a bank to the woman's name.

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Society



BIRTHDAY FEAST

Carmenita Greene was hostess to a birthday feast on Friday night, October 31, at 9:30 in honor of Frances Smith. The room was decorated with all things "Hallowe-eny," skeletons, pumpkins, witches, ghosts and goblins. The place cards were also in order with the evening. Instead of putting the names of the visitors on the cards, their favorite sayings were written on them and all had much fun "finding themselves as others hear them." The visitors enjoyed everything good to eat for everything was there. Those present at the party were Frances Smith, Mildred Gilchrist, Frances Gaff, Tad Martin, Tope Martin, Ruby Sanders, Carolyn Edwards, Edith Gilchrist, Mitylene Vildibill, Hazel Black, Ruth Harrison, Marionette Loflin, Carmenita Greene.

ZETA PI DELTA CLUB NEWS

Miss Frances Rosenblum represents the club at the Federation of Clubs for Women, which is being held at Greensboro, Ala., this week-end. We are expecting a wood report when she returns.

Miss Mildred Walker is in Birmingham this week, assisting Miss Sales, head of the Home Economics Department, in demonstration work.

Miss Ethyl Thompson attended the Students' Baptist Conference which was held at Judson College, Marion, Ala., last week-end.

Miss Margaret Butler left Friday, October 31, for Montgomery, where she will spend week-end with friends and relatives.

Miss Mildred Walker attended the Y. W. C. A. training counsel which met at Auburn October 10.

Miss Gladys Huey spent last week-end in Bessemer with relatives and friends.

Misses Lillian Mahone and Mildred Thompson, Mr. Welby Smith, Paul Snow and Earnest Dyer, of Bessemer, were the guests of Misses Ethyl Thompson and Gladys Huey on last Sunday.

Miss Ann Jones will have as her guest Mr. Hugh Reeves, of Anniston, on Sunday.

Miss Ethyl Thompson is expecting as her guest, this week-end, Miss Edith Montgomery, of Warrior, Ala., former president of student body. She was much beloved and honored by all who knew her.

Miss Etoile Barns was called home last Tuesday on business. We are expecting her return soon.

The eta Pi Delta Club announces pledges: Miss Nina Weaver, Talladega, Ala.; Miss Ann Arnold, of Albertville, Ala.; Misses Gladys Waldrope, Laura Johnson and Helen Vitch, of Bessemer, Ala.; Misses Harriet Holgrove and Mary Noble, of Anniston, Ala.; Miss Lucile Snellgrove, of Boaz, Ala.; Miss Martha Grantham, of Newbern; Miss Jessie Sartain, of Jasper; Miss Etoile Barns, of Decatur, Ala., and Miss Alice Lyman, of Montevallo, Ala.

ALEPH SADHE NOTES

Ghosts, goblins and witches gathered around the cauldron in the autumn scenery of the club room.

There was much merriment over the fortunes received from the witch and those present will never forget the ghost story and ghost remains.

Refreshments consisted of tea, cakes and sandwiches and toasting of marshmallows by every one.

Those present were: Leeta Orr, Caroline Thrash, Elizabeth Graves, Bernice Green, Eunice Matthews, Annie Jones, Sadie Pouncey, Verdine Strickland, Eloise Larmon, Verta Mae Helm, Flossie Orr, Esther Reagan, Nellie White.

PHILOMATHIC CLUB NEWS

Miss Roberta Northup attended the fourth district convention of Alabama Federated Woman's Clubs in Greensboro, representing the Philomathic Club.

Miss Geniane Turbberville spent October 28 in Montgomery, where she Misses Nan Nell Frederick, Helen

PHILODENDROI CLUB NEWS

The club house of the Philodendroids, better known as the "Log Cabin," has undergone extensive repairs during the last two weeks. Not only has it a new roof but also shutters, and a new floor for the porch. The members plan to have it an ideal forest home in a few days. The huge open fireplace hints to one candy-making, breakfasts and cozy living after school hours. The girls will certainly not let the suggestion pass unnoticed.

Mr. T. S. Finley, a Scotchman, who lives in Ashland, Ala., and specializes in making all things unique, has made a bird house to be put up near the Log Cabin. The house has 11 rooms and is as comfortable and modern-looking as any human dwelling. The girls greatly appreciate the gift of Mr. Finley.

They invite you to "stroll up" and see it sometime.

Miss Mitylene Vildibill spent last week-end at her home in Birmingham.

Miss Peachie Cummings had as her guest last Sunday her brother, Mr. Martin Cummings, of Tuscaloosa, and her friend, Mr. Donaldson Burke, from University.

Mr. Arthur Seale, of University, was the guest of Miss Mildred Britton on Sunday, November 2.

Miss Mary Young spent several days recently in Birmingham, where her father was in the hospital. He is improving rapidly.

Miss Hazel Black attended the Alabama Baptist Student Conference which met at Judson College October 24-26.

The best last, of course! The Philodendroids are so very happy to announce Miss Stone as their new faculty advisor.

TUTWILER CLUB NEWS

The feast at the club house Wednesday evening of last week was in honor of the birthday of Miss Lucyle Hook. A beautiful cake with birthday candles all lighted adorned the center of the spread. Place cards designated the plate of each member including the guests who were, Miss Hook, the honoree, Miss Marguerite Cope and Miss Helen Fowlkes. After every one had found their places Miss Hook blew one time to see how many years of single blessedness she was to have. Seven candles immediately ceased to glow. By that we judged that she is destined to remain single for quite a while yet.

A course of salads and sandwiches with hot coffee, was served which, along with the toasts and jokes furnished the fun.

The Federation of Women's Clubs met in Greensboro, Alabama, October 31. Miss Frances Selden, who is president of the Tutwiler Club represented the club at the meeting. She remained in Greensboro several days after the meeting.

Miss Winifred Castleman also attended the Federation as a representative of the Scribners Club.

Miss Anny May Skinner, who has been in the infirmary the past ten days on account of an infected bone in her leg, has somewhat recovered and is able to walk around. We hope that she will continue to get better and very soon be able to resume her work.

Miss Margaret Coleman, who was also an inmate in the infirmary all of last week has entirely recovered and is back in the dormitory to stay (she says).

Miss Edith Stolenwerck and Miss Manie Gray Love, of Greensboro, were guests of Winifred Castleman and Fluff Selden last week-end.

Miss Helen Fowlkes, of Birmingham

Hagood and Joyce Jackson have returned from Marion, where they attended to secure adds for the Technala.

Mrs. G. O. Dickey was the week-end guest of her daughter, Sue, attended the Baptist Students Conference.

Miss Louise Lathan attended the opening dances at Marion Institute last week-end.

Miss Mary Hill has returned from a visit to her home in Benton.

PERSONALS

Miss Hallie Greene, of Birmingham, spent Friday, Saturday and Sunday as the guest of Jessie Hobbs Morrison.

Mary Sparks returned last week-end from a month of practice teaching at Columbiana.

Katheryn McLendon surprised us by leaving on October 25 for her home in Goodwater. She is to be married soon.

Maude Boozer had as her visitor, for this past week-end, her mother from Thomaston.

Ruth Jones went with her father through the country to Meridian, where she was called by the death of her nephew.

The following were guests of Miss Margret Butler for the past week-end: Mr. Henry Long, of Montgomery; Miss Jane Butler, of Montgomery; Mr. Bob Butler, from Auburn.

Peyton Hamilton, of Warrior, Ala., spent this past week-end with his sister, Colene Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Terry and little daughter, Ernesteen, from Birmingham, drove by Sunday afternoon to see their niece, Collene Hamilton.

An informal tea was held Saturday night, October 25, in honor of Mr. Henry Long and Miss Jane Butler. Refreshments were enjoyed by the following: Miss Jane Butler, Miss Margaret Butler, Mr. Henry Long, Hixon Conaway, Thresa Conaway, Minnie Jewel Rice, Venera Strickland, Nora Warren, Lena Harris, Colene Hamilton.

Miss Carrie Lee Abernathy, of Montgomery, spent last week-end as a guest at the College.

Estelle Watters was called to her home on account of the death of her brother. Her cousin, Alice Watters, accompanied her home.

We were all so sorry to know of Mrs. Reynolds' illness at the College Infirmary, from Sunday through Wednesday, but we are glad to see her out again.

ham, spent the past ten days at the college as the guest of Helen Gray McNeill and Kathryn Angle.

Mrs. Kenneth Hammon (Jewell Pardue), former president of the Tutwiler Club and Miss Mayo Pardue were visitors here during last week-end.

Miss Martha Fuquay remained at home during part of last week on account of illness.

Mr. Damay Scarritt came up from Pensacola to see Miss Katheryn Angle last week-end.

Miss Isma Long spent last week-end in Birmingham.

Mrs. D. A. McNeill, from Talladega, was the week-end guest of her daughter, Helen Gray, last week. During her visit Mrs. McNeill attended the concert given by John Powell.

Miss Lulie B. Sandford was called to Sylacauga quite suddenly on account of the serious condition of her grandfather, Mr. Ledbetter.

Miss Alice Mahler spent last Wednesday and Thursday in Montgomery on business for the Technala.

Miss Elizabeth Horsley has at last returned from her long month of practice teaching in Columbiana and will resume along with her other work, the regular editing of our club news.

PI KAPPA DELTA

The Pi Kappa Delta Club has the pleasure of announcing the following pledges: Miss Frances Freeland, Miss Alice Green, Miss Gertrude Broadway, Miss Catherine Prentiss, of Selma, Miss Maude Boozer and Miss Velma

Day, of Thomaston, Miss Lois Reynolds and Miss Sara Etheridge, of Clio, Miss Rubie J. Snellgrove and Miss Tommie Snellgrove, of Boaz and Miss Ruth Griffin, of Moulton.

Hike

Last Thursday afternoon a number of the Pi Kappa Delta girls decided to take advantage of the "afternoon off" and go hiking. After two and a half miles of hiking and jolly fun everybody was glad to stop and build up a campfire over which weiners, apples and marshmallows were roasted.

When all the food was gone and the campfire was out we retraced our steps over the two and a half miles and got back to our "Alma Mater" just at six o'clock.

Miss Frances Freeland spent last week-end at her home in Selma.

We regret very much that Miss Ilene Johnson was in the infirmary last week.

Miss Maude Boozer had as her guests last week-end her mother, Mrs. W. E. Boozer, of Thomaston.

Miss Velma Day will have as her guest her twin brother, Mr. Delma Day, of Birmingham.

Nurse—It's a boy.

Confirmed Golf Player—Hurray! A caddie!

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"A country without a man."

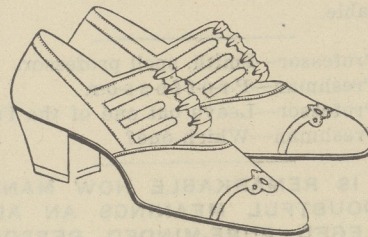
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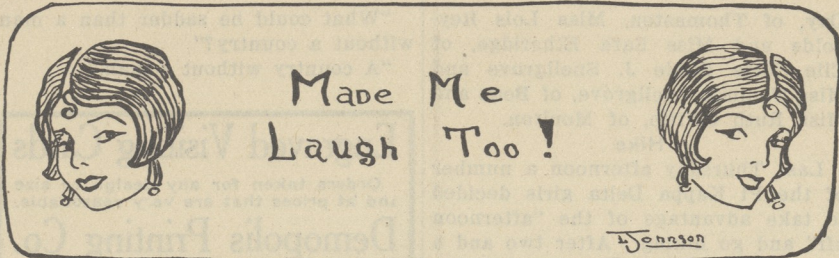
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HE'S AFRAID HE'D BE SNAPSHOT

"I never could take a good picture," said the robber as he cast a furtive glance at the handsome photograph.

Knowing what everybody else thinks about us makes life more interesting; not knowing it makes life more enjoyable.

Professor—Smith, spell professor.
Freshman—P-r-o-f-e-s-s-o-r.
Professor—Leave out one of the f's.
Freshman—Which one?

IT IS REMARKABLE HOW MANY DOUBTFUL MEANINGS AN ALLEGED PURE-MINDED PERSON CAN FIND IN AN ENTIRELY RESPECTABLE JOKE.

Dickery, dickery, dock!
If you crave a neat little shock, Just enter a door without knocking before,
Dickery, dickery, dock!

CRE-FREE YOUTH

The youth pleaded and pleaded, but to no avail.
"Please, just this once?" he almost cried.
Her voice was firm, with not a semblance of a shake in it.
"I said 'NO,'" she declared.
"Aw, come on, please," fairly shouted the youth.
"Positively NO," she answered him. This time her voice had a ring of anger in it.
"Gee, mother, you were young once; lemme have the machine just this one time will yuh?" pleaded the lad.

An automobile prospect decided not to buy a car on the grounds that it was too brutal. He heard one mechanic say to a motorist: "You choked 'er! Now throw her in gear! Now step on 'er!"

COAL BIN.

Drunk—Don't you think Gloria Swanson is good in "Wild Oats?"
Ditto—Yes, that's her best cereal.

Mary Riley—Well, I passed math at last.
Dumpy—Honestly?
Mary Riley—What difference does that make?

The disappointed lover turned cynic. "It's no use," he moaned. "When God made Eve out of a rib he sure did pull a bone."

"It must be love," they said as they saw her run to kiss him.
"We know it's love," they said when they saw his face.

Motorist—I've just turned turtle.
Voice—Wrong number. Apply at the aquarium.

Sine—My roommate ate something on the Glee Club trip that poisoned him.
Cosine—Croquette?
Sine—Not yet, but his pretty sick.

Helen B.—Are you going to the dance tonight?
Mabel L.—I haven't decided yet. Is it formal or can we wear our own clothes.

Martha T.—Good lands! How'd you get that black eye?
Agnes—A guy cracked me with a ripe tomato.
Matha T.—And it di that?
Agnes—Yes, you see it had a can around it.

Madge Page—Why are some trains so long?
Eliz. G.—Because the engine is so far from the caboose it takes a lot of cars to connect them.

The pillow slipped, the bed spread and my roommate was almost drowned. He fell into the spring—Plainsman.

Student to another: "Aw, shut up. You're the biggest fool I ever saw."
Mr. Kelley: "Girls, don't forget I'm still in the room."

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Mary Elizabeth Moody is quite disturbed over this idea of heridity, since she has an old-maid aunt.

"Caroline, did you get that poem of Byron's out of an old English Literature?"
Caroline Hooper: "I don't know; it didn't look old."

Would You Call It Color-Blind?
Dorothy Maltby: "Why, Ina Mae, your hair looks red."

In The Picture Show
Toots Moody. "Alice, was that a soul kiss?"
Alice A.: "How do I know, I can't see their faces!"
Toots: "Aw, I can from where I am sitting."

K. McCormick: Did you know that a cricket makes the racket by rubbing his feet together?
Kat Leath: Well, how does he sit on a limb?
Miss Hook: With his front feet.

Since Mildred Gwin finds herself unable to cut the figure four, it has been wisely suggested that she cut the figure eight in two.

Billy James: "Daddy, I bet I can do something you can't."
Dr. James: "What is it, son?"
Billy: "Grow."

Miss Sutphen wants to know if Birmingham-Southern is a railroad.

Irle Holland's nightly prayer: "Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself, only give my mother a son-in-law."

It is to be regretted that Anny May Skinner, our most honorable and heretofore highly respected editor-in-chief, has brought disgrace and shame upon herself by actually conversing with someone through the infirmary window. Dr. Peck thinks the offense quite serious and gives as her final sentence. "More pills and less talk."

Mr. Kelly says when he first came up here he could not understand why the Music Hall was built so far away. But now he doesn't see why they did not put it farther away.

In what way is a dog superior to man?
He can always scent his master.

Nat Hall wants to know how these Rats can be so dumb when she was so brilliant last year.

Just a dab of powder,
And then a dab of paint,
Is bound to make you look
A little like you ain't.

Miss Alford: What books have helped you most?
Elma O'Neil: My father's check-book.

Taxi at Calera: "Miss, do you want to go to Montevallo?"
Kat Angle: "No. I have to."

A love-smitten youth asked his bachelor friend if he thought a young man should propose to a girl on his knees.
"If he doesn't," replied the friend, "the girl should get off."

East, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you must diet.

Remember the trains were missed, dear
On all those old trips we took.
Remember how ke kere glad, dear,
When that engineer gave us a look?
Remember, for lack of money
We almost went insane,
And, also, remember honey,
We'll do the same thing again.

Kanter's Kash Store

Dry Goods, Shoes, Millinery and Ready-to-Wear

Montevallo, Alabama

AT JOHN JANELL'S RECITAL

Lucy Mc—What is that charming thing he is playing?
Bobby Allen—A piano.
Heard in Dormitory—My roommate is so cross-eyed she has to walk backwards to keep from running into people.

Helen Mc (in dining hall)—Kat, there is sand in this bread.

Kat Parker—Sure, tha's to keep the butter from sliding off.

Nell Tyns—This place is monotonous. I'll be driven mild by night.

Andrew Hoskins—May I come around this evening?

Lillian Proutt (head of Honor Board)—Have you ever been before me before?

No, your honor, but I saw a face that looked like your, and that was the picture of an English queen.

You are excused—next.

Katherine Leath, going to bed with a suitcase, writes:

"Dear Daddy, send me \$50. I'm in bed with the grip."
The money came.

"B." T.—I never saw such dreamy eyes!

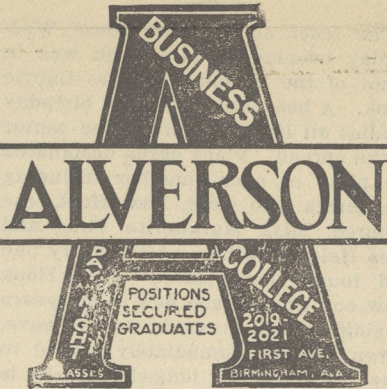
Mary H.—You never stayed up so late before.

Ethel D.—Guess what your roommate said about you the other day.
Julia T.—I haven't the least idea.
Ethel—So she told you too?

Convict—Are you in for life.
Newly Arrived—Not me—just from now on.

Miss Hook—That freshman's neck reminds me of a typewriter.
Miss Glover—Howzat?
Miss H.—It's Underwood.

W. J. MITCHELL
DENTIST
Montevallo, Ala.



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SHOP AT
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Ward—Do you remember where you went ice skating?
Dot M.—Yes, oh, my, yes.

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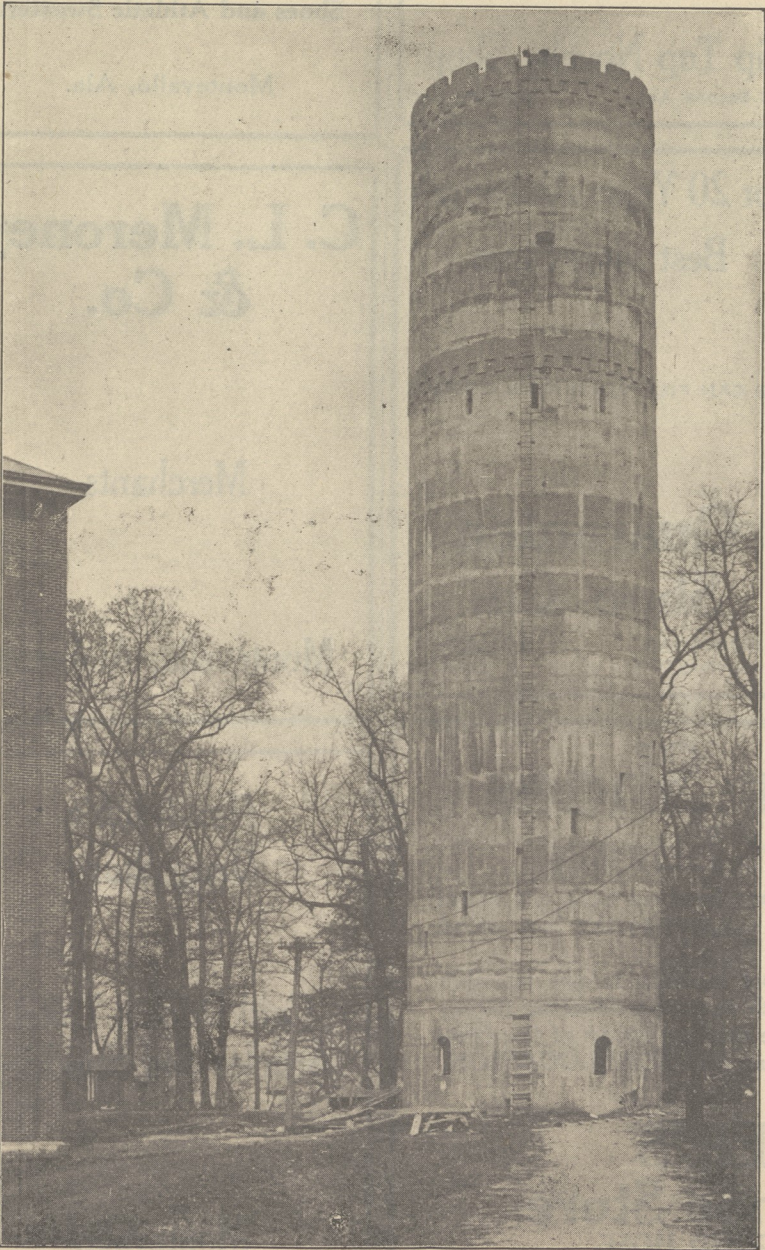
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Montevallo, Ala.

Mona M. DAVIES

"The Store That Is Different"

Montevallo, Ala.



The Tower

freshman issue

The Alabamian

Vol. 2.

MONTEVALLO, ALA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1924

No. 4.

FRESHMEN SCORE VICTORY, 14-6

The basket ball court was the scene of a bitter and keen contest, Saturday afternoon, November 15, when the Freshmen played their sister class, the Juniors. The Freshmen scored first. This added pep to the already "peppy" crowd. Lydia Finklea threw this goal. The Juniors scored next, excitement mounted to fever heat when the score board announced a tie. Then, by two successive fouls the Juniors gained two free throws. By this time the Freshmen were raging, and again they came up to expectations—another goal was thrown. When the quarter was called the teams stood even. Another quarter ended with the score 6-6.

During the intervals between play the sidelines literally ran wild.

When the second half began the Freshmen took the lead, and scored four successive goals, leaving the score 14-6.

The line-up was as follows:

Jumping center, Mabel Preston; running center, Erie Sawyer; guard, Elizabeth Wetherly; guard, Grace Berriman; forward, Lydia Finklea; forward, Louise Watson.

The Freshmen regret that there was an accident, and are sincerely glad that Red Reeves, who suffered it was soon up and on the field again.

—GREEN BUT GROWING—

RECOGNITION SERVICE

Sunday night, November 9, the annual "Recognition Service" of the Y. W. C. A. was held in the assembly hall, with an unusually large number of students taking part.

Lula Hawkins, president of the Y. W. C. A., led the service. The meeting was opened by singing the hymn "Jesus, I Come," after which was a prayer. Miss Valse softly played familiar hymns on the violin during the period of silence after the prayer. Lula told of the meaning of membership in the Y. W. C. A. and the wonderful opportunity of being a torch-bearer for Jesus Christ.

Lucy Stevens, chairman of the freshman class, responded by lighting her own candle at the large one. She was followed by all the girls present.

In the dimly lighted hall where were assembled so many young women, eager for making their light burn for Christ, there was a spirit and atmosphere of love for and co-operation with each other and submission to the Great Light which we follow. As "Follow the Gleam" was sung the girls, many of whom were dressed in white, made their way outside, where each one secretly consecrated herself

SOPHOMORES WHITWASH SENATORS

All Alabama College was enthusiastic and boiling over with pep when the Senior-Sophomore basket ball game was called Saturday afternoon, the fifteenth of November. Freshmen supported the Seniors in their yells while the Sophomores and Juniors yelled together. Despite the hard playing of the Seniors the Sophs were easy victors with the score 54-5. Estelle Broadway starred for the Sophs, rarely missing a goal.

Every enthusiast was present with her ribbons of orange and white, or green and white, indicative of the class to which she belonged. The class banners were in evidence, and the field was roped off with the class colors.

No accidents occurred, and the game went off well from start to finish, the Sophomores being unusually fast players.

By the results of these games it was decided that the championship game to be played Saturday, November the twenty-second, would be between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The game is being keenly looked forward to, as the teams are very evenly matched, and promising of a strong fight.

Keep up the pep!

—GREEN BUT GROWING—

DEVEREUX PLAYERS

The Devereux Players staged two of their season's productions, "The Mummy's Earring" and "The Barber of Seville," the former at night, the other a matinee performance, at the auditorium of Alabama College, November 8. Both were highly applauded by an appreciative audience.

Zenital Graf assumed the leading role in both productions. Much of the success of the performances, however, was due to the other players, each of whom was unusually good and a master of technique.

The Devereux Players are warmly applauded at each appearance in Montevallo, and this season their productions are better than usual.

This was the third in the series of concerts, lectures and plays to be rendered at Alabama College this year. Each performance is keenly looked forward to, and so far it is the opinion of many that the series this year is better than any preceding.

been to former recognition services, this was the more beautiful and impressive of all. It marked the close of the campaign for membership and the beginning of bigger and better Y. W. C. A. work at Alabama College.

ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATION

Armistice Day was celebrated in Montevallo with exercises held at Alabama College at 11 o'clock with a large number of American Legion men and Confederates, in addition to the citizens of Montevallo and students of the college present. Classes were dismissed at 10:30, at which time the girls formed a double line down the driveway along the east side of the campus, across in front of the dormitory, and down the west side to where the platform stood.

The people of Montevallo, the ex-soldiers and Confederates, D. A. R. Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and public school students formed an impressive parade, marching through the double file of college girls.

The services were presided over by Dr. Head, an ex-service man. The program was begun by the singing of "America." Then followed a moment of silent prayer for the "absent soldiers" who made the supreme sacrifice on the battlefields of France. Invocation was made by Rev. P. H. Carmichael; Miss Lucyle Hook, head of the Department of Expression, read a war poem. She held her audience spellbound and carried it with her to war-stricken France, where, as the American soldiers passed, the little boy wondered if they were "Dads" who, like his, had left their little boys at home.

The address of welcome was made by Mayor Reid. He was followed by Miss Valse, who rendered a violin solo with the exquisite finish that is typically hers.

Mr. Smith, president of the Exchange Club of Montevallo, introduced the speaker of the occasion, Mr. Thompson, of Birmingham, who paid a glowing tribute to our government, and exhorted us to conscientious patriotism.

The program was fittingly brought to a climax by the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," during which time the soldiers saluted "Old Glory" as she was raised on the campus flagpole.

This was a county-wide event. It is hoped that these annual celebrations, of one of our most important holidays, will grow in popularity in Shelby County, and that next year even a larger crowd will witness the participation.

—GREEN BUT GROWING—

Y. W. C. A. BEGINS ITS SPECIAL PROGRAM SERIES

On Wednesday night of this week we began our series of special programs in Y. W. C. A. Dr. E. W. Gamble, Rector of the Episcopal Church of Selma, spoke at this meeting. He gave us this idea to think upon:

"That God existed within us, and was not a vague and far-distant Person."

We were glad to see so many present, because it proved to us that you were really interested in making our Y. W. C. A. a bigger and better organization. It is only by means of this splendid co-operation that we can make these programs prove successful.

PERSONALS

Miss Olivia Brock has returned from Montgomery, where she attended the Alabama-Tulare game.

Miss Helen Herbert, of Demopolis, was the week-end guest of Miss Roberta Bailey.

Miss Beryl Hosey has returned from her home at Bessemer.

Miss Helen Hixon was the guest of Miss Dorothy Hixon for several days last week.

Miss Helen Rumbley was called to her home at York by the illness of her father. We hope he is improving and Helen will soon return.

Miss Laura Prout, of Demopolis, was the guest of her niece, Miss Lillian Prout, for a few days last week.

SASCHA JACOBSEN AT ALABAMA COLLEGE; FAMOUS VIOLINIST IN RECITAL HERE

An unusually large and enthusiastic audience was present to hear Sascha Jacobsen, famous New York violinist in recital at Alabama College at eight o'clock Thursday evening, November 13th. A Russian by birth, Jacobsen came to America as a boy. He has never returned to Europe to study, all his training being received from the New York masters. He shows wonderful powers of interpretation and expression; his technique is perfect, and he secures ununsay rich tone quality in his playing.

This was Jacobsen's first appearance at Alabama College. He was given the heartiest ovation and was repeatedly encored. The artist responded most graciously with delightful numbers. Perhaps the most generally enjoyed and appreciated encore number was "The Spanish Serenade," by Kreisler. Jacobsen played this with unusual grace and rhythm.

The first recital number, perhaps the most difficult (Symphonie Espagnole by Lalo) was one that portrayed more clearly than any other his mastery in his art.

Edna Gockel Gussen, head of the Birmingham Conservatory of Music, and one of the leading musicians in the whole country was a sympathetic accompanist.

The following is the recital program in full:

I
Symphonie Espagnole.....Lalo
Allegro non troppo



Sybil Says

Some girls are like a wash day: Clothes, pins and a good line.

—GREEN BUT GROWING—

Miss Jesse Hobbs Morrison is in Selma visiting her parents before she goes to Columbiana to teach for several weeks.

Miss Rebecca Webb spent Sunday with Miss Aimee Jack.

Miss Jewel Jeffery was a guest of her sister at Woman's College last week.

Andante

Rondo

II

(a) Romance—Lachmaninoff.

(b) Caprice—Weinawsky-Kreisler.

(c) Molly On The Shore—Grainger.

III

Two Caprices.....Paganini-Kreisler
Witches' Dance.....Paganini-Kreisler

"WHO'S WHO" AT ALABAMA COLLEGE

ON MONDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 10, 1924, THE STUDENTS OF ALABAMA COLLEGE, IN THE SENIOR, JUNIOR, AND SOPHOMORE CLASSES, HELD A MASS MEETING FOR THE PURPOSE OF CHOOSING "WHO'S WHO." THE FOLLOWING WERE ELECTED:

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL	MARY BRADSHAW
THE MOST POPULAR	ANN JONES
THE MOST REPRESENTATIVE	LILIAN PROUT
THE CUTEST	KATHERINE LEATH
THE BEST ATHLETE	TAD MARTIN
THE SMARTEST	HAZEL BLACK
THE MOST CAPABLE	HAZEL BLACK
THE MOST IN LOVE	ALICE MAHLER
THE NEATEST	FLORENCE LONDON
THE MOST ORIGINAL	HAZEL BLACK
THE BIGGEST EATER	ALICE BARGAINER
THE BEST ACTRESS	HAZEL BLACK
THE BEST DANCER	MARION HANNA
THE BIGGEST BLUFF	AGNES HARDY
THE MOST STYLISH	HELEN GRAY MCNEIL
THE BIGGEST FLIRT	NELL TYUS
THE WITTIEST	SARA GANZMILLER
THE BEST COOK	JESSIE HOBBS MORRISON
THE BEST MUSICIAN	MARIE HOLLIDAY
THE FRIENDLIEST	LULA HAWKINS
THE PERFECT FLAPPER	MARY NOBLE

"who's who" in the freshman class.

we, the freshman class of alabama college, decided that we would let everybody know just who we were. accordingly, we held a mass meeting and chose our "who's who." the following were elected:

the most beautiful	dorothy maltby
the most popular	madge page
the most representative	lucy stevens
the cutest	martha fuquay
the best athlete	wynona rogers
the smartest	edith delchamps
the most capable	lucy stevens
the most in love	gertrude broadway
the neatest	dorothy crabtree
the most original	minnie barnes
the biggest eater	elizabeth elliot
the best dancer	nina dantzler
the best actress	nina dantzler
the biggest bluff	miriam gregg
the most stylish	dorothy maltby
the biggest flirt	nelle tyus
the wittiest	madge page
the best cook	ruby britnell
the best musician	lucy wood bachman
the friendliest	nelle tyus
the perfect flapper	mary noble

AT HOME



ABROAD (AT ALA. COLLEGE).



THE ALABAMIAN

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\$1.50 A YEAR

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HOW OUR ALMA MATER HAS BECOME DEAR TO THE HEARTS OF THE FRESHMEN

We, the Freshman class of Alabama College, have learned in the short time that we have been here, to love and revere our Alma Mater. When we came, we were welcomed with open arms by all the old girls. Our "big sisters" were there to meet us, and help us through the trials of that first week. They helped us with our courses; showed us where to meet our various classes, guided us through all the vicissitudes of changing schedules. They took us to meals, and placed us near friends. Never will they know how much we appreciated those helping hands.

Then, we were invited to a welcome party, where we became acquainted with all the old girls, and the faculty. That night we found out "who was who" at Alabama College.

The Student Council entertained us next at a very enjoyable tea. "The getting acquainted" process was finished by this time. Every Freshman had formed her separate "crushes," and everybody was lovely to everybody else.

In every possible way, we were made to feel that we were an integral part of this institution, and that we each had a niche to fill.

We counted it a great opportunity to be able to entertain the Student Body Halloween. It was a pleasure to be hostesses in our new home.

And now, in behalf of all the Freshmen let me, thank the Alabamian staff for giving us this opportunity to show the stuff of which we are made. We hope that they will always count on the Freshmen to help them in any way possible. To the support of this organ, that speaks for the entire college, we extend our heartiest co-operation.

You may count on the Freshmen!

GREEN BUT GROWING
A Calendar Romance

Our hero was the common sort, when all is said and done, He worked his head off daily and was out to get the MON. The reason for his diligence was common-place, 'tis true— He tried to swell his salary so it would suffice for TUE. And maybe that's the reason why one day he lost his head; and Falling on his knees, he cried: Oh maiden, wilt thou WED. He may have thought this sudden, but it seemed not so to her, She lisped a quick acceptance and said forcibly, yeth, THUR. But when they went to keeping house he feared that he would die; For, oh, that modern maid could neither bake nor FRI. So on many occasions in a restaurant they SAT. But he forgave her everything—as a man has always done, When she presented him one day a bouncing baby SUN.

The Least

By Una Franklin

It was one of those bleak mornings that comes to plant deeper the despair in the hearts of suffering mankind. The chill November air was damp, and fog blinded the eyes of man, as he groped his way despondently through the grey, murky streets. It was in one those sections of New York, where the sun never shines but that it reveals a sordid misery and a longing for life and hope and home.

And as the sun rose cheerless that morning, there felt her way through the gloom of fog, a girl, half-clad, meaning. Where she was going, no one knew, no one cared. Where she came from no one wondered, nor even dared think. But she came, knocking her knees together, gritting her teeth, and with resolute courage passing on. The wind cut here to the bone; the chill, foggy air pierced even the marrow; her strength seemed to fail her, for she grew weaker step by step and could hardly keep on. But there gleamed in her eyes a sincere determination to conquer the cold that was fast overcoming her and to come at last to her goal. What that goal was she herself did not really know. It was a hazy dream lying in the distance, to which this day would but lead to the outer gate.

And she kept on.

As the dawn grew into day and the fog settled slightly, the cold but increased; the streets seemed longer; hunger sapped her strength. Her pace grew less steady. Her frail arms, scarcely covered, long since blue from contact with the piercing cold, were now numb and hanging senseless at her sides.

She stopped for a while in a baker's to warm, but was so overcome by the cold that the heat was oppressive and sickening.

And she went on her way again.

In a dismal room high up in a tumbling building in the thick of the tenement section there waited, anxiously and patiently, a woman. Her angular, bony face was filled with traces of sorrow, sadness and the despair that is the lot of many who live in the poorer sections. But patience dwelled there, too. Her frail, delicate frame was scarcely covered with clothing, and that so thin and worn that it was but little protection.

In her arms was a baby, pale, cold, crying. Around her sat children holding their knees to their chins, in the hope of gaining warmth from the position. They were all seated around a grate in which glowed a few coals—not enough to disperse warmth.

Thus they lived in misery.

In his ornate chair in the walnut panelled dining room of his Fifth Avenue town house, Norton Harrington was reading the morning paper.

OVER THE PRINTED MATTER

We see by the Alchemist that Gainsville, too, has had a circus. Evidently then, Montevallo is not the only fair city that has had one recently. The Brennan girls have been to the circus, but we'll bet there weren't any more "pepped up" than the Alabama College girls.

Radio, radio, radio—what next in that line? Why, haven't you heard? Mercer is going to broadcast a university course, for which one can get college credit! Let's tune in on Station WMAZ, and see how they "do it" at Mercer.

What is this shocking news from Auburn? The Dean of Women at Woman's College recently wrote a letter to Auburn, requesting that the boys who came to the Auburn Tulane game in Montgomery, make engagements with the fair daughters of Woman's College before calling. Evidently Alabama College isn't the only college that has trouble with "last-minute" dates. At any rate Mrs. Reynolds has company in her misery!

We see from the Crimson-White, that university has just held her fifth annual Home-Coming Day. We think that is a fine thing, don't you? Why can't Alabama College have a Home-coming Day?

We were glad to see the Howard Crimson. There were many interesting things in it. At least we are not alone in our need for uniforms. Howard has just purchased brand-new band uniforms. Don't you know they looked "dressed up"? Good luck to you, Howard!

We see from the Watchman that Wesleyan College has an "Erskine Ramsey" in the person of Mr. R. J. Taylor. He has generously given \$100,000 recently to Wesleyan to supplement her endowment fund. Congratulations, Wesleyan!

Heavens! Aren't we glad that Alabama College isn't a co-educational college? If it were, we might have the same problem that is confronting Middle Tennessee State Normal, in Murfreesboro. Owing to the drought, and acute need for water, the boys at this normal have organized an anti-shave association. Let us forget that familiar air, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'" and kneel in a word of prayer.

On the table glittering before him were evidences that he had breakfasted—rather sumptuously. He was engrossed in his own thoughts, the paper before him meaning nothing more than a blank. National and international affairs interested him little, except as to their influence on commerce. And he was hardly interested in that now. He was luxuriously situated. Should he never take in an other penny he and his heirs for generations away would have more than plenty.

He unsonsciously read on.

Hard-hearted he was considered, unswerving in his principle, never to give to charity.

His eyes glanced down the column. Unthinking still he read of the wants of the poor, of the distress that was prevailing in many sections of the city. He saw the plea for help,—food, clothing, consideration, on that Thanksgiving Day.

Morning passed. Noon came.

Again Norton Harrington was seated at the table. Before him were spread the bounties of nature, delicacies of a chef's creation, glittering silver and cutglass. Across the table beamed his wife, the look of divine contentment and happiness on her face.

Like a thunderbolt the plea in the morning paper came to him. A picture of contrast flitted before his eyes. This was his lot on earth—wealth, love, home, respect. On the other side—struggle, misery, dread, want.

And why?

He remembered his boyhood of plenty and opportunity. He remembered a friend, worthy but unfortunate, so far as the bulk of this world's goods are concerned. He pondered in reminiscence the events of that friend's life, and compared it with his own.

They had grown apart, Norton Harrington gaining wealth and influence,

FRESHMAN BASKET BALL

Ever since the beginning of the basket ball season, the Freshmen have been reporting to practice in large numbers. At the beginning, enough for nine teams signed up to play. Gradually this number has diminished, but we are proud to be able to say that we have never lacked a sufficient number to make two teams in any practice game we have played this season, and very often have had some players to loan to other class teams. Finally, the class team of sixteen members has been selected, and was formally presented to the class in a meeting on Wednesday, November 12. The sixteen are as follows: Forwards, Rubie Crews, Leona Damrell, Lydia Finklea, Bernice Green, Louise Watson; centers, Nina Dantzler, Margaret Davis, Catherine Prentiss, Mable Preston, Wynona Rogers (Captain), Evie Sawyer; guards, Grace Berryman, Theo Hall, Juliet Hitchcock, Verdie Strickland, Elizabeth Weatherly. We don't know yet just which squad of six will be put on to represent the Freshman Class in the elimination games, but we do know that each one of that lucky six will do her best to put the Freshmen team on the map, and to win a place for the team in the finals.

To the following girls who have always been ready to substitute when our regular members met, with misfortune, we give our most hearty thanks, for we feel that they have contributed greatly to our success: Emma Williams, Eugenia Patton, Mary Gilliland, Vivian Alford, Allene Morris.

HAIL FRESHMEN, HAIL!

GREEN BUT GROWING

CLASS COLORS

The colors of the different classes in Alabama College are as follows: Seniors, Green and White; Juniors, Red and White; Sophomores, Gold and White; Freshmen, Purple and White.

We Freshmen believe that these are very good colors to keep in the college always. We adopted the Purple and White, last year's Senior colors, in order to keep the colors in the school. We hope that next year's Freshmen will take up the Green and White, colors of the present Seniors. In order to help out this plan, the Sophomore class has changed its colors from Gold and Black to Gold and White.

Our college colors, Purple and Gold,

the friend struggling for existence. The last he had heard of him was a year ago, when in a charity report he had read the name and address of his poor fellowman.

A tear trickled down the face of the sturdy, stern man of the world. The day should not pass until he had seen that friend if possible.

Around a mean pine table, bare as to linen, there was grouped in another home the girl, still cold, and shivering, the woman, patient yet, the baby, crying still, the children hungry and disappointed. A bowl of potatoes boiled in the jackets, a loaf of hard, dry bread served as a Thanks giving repast. As the mother bowed her head to thank God for the food she could only cry. For unless help came not again could they thank Him for sustenance. The children, ravenous, cried when all was gone, that they had not had enough.

Life was dark indeed.

Four hours later the group was again shivering around the faint fire but another had increased the number. For the king of commerce had come into the hovel of the pauper, had gained a sad yet glorious experience, had melted in pity, on the threshold of want. What was said there no one remembered, what was done no one noticed. For an experience and a blessing had come into their lives too.

The old friend's family was helped, the door of opportunity was opened and as that bleak Thanksgiving Day passed two families were joyous and thankful.

Dreams were peaceful that night. A mother dreamed of a home, where, though the father was gone, happiness dwelled, and want was less present, where children were warm, well-fed, rosy-cheeked, and playful.

Another dream was of a day well spent, a deed well done. And into the dream there came a voice, like the voice of an angel: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

mean both royalty and loyalty, each meaning about the same as the other. Red and Green mean courage and constancy. Combining each class color with white indicates a desire to live up to the best meaning of the color. This ought to be an inspiration to all students, and knowing that their class colors will be carried on ought to bind the graduates more closely to the college.

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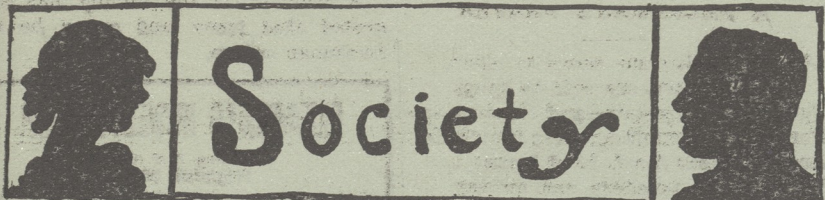
Montevallo Ala.

Service With a Smile

at

Wilson's Drug Co.

The Corner



PHILOMATHIC NEWS

Mr. Charles Orr, of Montgomery, was a visitor to his sister, Miss Martha Orr Sunday.

Miss Rebecca Webb, of Birmingham, an accomplished student, who attended school here last year, spent the week-end as the guest of Miss Toodie Jack.

Miss Alice Hungerford, of Selma, spent Sunday with her sister, Miss Mary C. Hungerford.

Miss Edith Edmondson spent Tuesday night at her home in Littleton.

Miss Mary Hill spent last week-end in Brewton.

Mr. James Price, of Auburn, was the guest of Miss Althea Hughes.

Miss Suddie Long spent last week at home where she attended the wedding of her sister.

GREEN BUT GROWING

ZETA PI DELTA CLUB NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Thompson, of Bessemer, motored down to Montevallo to see their daughter, Ethel.

The following girls motored to Calera Sunday afternoon: First layer, Misses Laura Johnson, Frances Rosenblum, Frances Rapaport, Ethel Thompson, and Frances Fox. Second layer, Misses Elizabeth Taylor, Helen Allison, Jesse Sartian. Despite the dust, a good time was had by all???

Mr. and Mrs. Waldrop and Miss Cora Waldrop, of Bessemer, were the guests of Miss Gladys Waldrop.

Messrs. Sam Gentry, Landis Williams and Walter Razelle, of Talladega, were the guests of Misses Harriette Hargrave, Nina Weaver and Mary Noble.

Misses Laura Johnson, Ann Jones are engaged in the Sophomore drive for the Red Cross.

Miss Abbott McKinnon, of Clanton, was the week-end guest of Miss Ethel Thompson.

The announcement of Miss Laura Johnson's engagement which appeared in Sunday's Birmingham News was a false alarm.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor will spend the Thanksgiving holidays with her sister, Miss Agnes Talyor, in Tuskegee.

Misses Harriette Hargrave and Mary Noble will attend the Auburn-Tech game in Atlanta, Thanksgiving.

Misses Frances Rosenblum, and Frances Rapaport will attend the Alabama Georgia game in Birmingham, Thanksgiving.

To the Zeta Pi Deltas—here's a toast For the wonderful success of the weiner roast!

There were eats and girls, and a moonlight night— And the big bon fire was a beautiful sight—

The time was Saturday, The place—Big Spring

The pep was plentiful And, another thing—

We all raced bac kto a wonderful show—

The noted company of Clifford Devereaux.

GREEN BUT GROWING

BETA SIGMA DELTA NEWS

Miss Malissa Snyder was soloist for the Glee Club of Pennsylvania College for the past week, where she was one of the many guests of the fraternity house parties and enjoyed the Penny home-coming day and entertainments very much.

Miss Margret Gay spent Halloween at her home in Gadsden where she attended one of the best dances of the season given by the Sun Club.

Miss Hettie Huison is spending the month teaching in Columbiana.

Mr. George Evans was up for the week-end to see his sister, Grace, Lucile Williams, and other friends.

GREEN BUT GROWING

PHILODENDROI NEWS

Misses Mary and Annie Holt Young were called home Wednesday on account of the death of their father. Utmost sympathy is extended to them by all.

Miss Clara Redden had as her guest Sunday Mr. Philip Alford, of Howard College.

Miss Madge Jacob had as her guest last week her mother, brother and sis-

BUFFET SUPPER GIVEN BY PRESIDENT AND MRS. T. W. PALMER

One of the most talked of entertainments ever given in Montevallo was the Buffet Supper given to the faculty and officers of the college and public school, by President and Mrs. Palmer on Friday night, November 7, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Chamberlain. From what we can hear, it was wonderfully managed and beautifully served, all coming away feeling that it was a lovely occasion. The whole lower floor of this beautiful home was thrown open, decorated with ivy and pine. The color scheme was yellow and green. The old English manel in the reception room was grand, clothed in pine, and silver candelabras with green and yellow lighted candles, and with a mass of large yellow zinnias as a center.

The porch was inclosed with shades and pines, in one corner of which delicious frappe was served by Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Sharp, both beautiful in evening gowns.

The guests were then received at the door by Mrs. O. C. Carmichael, looking radiant in a black evening costume, and ushered in the reception room, where they were met and given a cordial hand shake by President and Mrs. Palmer, and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain. After being shown upstairs, received by Winthrop and Lyle Chamberlain being relieved of their wraps, they returned to the first floor where they were directed to two beautifully appointed buffet tables, by Mr. Marsh and Mr. Kelly, and where they were graciously and sumptuously served by Mrs. Nora Reynolds, Mrs. Ward and Dr. Peck at one table. Miss Sales, Miss Brooke and Miss Young at the other.

The success of the supper was due in a great measure to the efficient help of Misses Sara Apperson and Irma Reeves.

For the benefit of the students we are going into detail as to the lovely and beautifully appointed tables. Both were exactly alike, so we will describe only one.

There was sliced turkey, sliced dressing, and cranberry sauce at one side of the table, with plates, silver and napkins to the right of the server. Hot rolls and biscuit were placed on each side of the table. In the center of the table was a large silver vase with specimen chrysanthemums in it. Around this were four large single candlesticks, with yellow and green candles, celery, pickles, and stuffed olives in cut glass dishes. On the opposite side of the table were peas in toast shells, also a large platter of potato chips. Individual oyster cocktail glasses wound around the table in the shape of a palm leaf.

After the main course the guests were served with charlotte and angel food cake.

Mrs. Heatfield, assisted by Miss Tilman gracefully dispensed hot coffee, mints, and cheese straws, in the sun parlor.

ter.

Miss Colene Hamilton had as her guests last week-end, Misses Gussie Collins, Irma Jackson and Mildred De Shayo.

Messrs. Austin Venable and Dan Thomas were the visitors of Misses Lena Hains and Colene Hamilton Sunday.

One of the most delightful events of the season was a spend-the-night party at the log-cabin last Saturday night. A jolly crowd of twenty-six members and pledges with their packs on their backs, and accompanied by the Misses Stone, made their way to the cabin where they sat around the large, open fireplace and toasted marshmallows, told stories and played games until a late hour. Another enjoyable feature of the evening was the Virginia reel. The music was furnished by Madge Jacobs, Grace and Hazel Black, with their guitar and ukele. Lap, who considered himself as one of the crowd, kept faithful watch throughout the night. When morning dawned,

TUTWILER NEWS

Mrs. R. C. Keller and Miss Mabel Keller visited Miss Elizabeth Keller last week end.

Misses Aleen and Claudia Slade had as their guests for the week-end their mother and sister. They considered it an unusual streak of good luck that the car took this opportunity to break down, so that the visitor got to stay a week longer than they had expected. Miss Helen Grey McNeil spent last week-end with her family in Talladega.

Miss Katherine Angle spent the past week-end in Anniston with her parents.

"Let's do something. Sometimes I'm so tired of going to town every afternoon. Just going to town, and that's all."

"Here's another one who thinks the same way."

"If variety is the spice of life, we'll have to do a little waking up around here before we can be termed 'spicy.' Let's go somewhere, do something."

And it came about that the above conversation led to an outing for the Tutwiler girls one evening last week. Every girl left the college as soon as she could get out of classes, and all met at Big Spring. Around a big bonfire the girls all sat cooking the supper, and you may rest assured by the time the supper was ready, every girl had managed to raise up some kind of an appetite, and the supper was not slighted—not at all.

Afterward: "I feel lots better now. Why can't we do this ever so often?" "Let's hurry up to the dormitory and dance a little before study hall. I feel so good I think I'll have to trip the fantastic toe. Good-night, everybody."

The many friends of Misses Katherine Angle and Helen Grey McNeil will regret to hear that they had to spend several days in the infirmary last week.

We are glad to have Miss Anny May Skinner back with us, after being under the care of her specialist in Montgomery for some time.

GREEN BUT GROWING

PI KAPPA DELTA

Mr. Thomas Earl Ballow, of Birmingham, was the guest of Miss Velma Day Sunday.

Mr. Clifford Boozer, of Birmingham spent last week-end in Montevallo as the guest of his sister, Maude.

Mr. Frank Jones came down from Birmingham Sunday to see Miss Frances Freeland.

Mr. Alvin Byrd, of Columbiana, came over to see Miss Gertrude Broadway Sunday.

Everybody in the Baptist Church last Sunday wondered at the screams of delight heard on the street outside. Upon our return to the campus we found that Dr. and Mrs. Jordan and Dorothy had come to see Sophia and Georgia.

Miss Lillian Malone, a former student of Alabama College is the guest of Miss Ruby Foster for the week-end.

GREEN BUT GROWING

Miss Anne J. Haynes enjoyed a short visit to her parents in Columbiana last week.

each member awoke and joined in the delightful task of cooking breakfast. When breakfast was over, morning watch was held after which the crowd gathered together and made their way home, very tired but happy.

Everyone is very glad to know that Hazel Black appears in the Who's Who four times this year.

ALPHA PI OMEGA NOTES

Thursday afternoon a jolly bunch of girls gathered at Big Springs to enjoy the hospitality of the Alpha Pi Omega Club. A large fire was lighted and when it was just right coffee was made and wieners and marshmallows were toasted.

All during the evening singing and games were enjoyed. When the girls reached the dormitory each joined in saying they had had a good time.

The Alpha P. Omega Club entertained at a tea Saturday evening at the Pioneer Tea Room. The long table in the center of the floor was covered with gray and old rose paper, and there was an attractive place card at each plate. Dainty vases of flowers served as further decoration for the table. As the guests entered, each found her place at the table.

After enjoying a salad and ice course they were given the following program:

Three musical numbers by members of the club, and a talk on "Welfare Work," which is the purpose of the club, by Miss Sutphen.

The Alpha Pi Omega club has the pleasure of announcing the following pledges: Misses Kathryn Morrison, Caroline Middleton, Stella Bowling, Doherty Aycock, of Selma, Ala., and Roberta Bailey and Minnie Barnes, of Demopolis, Ala.

Miss Miriam Ernst had as her guest for the week end her mother, Mrs. William O. Ernst, who is on her way to South Dakota, where they are making their home.

Miss Kathryn Morrison had as her visitors on Armistice Day her family, who drove through the country from Selma.

We are glad to see Anne Crosby out of the infirmary, after an illness of several days.

Mr. Frank Green, of Birmingham, was the guest of Miss Doherty Aycock Sunday.

Miss Nana Horsley has returned from a visit to her parents in Birmingham.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Frances Hightower had to have a tonsil operation while in Montgomery. We hope she will soon be with us again.

Miss Elizabeth Ward spent the week end with Miss Agnes Hardy at her home in Newala.

GREEN BUT GROWING
CASTALIAN CLUB NOTES

Seen in room 381 and on the campus—a blue suit! What'll we do?

We are exceedingly glad to have Julia Stroud with us again after a week-end spent at her home in Union Springs.

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-BLACK VELVETS-

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PERSONALS

The following were guests of the college Sunday evening:

Mr. Frank Green to see Miss Dorothy Aycock.

Mr. Alvin Byrd to see Miss Gertrude Broadway.

Mr. Frank Mullins to see Miss Lucile Nelson.

Mr. Otto Jones to see Miss Anne Haynes.

Mr. Ben Compton to see Miss Miriam Gregg.

Mr. Bill Murphy to see Miss Cat Parker.

Mr. Bull Wesley to see Miss Neel Tyas.

Mr. John Cole to see Miss Margaret Coleman.

Miss Clarence Long spent part of last week at he rhome in Gainesville, where her sister, Miss Janie Long, was married.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Margaret Grayson sprained her ankle while practicing basket ball Friday.

Miss Alice Lee Norton will arrive Saturday from Anniston, to be the guest of Miss Polly Gibbs and Miss Joyce Jackson.

Miss Mary Hill spent last week-end at her home in Benton.

M'ss Lucy May will leave Saturday for Birmingham to attend the Alabama-Centre game.

Miss Alice Hungerford was the weekend guest of her sister, Miss Mary Hungerford.

Miss Decker and Miss Ross spent Saturday in Birmingham shopping.

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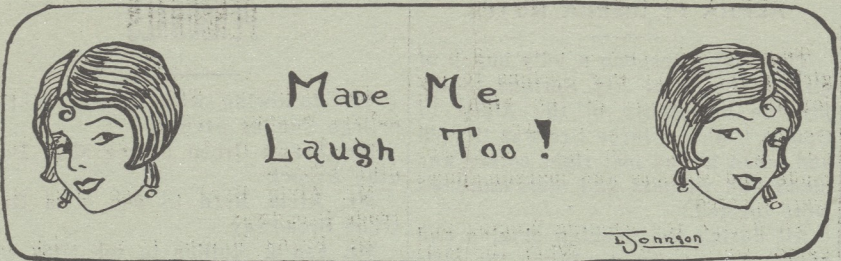
Montevallo

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WHEELER'S
Cantilever Shoe Store
FINE SHOES AND GOOD HOSE
Next to Augusta Friedman's



Brown was making a visit to a girl who lived in the country, and they were walking through the fields when they noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine love.

He spoke up: "The right of that makes me want to do the same thing." "Go ahead," she replied. "It's father's cow."

Irate Doctor (shoving up the window to see what is causing the noise and rapping at his door): "Well?"

Voice (from below): "No; darned sick."

Helen: "Why doesn't Helen Davis want a regular burial?"

Ellen: "Well, you see, she's been taking dairying so long that she would rather be cremated."

Tragedy of the Dentist Chair
Ah! a-a-a-ah! Oh!!? Ow! Ow!
Doc—Ow! Ah! —Extracted.

Hattie Lyman: If I give you this piece of cake you'll never return, will you?

Roberta: Well, now, you know your cake better than I do.

Proximity

A young lady who was being interviewed was asked:
"To co-eds kiss?"
"You'd be surprised," she remarked coyly, "how much goes on right under my nose."

Francis L.: "Marriage is a great institution."

Mabelle M.: "So's a penitentiary."

Time Is Money

Henry Ford has made \$5 and started another man cussing while you were reading this.

Generally speaking, girls are—generally speaking.

"I've come to see that old tub in the kitchen."

"O, mamma! Here's the doctor to see the cook."

High Finance

Rockefeller and Ford are apt to rate second and third after Kathryn Morrison is graduated:

1. She received a stamped return post card.
2. Erased the return address.
3. Used the card to send away for a sample tube of So-and-so tooth paste. Then—
4. Sold tooth paste to unsuspecting room-mate.

Huh!

Nelle: "Kat, will you lend me a photo of yourself? I—"

Kat Leath: "Oh, I see. You want to send it to a boy who has never seen you, and make a hit."

Nelle: "No, ma'am, I want to prove to him that I'm not as good lookin' as I really am."

A Society Note

"Seen your wife lately?"
"No, but the 'Times' says that she'll be home some time in January."

She lay there without a sound or movement. The hue of her face was a horrible, dirty gray. Ten minutes passed—twenty, thirty, forty. No noise broke the deathlike stillness. An hour passed by—

"Thank heavens!" she cried, "now I can take this complexion clay off."

Fresh Remark

Sophisticated Soph: "Catherine, remember not to break any of those official busies."

Catherine Ortmann: "Oh! Are they glass?"

Date: "Can I kiss you?"
Dot Crabtree: "No, that is wrong."
Date: "Why?"
D. C.: "You should say 'May I?'"

Slim: "Bob burned a hole in his pants."

Jim: "Did he have insurance?"
Slim: "No, his coat-tail covered his loss."

"It's high time," said Eudora, as she gazed up at the clock on the twenty-first story of the skyscraper.

"Oh, Nelle, your brother saw me kiss you! What shall I give him for hush money?"

"Oh, he usually gets 50 cents."

Red R.: "Tea, milk or coffee?"
Lillian Prout: "How many guesses do I get?"

Mary, Does It Fit You?

A flapper is a little bobbed-haired girl who paints, powders, rouges her lips and pencils her eyebrows and then says: "Clothes, I'm going to town. Want to hang on?"

Elenor Hooper: "My room mate says that the latest poem I wrote made her heart miss a beat."

Miriam Gregg: "Then we can't use it. We can't afford to print anything that will interfere with our circulation."

Rosa: "What make is your car?"
He: "Ash."
Rosa: "You must mean Nash."
He: "No, Ash—second-hand Cole."

Mr. Kelly: "What do you mean by such insolence? Are you in charge of this class or am I?"

Martha (humbly): "I know I'm not in charge, sir."

Mr. K.: "Then, why do you act like a conceited ass?"

Bozo: "My gal is mathematically inclined."

Bimbo: "Yes, I noticed she had a mean proportion."

Mr. Kennally: "Who made the first nitride?"

Stella Bowline: "Paul Revere."

"Can you swim?"
"Can I? Fellow, I used to be a traffic cop in Venice."

He Knows

Langley: "Daddy, what are cosmetics?"

Father: "Cosmetics, my son, are peach preserves."

Margaret Coleman wants to know why this edition is printed on green paper.

BEAUTY AS AN ART (OF MAKING UP)

Beauty is indeed an art, and one of the finest arts known. This fact may be grasped by even those who are slowest of comprehension when we gaze upon the modern girl with her artistically rouged lips and cheeks and her dark, gracefully curved eyebrows. Her complexion is the finest that can be had from the drug store, and is applied with the skill of an artist. For is it not a work of art to transform a simple maiden into a damsel of undreamed loveliness?

There is one thing which is quite peculiar about this gentle art of making up. This peculiarity is that so many of our girls are so wonderfully skilled in the art. While the beauty parlors are crowded, yet there are scores and scores of young ladies who can make up their own beauty with the aid of a few simple accessories, such as the powder puff and lipstick. The art has been through various stages of development. We may trace it back through the ages. Even the ancient Egyptians had a startling knowledge of the art. The graves of the Egyptian maidens have disclosed wonderful secrets, and various cosmetics used by them have been revealed. When we behold our grandmothers in the time of Martha Washington, with their powdered wigs and beauty spots, we know that they, too, had learned the art. But the period in which the most progress was made was the "Flapper Age."

The art of making up has developed so rapidly during the ages that it seems to have reached perfection. It remains for tomorrow to tell what other improvements can be made in this art.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

By Nell Tyus

Miss Blackston in "Pinolya lab": "Now girls, give me your strict attention! I have been unfortunate enough to forget my role-book, so I want you all to remember to tell me next lesson if you were absent today."

Thinking would be the finest of arts had enough of the race possessed it.—Exchange.

A Freshman

First in peace,
First in war,
First to the dining-room
First out the door.

Heard in "Gym"

Mary Wiley: "Oh, let us dance the next! I cannot stand sitting."
Elizabeth K: "Who can?"

"Nothing makes a lovesick girl feel better than to get a "special delivery" whether there is anything in it or not."

Mary Noble says:
Be yourself at all times
'Cause you can't be anyone else.

Alabama College consists of students, teachers, buildings, Freshmen, books, upperclassmen, Freshmen, rules, post office, Freshmen, the cat, Freshmen, "Lepp," (the dog), Freshmen, mass meetings, Freshmen, Freshmen and Freshmen.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rats!

Freshmen

F—is for freedom which we have not!
R—is for ready when dinner it sot.
E—is for education we're trying to get.
S—is for sarcasm which we have met.
H—is for hard the times we have had.
M—is for many the days we've been sad.
A—is for autos which never come round and
N—is for nights when we can't make a sound.

Nelle Tyus.

I am going to give you a good lacing said the manager to the football.—Pointer.

Imagine

Miriam Gregg without a smile.
Kat Leath with black hair.
Anne Johnson without her face powdered.
Frances Lofton not talking.
Madge Page without a piece of chewing gum.
Cat Parker and Helen McMillan with 3 "call downs."
Mabel Long before the student council.

True Marble with bobbed hair.
"Toots" Moody refusing food.
Isma Long jumping a fence.
Alice Alsobrook blushing.
Why "Tootie" Jack doesn't like her name.

Any school better than Alabama College and
Who wrote this junk?

Dedicated to You

'Twas at a game of football
Between two rising foes
That first I gazed upon your face
Your countenance to behold
One lingering look, we both exchanged
Then downward I cast my eyes
For love at first sight is not very bold
But sweet as the summer skies.
The game of ball is over dear
but not the game of life
And with two hearts as yours and mine,
We'll win out in this strife.

Nelle Tyus.

A FRESHMAN'S PRAYER

Oh! now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my self to keep,
From Soph, Juniors—and Seniors too
For there's no telling what they'll do;
And Oh! dear Lord, Lord I pray,
Impress the teachers not to say
"Remember you're in college now"
'Cause we can't forget it anyhow.
And before others come here, let 'em see,

That college ain't what it's 'sposed to be.

'Cause it make's no difference where we're at

Somebody sneers, and says "she's a rat"—

I'll try to stand it, but I implore
Don't let me be a rat no more—

Amen,
SUSIE POWERS.

GREEN BUT GROWING

Evelyn Norris: "Oh! I've got a date with Eddie Watson tonight. Must I wear a coat?"

Wise senior: "No, you had better carry a fan."

GREEN BUT GROWING

IT'S THE LIFE!

Scheduled for an important class at eight o'clock, the lordly Soph crawls slowly out of bed at exactly 7:15. She yawns, stretches, and then prepares to take out that Chinese puzzle known as cur papers. This she does very leisurely, often stopping to pluck a stray hair from her eyebrows, or to read to joke or so from Whiz Bang. However, she neglects no opportunity to "lower rate" her freshman roommate for not hurrying on with her breakfast.

Thus slowly and with much deliberation the Soph makes her toilet, taking at least five minutes to decide what sweater to wear, then choosing a blouse and skirt that will harmonize, then trying to get a tie the right length, etc.

Just as she is adding the finishing touches, in comes her room-mate, panting and gasping for breath. "I brought you this roll and bacon but I couldn't get you an orange—yes I got one—well then take it—sure I hurried, I ran all the way, even bumped into Dr. Bacote—but if I make it up now I will be late for class—oh yes, yes! I'll do it—anything rather than that!"

And such snatches of sentences as these the poor rat utters while she very diligently tries to make up her room-mates bed.

At eight fifteen she scampers off to class and—well, a scolding was mild compared to what she got!

But the Soph still has not left her room—why should she worry about being late to class?

She eats her breakfast slowly and, then gathers up all of her stray hose, handkerchiefs, etc., that happen to need washing and places them in a chair for her room-mate to wash—with a note pinned to them saying something to that effect.

Then after searching leisurely for a book and pencil she strolls into class at eight thirty-five.

"Only thirty-five minutes late! Not so bad," she says to herself.

Of course the teacher understands, she only smiles and asks which chair she will have.

Such is the life of the lordly Soph—oh, will the day ever come when I am no longer longer a "rat!"

By Doherty Aycock.

A member of the faculty has suggested that ivory and green be the freshman colors.

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Montevallo, Alabama

The Alabamian

Vol. 2.

MONTEVALLO, ALA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1924

NUMBER V.

FINAL GAME OF THE SEASON ENDS IN TIE

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN GAME TO DETERMINE CHAMPIONS RESULTS IN SCORE 9-9

One of the most exciting inter-class games ever staged at Alabama College was played November 22 between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The game was called at 3:30 and the heated struggle with which the game started was kept up throughout the contest. Both teams fought valiantly for victory, neither allowing the other to move their score more than one point ahead. Realizing that this score was to determine the class championship each team refused to give way to the other.

The Sophomores being the champions of last year were doped to be winners until the Freshmen displayed such splendid work in the game with the Juniors. The never-say-dying pep displayed by supporters of both teams was nothing but a natural climax to the season of suspense.

The game was one dashing play after another, seldom allowing the forwards of either team a chance at the goal. Ruby Crews shot most of the goals for the Freshman while the Sophomore score was about evenly divided. The passwork between the guards and centers on the upper class team was outstanding.

The two teams share the glory of championship this year and we are looking forward with intense enthusiasm to the game between them next year. Since we are no nearer a conclusion, as to which is stronger than we were before the game it is still "between the Sophs and Rats."

The Sophomore lineup: Alma Clair Revels, forward; Estelle Broadway, forward; Ibbie Jones, center; Mary Ellen Spinks, running center; Louise Tucker, guard; Ina Mae Malone, guard.

Margaret Grayson, captain of the Sophomore team suffered from a badly sprained ankle and was unable to play. In her absence Ibbie Jones acted as captain.

Freshman line-up: Ruby Crews, forward; Louise Watson, forward; Wynona Rogers, center; Margaret Davis, running center; Elizabeth Weatherly, guard; Grace Berryman, guard.

Substitutes: Lydia Finkley, for Louise Watson. Mable Preston for Wynona Rogers, Emie Sawyer for Margaret Davis, Theo Hall for Elizabeth Weatherly.

Girls, remember this on Sunday nights: "For though his tongue be sweet, His heart be false."

—Everywoman.)



"SYBIL SAYS"

Sybil says: A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it certainly does polish it up.

ALABAMA PLAYERS AT WORK

What would you do without your alarm clock? The Alabama players are now working on a play which deals with that weighty problem. Ivan, the idealist, claims that clocks are an abomination to mankind, and he sets forth his theory of counting the hours by the sun, getting back to nature as it were. The author calls this little play "Tickless Time" and the cast is as follows:

Ian—Marianna Thomas.
Eloise—Anny May Skinner.
Eddy—Lillian Burns.
Alice—Joy Cawthron.
Mrs. Stubbs—Hazel Blach.
Annie—Vallye Rogers.

And imagine Kat Leath with black hair! Everybody will want to see her in the "Dear Little Wife" as a Japanese girl. And who can imagine a more romantic lover than Madge Page, and a more humorous husband than Lula Hawkins. Yes, that's the cast.

Dear Little Wife—Kat Leath.
Lover—Madge Page.
Husband—Lula Hawkins.

Everybody knows that the Alabama players are planning to give the long looked for curtain for the chapel. The proceeds of these plays, which will be given sometime in January will go to this altogether worthy enterprise. Lets boost the players.

A TAKING GIRL

She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my candy and my books,
She took that lustrous wrap of fur,
She took the gloves I bought for her,
She took my words of love and care,
She took my flowers rich and rare,
She took my ring with a tender smile,
She took my time for quite a while,
She took my kisses, maid so shy,
She took, I must confess, my eye,
She took whatever I could buy,
And then she took another guy.
—Selected.

The absent-minded professor jokes are with us again. We are thinking of the professor who kissed his shoes goodnight and put his daughter under the bed.—Pointer.

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING

A week from today we'll be hanging on to our "get away" bags with both hands, and rejoicing with our half a mind (if we have one at all after exams), because Santa Claus will be calling before long. We just excitedly hope that what ever you wish for. Of course we know you'll erase all those misunderstandings with "him" or "her" and come back to tell us how foolish you have been to doubt in the past.

But while you're "living in quick time" we want you to know that its only the fulfillment of our wish for "The Merriest Christmas Ever!"

THE STAFF.

PRESIDENT AND DEAN RETURN FROM CONVENTION

Dr. Palmer and Dean Carmichael have returned from Memphis, Tenn., where they represented Alabama College at the 29th annual meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and they bring to us interesting accounts of the proceedings of the convention. More applications for admission into the association come in from both high schools and colleges than have ever been received at any previous meeting. On December 3rd Dr. Palmer addressed the delegates on the subject of the place of Home Economics and other practical subjects in a course leading to a Bachelors degree in a college for women.

Teacher: "The word 'extinguish' means 'to put out.' The word 'essay' means a 'tale.' Now use these words correctly in a sentence.

Pupil: "Please extinguish the cat from the room by his essay."

Professor: "And by all means pick out a girl with a sense of humor. Marry only the girl who can take a joke."

Innocent Soph: "I imagine that is the kind of a girl you married, sir!"

STUDENTS HEAR DR. HARDIN

Ever been to the moon? We have, at least those of us who were fortunate enough to hear Dr. Hardin's celestial travelogue last Friday evening in the college chapel. Most of us think of the moon merely as something that shines through the trees sometimes and makes us say things we can't live up to the next day but we learned many interesting things about that much talked of body, during our round trip in Dr. Hardin's company. He is an astronomer of wide reputation, and his lecture, illustrated with lantern slides, was one of the most interesting ones we have ever had the pleasure of hearing at Alabama College.

DISCUSSION OF COMMANDMENTS AT Y. W. C. A. SERVICES

At the Y. W. C. A. services on Wednesday evening, November 19, several instructive talks were given on five of the Commandments. Lena Harris was leader and the following program was rendered:

Thou shalt have no other gods before Me—Marry Bradshaw.

Honor thy father and mother—Robbie Andrews.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord in Vain—Lena Harris.

Thou shalt not steal—Ethyl Thompson.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor—Bess Fowler.

The services were closed with the hymn, Take Time to be Holy.

The Y. W. Tea Room is open every Saturday afternoon from 2:30 to 6 o'clock.

Helen B.: "Let's go for a walk."

Mabel L.: "How come?"

Helen B.: "Doctor's orders—have to exercise with a dumbell every day."

"I have a new baby brother at my house."

"Is he going to stay?"

"I think so. He has all his clothes off."

GIRLS OF FEATURE SECTION ELECTED

Girls to Represent Famous Beauties of History Are Elected by the Technala Staff and the Presidents of the Upper Classes

The Technala staff, together with her presidents of the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore classes, elected the following girls for the feature section of the annual: True Marble, Dorothy Maltby, Rosa Perry, Alleen Elzey, and Elizabeth Graves.

On request of the staff the beauties which each one of these girls is to represent will not be announced.

Miss Mary Bradshaw, who was elected by the student body at large as the prettiest girl, will also be included in the feature section.

MISS FOREMAN VISITS ALABAMA COLLEGE

Miss Louise Foreman, of Houston, Texas, who is traveling secretary for the Southern Baptist Convention with headquarters at Memphis, Tenn., was the guest of Alabama College from December 1 to 4. While in our campus Miss Foreman had private conferences with the students, and met with the Gaptist girls as a group for the purpose of fostering the religious activities of that denomination. As a result of this visit of Miss Foreman's, plans are being made for the organization of a Baptist Students' Council at Alabama College. On Wednesday at the weekly Vesper services of the Y. W. C. A., the entire student body had the pleasure of hearing Miss Foreman's most impressive talk on "Your Campus for Christ."

Y-OUR DUTY

To help your neighbor smile.
To put dimples where wrinkles are.
To put courage where doubt and rear hold sway.
To change grim duty to bubbling pleasure.
To make the most of the best we have.
To write for The Normalite.
To sing in chapel without being asked.

Improvements on The Campus

Have you had a chance to sit on the new "furniture" in the assembly hall? We are all grateful to Mrs. Reynolds for her interest in making this forlorn spot a bit more home-like. And have you ever been in the Social Director's new office? It looks very attractive and we believe it will be a very popular place, especially during the week-end. But best of all we hear rumors whispered that the chapel is really about to be "remodeled" and "refurnished." We will soon have the new seats that we have been waiting for all these years, and through the generosity of the Alabama Players we will have a new curtain. All of this sounds almost too good to be true, but of course nothing is too good for a million dollar institution like Alabama College.

TO MISS FLAPPER

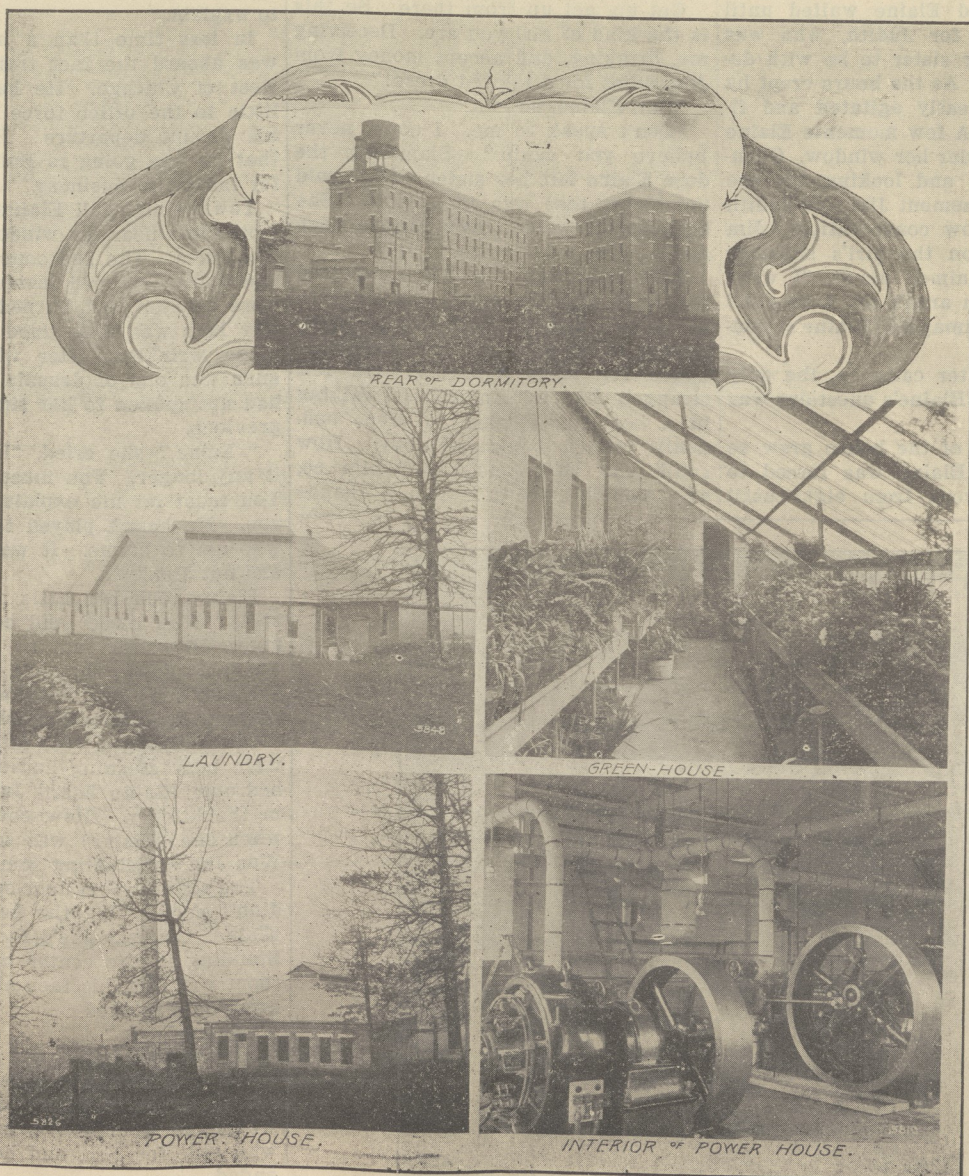
Blessings on thee, little dame—
Bareback girl with knees the same.
With thy rolled down silken hose
And thy short, transparent clothes;
With thy red lips, reddened more,
Smeared with lipstick from the store;
With thy make-up on thy face,
And thy heart, I give the joy—
Glad that I was born a boy.

This conversation was overheard in chemistry class:

Mary Noble—I feel so indebted to chemistry.

Harriet—Why, Mary?

Mary—'Cause hon, if it wasn't for it my hair wouldn't be the color it is.



THE ALABAMIAN

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THE THOUGHTLESS

By Elma O'Neill

The rising sun of late November threw its rays into a fourth story window of an east side tenement house. The room inside contained in the way of furniture a cheap but comfortable looking bed, a shabby dresser with a mirror that gave back caricatures, a small square table, a lame rocker, one straight chair, and a miniature coal heater. A young woman dressed in a figured kimona bent over the stove apparently preparing breakfast, for the big coffee pot on the back of the stove was sending out an appetizing aroma and the bread in a small pan was fast becoming brown.

Elaine Willen had crept out of her warm bed for five successive mornings to prepare this little breakfast. Judith always seemed so sleepy and Elaine did not have the heart to disturb the comfortable sleeper. Coming towards the bed to arouse the occupant the young woman's face is revealed. We see in spite of the weak sunlight that the eyes are blue and quileless, the hair is straight and black, and the face with its beauty and wistfulness is one of absolute sincerity. Sitting down on the edge of the bed Elaine quietly shook the sleeping figure.

"Jud, it's time to get up. It's nearly seven and the coffee's getting cold. Get up, honey, you can sleep all day Sunday."

Judith Wilden turned over, groaned a little as all sleepy people do, and threw back the covers.

"Oh, Lord, who on earth invented getting up, anyway? Hand me my kimona." We will not describe Judith here, because she was never seen when not looking her best, and the writer cannot take the prerogative to describe her at such a time.

In forty minutes two neat young women hurriedly caught the subway and Weatherly Elliott and Company Department Store. We then saw the younger sister. Her fluffy brown hair pulled from beneath her tailored hat formed a lovely background for her blue gray eyes that saw everything but observed little. Her lips were a bit too red and her figure swayed too much and too unnaturally. Thus we visualize the Wilden sisters, ages 22 and 20, parentless in Manhattan, and working as saleswomen in a department store.

One night in March, Judith came home alone. Elaine had been called to the office and detained for some reason. The thought ran through Judith's brain as she boarded the crowded car home. Suppose Elaine were tired; then all Judith's money would

have to go to maintaining the household. No new coat as she had planned—nothing! Elaine was stupid to get fired at the time when Judith's cloak was at stake. It is not singular after such meditations that a sullen girl sat crouched in the old rocker when, at 8 o'clock, Elaine, with her face flushed, glided through the doorway.

"Oh, Jud, I—"

"You know it hurts my back to bring up coal. Why didn't you get it this morning," interrupted Judith. Elaine was going to be dependent on her, so why shouldn't she be admonished for failing to bring up the coal?

"But, Jud, honey," breathed the excited Elaine, "I've been promoted to the office, to the office, do you hear?"

"Yes, there's nothing wrong with my ears yet, I hope. But why couldn't I have been promoted, too? I suppose you'll have five new coats all with fur collars." The last sentence was mumbled to herself.

It was in the following months that Elaine found a deep love in the wonderful Jit Elliot. Jim was a manager in the office. Many times Jim went home with Elaine and Judith to their small apartment. They had quitted their tenement room soon after Elaine's promotion. Many nights Jim waited with Elaine for Judith to come in.

Judith, we need mention, had several friends in the notion department, and with these friends and their "steadies," numberless parties were "thrown." Among the male members of their frivolous group was Kingston Elliot, adopted brother of Jim, known to the gang as Jeff. His particular girl was Judith, although he never called at the house for her.

Elaine never dreamed of Judith's conduct, but Jim had learned of the wild parties, in which both Jud and Jeff were participants. A month or more after his declaration of love to Elaine, Jim and Elaine waited until after midnight for Judith, who was supposed by her sister to be with desirable friends. As the hours crept by Jim became greatly agitated and finally departed. A few moments Elaine heard noises under her window. Opening the shutter and looking out she saw to her amazement Jim and Judith engaged in a low conversation. Jim laid his hand on the girl's shoulder and Judith exclaimed aloud, "I want Jim Elliot. You aren't my boss yet." We can well imagine Elaine's consternation.

When her sister came in, the only answer given to Elaine's questions was "Oh, nothing."

The expenses of the house grew so enormous that Elaine was forced to do telephone work from eight until

eleven. She did not tell Jim of her other employment for fear that he might accuse Judith of extravagance. One morning he heard Elaine talking over the phone. Her speech ran: "Very well, then, at 7:30." In reality she was talking to the manager of the telephone office, who told her to come at 7:30, but to Jim it was the solution of her oft repeated words, "Not tonight, Jim, some other time soon."

No sooner had Elaine gone to work that night than Judith dressed hastily and joined Jeff and her friends at the Cabaret. Exhausted with worry about Elaine who seemed to be slipping from him, Jim entered the cabaret alone, and occupied a seat in the balcony. The debauchery and noise of the party below attracted his attention. Rising from his place and peering over the rail he recognized his brother and Judith about to leave. Jim had not waited to drink his wine. He rushed furiously down the steps to apprehend the couple. Jeff, seeing him, increased his speed, but the strong hand of Jim was on his shoulder.

"Jeff, what are you doing, you drunken fool? Where are you taking Miss Wilden, and what do you mean by bringing her here? Ket out of the way, I am going to take her to her sister."

Jeff stammered but made no intelligible answer. The astounded Judith sobered and almost stood erect and steady in her borrowed gown. She did not struggle against Jim who put her into his car and sped off. Hardly a word was spoken during the entire drive. Jim was too angry to speak; Judith too astonished.

Contrary to custom, Elaine came home earlier tonight, and it was while troubled with waiting that Elaine heard the car stop in the street below. Looking out she saw Jim and Judith descend. "Good night, Mr. Elliot," giggled Judith. Elaine fell back horrified. This could not be her little sister and Jim!

Elaine fell across the lounge, pretending to sleep. She was too stunned to question just now. A moment later Judith entered. The room was filled almost immediately with the odor of liquor. The tears burned the cheeks of the supposed sleeper. Disillusion about those we love best is fearful.

"You here?" mumbled Judith as she labored towards the bedroom. In the sitting room she dropped her coat and bag. A few moments afterwards Elaine arose. The intoxicated girl was sleeping soundly across the bed, in full dress. Elaine stooped to pick up the coat and bag. The bag was open and a card in a man's handwriting visible. Elaine snatched it up and read: "Sixty-five dollars for that dress you want. J. Elliot." Elaine's grief turned to fury. She tugged the girl and shook her violently.

Get up, get up from there. So this is the kind of girl you are. Deceiving me, drinking, and accept money from Jim Elliot for a tainted dress!"

"But, Elaine, he—"

"Don't speak to me. I could never believe you again." Slamming the door Elaine left her sister. She could not sleep, that was impossible. She believed she would never want to sleep again. She must write to Jim.

The letter that Jim Elliot received the next morning in the office tore down his dreams with such unexpected force that he sat staring in space for many minutes. He felt strangely like a man who is walking in a beautiful garden ad steps suddenly into a bouldless abby. How could she have mistrusted him so, why wouldn't she give him a chance

OVER THE PRINTED MATTER

We acknowledge with pleasure the following exchanges:

The Emory Wheel, The Normalite, The Alchemist, Coup o' Coffee Weekly, The Crimson and White, The Plainsman, The Gold and Black, The Howard Crimson, The Watchtower, The Mercer Cluster, The Sissors, Wo-Co-Ala News. The Sewanee Purple.

OLD PICTURES AND NEW STARS

The White Sister—Nellie White. Why Worry?—Ina Mae Malone. Rouged Lips—Lucille Nelson. The Gold Diggers—All-Star Cast. Bill—Alice Mahler. Does It Pay?—Alice Barganier. The Midnight Alarm—Jimmie Nell Braynon.

The Silent Partner — Margaret Tucker.

The Secrets of Life—Sara Ganzmiller.

To the Last Man—Alice Darwin. The Cleanup—Elizabeth Moody.

Thou Shalt Not Put Asunder—Lillian Prout.

Smilin' Through—Lula Hawkins.

Patronize our ads.

ALUMNI NEWS

Back to my Alma Mater.

Miss Olene Randall of Bessemer spent last Sunday with her sister, Miss Margaret Randall.

Friends of Miss Lillian Mahone and Mrs. Jeff Bell (Cora Whaley) were overjoyed to have them drop in on them last week-end.

Miss Elizabeth Keller, also friends, was thrilled "to a peanut," so to speak, when Miss Mabel Keller came down to pass away the time last week-end.

Listen, girls! It is nearing Christmas (Oh, you didn't realize that? My error!) when everybody will go home. Will you please keep your ears open to catch new addresses of alumnae and give to me when you return? It shall be appreciated more than this pencil can express. May each one of you have the merriest and happiest Christmas ever, is my wish!

Miss Mayce Pardue and Mrs. Jewel Pardue of Saginaw spent last week-end with their sister, Miss Ruth Pardue. Also many friends were glad indeed to greet them.

Miss Mee Williams came up last week-end to visit with her many friends at Alabama College.

ALUMNAE EDITOR.

Dr. Bacote tells me he was in love with garbage man's daughter, but she canned him.

to explain.

In less time than a half day Jim was aboard the fact train for points west of Chicago. He had said very little to the office force in regard to his abrupt departure. He intimated that he was going to Butte, Montana, for indefinite business.

Toward nightfall Elaine was sitting motionless near the window of the sitting room. The bedroom door opened and Judith stepped inside. Her eyes were swollen and burned with tears. Her hair was disheveled and her kimona wrinkled. Her whole appearance was one of despair. Her sister had not spoken to her since the night previous.

"Laine," she cried, "I can't stand it any longer. You must talk to me. You must let me explain. Jim loves you. He hasn't played false. It is I who am to blame. It was Jeff Elliot and not Jim."

Elaine took her little sister in her arms. How sweet and comforting to know Jim true, and to forgive Jud. But how bitter, when she realized how she had sent Jim away with that unreasonable letter. But where was he.

One morning a week later both girls were busy cleaning house. From the bedroom Elaine heard Judith singing in the kitchen. How could Jud sing when she (Elaine) was so miserable? Was Jud anticipating something?

The sitting room door opened. "Why didn't people ring the bell?" thought Elaine. Anyway she'd see who it was. Standing in the center of the sitting room was Jim, his face alight and his arms outstretched.

"Elaine."

"Jim."

We will lower the curtain low. We cannot intrude where our presence would be alien. We must imagine who sent for Jim, and how the story ended.

She—I can tell a lady by the way she dresses, can't you?

He—I never watched one dress.

FOREMOST IN FASHION
FAR MOST IN VALUE

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of Birmingham

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Wooley & Horn

Montevallo, Alabama

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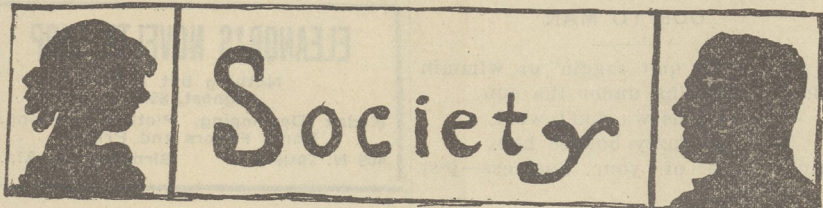
Service With a Smile

at

Wilson's
Drug Co.

The Corner





PI KAPPA DELTA NEWS

Miss Hazel Jackson spent Thanksgiving at her home in Glenwood.

Misses Sophie and Georgia Jordan spent the holidays at home.

Misses Alice Green, Gertrude Broadway and Frances Freeland spent Thanksgiving at their homes in Selma.

Miss Ruby Foster spent the Thanksgiving holidays at her home in Luverne.

Miss Llene Johnson spent the holidays with her sister in Birmingham.

Misses Maude Boozer and Velma Day spent the holidays in Birmingham.

Misses Tommie and Rubie Jo Snellgrove spent Thanksgiving at home.

Misses Frances Seay, Sara Ethridge, Lois Reynolds and Ruth Griffin spent the holidays in Montevallo and they say they had as good time as we did—we doubt it, though.

Miss Catherine Crenitiss spent the holidays in Montgomery.

We were sorry that Misses Sophia and Georgia Jordan were called home on account of the death of their grandmother, this week.

CASTALIAN CLUB NOTES

Thanksgiving to most of the Castilians meant nothing less than Birmingham. Julia, Lucy, Rella, "Luke," Mary, "Ag" and Ward all appeared on the scene. Patty and Fannie Jo were out in Bessemer with Fannie. Rose and Gage, but the whole crowd needed only a very little calling of the old spirit to get together. Even our teachers were represented, but we can't decide whether they dodged us or we them. We had only a glimpse of Miss Brooke and Miss McMichael.

Look around and see if you notice any new shoes, sweaters, or hats. Anyhow, everybody came back broke. Mr. Pizitz threatened to shoot Lucy Stevens and Lucy McCalley if they didn't stop hanging around his place of business!

Truly, Thanksgiving is an absorbing topic of conversation and lots of fun to meditate over, but there is a mystery dating back earlier than that which we crave a solution to. And if you will be so kind, you can help help us, "R." Rudolph, by answering this simple question: Who was that person looking all over the campus for you on Sunday, November 16?

PHILODENDROI CLUB NEWS

How would you like to hike to Birmingham on a bitterly cold day and know when you "set out" that you could not accept a single "pick up?" That's just what Annie Holt Young did! She and a jolly bunch of girls, chaperoned by Miss Taber, played unique parts in the Thanksgiving season in that they walked every step of the way to the Magic City. Oh, well, Annie Holt and Miss Tabor are professionals, any how.

Every member and pledge of the Philodendroi Club went some where Thanksgiving except Miss Inez Ray and the reporter. These two have at least one advantage over the rest: they have experienced the thrill of being in Montevallo with nothing to "have to do."

Miss Edith Adams spent the holidays with relatives in Sylacauga instead of going to her home in Crandall, Miss.

Miss Florence Guyton spent Thanksgiving with her sister in Jackson, Ala.

Misses Marjorie Hill and Madge Jacobs decided to also save home for Christmas and spend the first days of leisure in Birmingham.

Misses Gertrude Patterson and Jimmie Nelle Branyon ignored trains and "Forded" to their home in Fayette, Alabama last week. They report a some what cold trip.

Miss Grace Black went to Jacksonville on November 26 where she played a violin solo in the Chapman-McCullough wedding. She returned to Montevallo by way of Oxford where she visited her uncle, Mr. M. H. Toland.

The Philodendroi Club announces the following pledges: Miss Louise Watson, Florala, Ala., and Miss Eudora Gates, Mt. Willing, Ala.

Delta Pi Delta

Miss Charlie Mae Elliot, a student of last year visited the college the week-end before Thanksgiving.

Miss Helen Johnson will visit her sister Laura Johnson this week-end. Miss Emma Taylor will be the guest of Miss Elizabeth Taylor.

Everybody went home Thanksgiving and it would take volumes and volumes to relate everything that happened so we won't begin.

TUTWILER CLUB NEWS

After that of Thanksgiving holidays:

"Please send us 'way from Monte, Where there's home and fun and play An' there ain't no exams and classes An' you can sleep and sleep all day."

It's such a great relief, after the struggle and strife of school life, to get away and forget the trials and tribulations of the school girl for a while.

All the Tutwilers enjoyed the holidays, enormously, and hated to come back, but all good things must come to an end it seems, and here we are.

Having come to the conclusion that this world is becoming entirely too serious, the Tutwiler girls decided to put a little gaiety into it, last Sunday night. The girls gathered in the club room for an informal party, to laugh, talk, sing, play and eat. They sat around the glowing embers of a friendly fire and sang songs to the accompaniment of guitars and ukeleles. Music still possessed of her age! old charms soon soothed and quieted the most ragged nerves of the most nervous girls, and before the night was far on its way, all cares and troubles were long forgotten. A party without refreshments would be like the proverbial ship without a sail. The hostesses for the night, realizing this, provided fruit for all guests and dear readers, you may decide for yourselves whether or not this part of the program was enjoyed. The hostesses for this delightful occasion were Misses Frances Selden, Lulie B. Sanford, Alene Slade, and Ruth Little.

Miss Dorothy Spier, of Greenville, spent Thursday and Friday of last week with Pauline Curry.

BETA SIGMA DELTA

The Beta Sigma Delta girls enjoyed a very pleasant hike on Sunday with Miss Vanse chaperoning.

Miss Melissa Snyder has returned from her delightful trip to the Pennsylvania State College, where she was the guest of the Kappa Delta house party, and soloist for the "Penny Glee Club" on Pennsylvania Day, the day most celebrated in that State.

Mr. H. O. Williams drove over to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with his daughter, Miss Lucile Williams. He was host to a motor trip to the "Alabama Georgia" game in Birmingham on Thanksgiving Day. Those enjoying this lovely trip with him were: Misses Lucile Williams, Hettie Hinson, Grace Evans, and Irelle Chambers.

As a Thanksgiving gift Mr. Williams donated twenty dollars to the club treasury.

Messrs. Frank Holle, Lewis Simms, Harry Jones, Foreman Smith, Hubbard Smith and Luke Jones were the guests of the club girls on the Sunday before Thanksgiving.

Miss Hettie Hinson also visited with the girls Sunday, and she returned to the college Wednesday, as she has completed her term of practice teaching at Columbiana, Ala.

Miss Grace Evans is expecting Mr. C. A. Whitten, of Mobile, as her guest on the thirteenth of December.

Misses Lucile Williams and Grace Evans will be the guests of Mrs.

To our pledges one and all: Exam. week will soon be right with you,

You've worked all the term that is quite true—

Now don't be afraid,

But make every grade!

In the club we want you, we sure do!

THE KEYNOTE

The third faculty recital of the year will be given on Saturday evening, December 13, by Miss Mary Melissa Snyder, soprano, and Miss Elizabeth Frances Young, pianist. It promises to be an unusually good one and is awaited with much interest.

The program will be:

I.
Rhapsody in B Minor..... Brahms
Miss Young

II.
(a) Canzone..... Josten
(b) Chere Nuit..... Bachelet
(c) Carnaval..... Fourdrain

Miss Snyder

III.
(a) Valse Caprice..... Cyril Scott
(b) Clair de Lune..... MacDowell
(c) Dans de Hamac..... MacDowell
(d) Danse Andalouse..... MacDowell

Miss Young

IV.
Aria, "Ah! Fors' E Lui" (From
La Traviata)..... Verdi

Miss Snyder

V.
(a) Fantaisie Impromptu..... Chopin
(b) Hark, hark! the
Lark..... Schubert-Liszt

Miss Young

VI.
(a) Ecstasy..... Rummel
(b) The Unforeseen..... Cyril Scott
(c) A Feast of Lanterns..... Bantock
(d) Nocturne..... Densmore
(e) A Spring Fancy..... Densmore

Miss Snyder

Elizabeth Blair Chamberlin at the piano.

An interesting study of MacDowell was presented at the last meeting of the Calkin's Music Club on November 14.

The especially good MacDowell program rendered was:

Violin Selection, "To a Wild Rose"—Anne Long.

Piano Selection, "Scotch Poem"—Alice Quarles.

Song, "Thy Beaming Eyes"—Helen Gray McNeil.

The last feature, a musical contest, called "Love in a Flat," was the source of much fun and excitement.

The first two student recitals have shown that we have much talent among the new music students, as well as great improvement in the ranks of the old.

On November 15th and November 22nd, the following programs were rendered:

Prelude in F Major..... Arthur Foote
Nell Burns

Bonnie Wee Thing..... Lehman
Rosina Haygood

Valse Episode..... Kein
Song of the Night-blooming
Cereus..... Emerson

Mary Elizabeth Moody

I Know..... Spross
Helen Gray McNeil

Grillen..... Schumann
Marie Turner

Romance..... Weiss
Genevieve Turberville

Marionette March..... Boyle
Irene Williams

Frank Gordon in Montgomery for two days during the Christmas holidays, and many delightful affairs have been planned for them, one of which will be an "old-fashioned" barn dance at the Gordon's country place near White Hall. Mr. George Evans and Mr. C. A. Whitten will join them at White Hall.

Mrs. T. D. Williams, nee Julia Chester, is expected as the guest of her club sisters soon.

Miss Eva Smith is now holding a responsible position in Birmingham.

The club gave a delightful "feast" on last Saturday night. Only the active member sand pledges were present. Sandwiches, cakes, and salad made up the feast which was enjoyed by all.

Miss Melissa Snyder and Miss Gertrude Snyder were the guests at a dinner party given at Mrs. Jeters Sunday night.

The club regrets that Miss Grace Evans will not be with them after Christmas.

Misses Hettie Hinson, Irelle Chambers and Lucile Williams spent several days in Montgomery last week.

Dr. Robert Knowles, of Boston, was the guest of Miss Mylissa Snyder last week-end.

Misses Gertrude Snyder and Mylissa Snyder motored over to Birmingham during the holidays to attend "Blossom Time" at the Jefferson.

PERSONALS

Mr. May, of Brewton, was the guest of his daughter, Mayhelle, on last week-end.

Martha Henderson and Elizabeth Connor, of Judson, were the attractive week-end guests of Ruth Harrison.

Mrs. C. B. Schade, of Birmingham, visited Nena McDuffie the past week.

The U. D. C. met with Mrs. Crow on Thursday, Dec. 11. The program rendered was impressive and enjoyed by all.

Charlie Mae Elliott, of Leeds, visited Sara Ganzemiller last week.

Stela Bowlne returned to her home in Selma on last Thursday because of illness. We sincerely hope that she will recover completely and return very soon.

Dr. Palmer and Dean Carmichael have returned from Memphis, Tenn., where they represented Alabama College at the twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Institutions.

The Studosis Club entertained at the Pioneer Tea Room on Tuesday, December 9. It was the annual open meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Bell were guests of the college on last Sunday.

Evelyn Scott, Olene Randle and Mel Williams visited friends and relatives here on last Sunday.

We are proud of the honor recently extended to Dr. Peck when she was made vice-president of the women's section of the Southern Medical Association at the recent meeting held in New Orleans.

Mrs. Palmer is visiting her two daughters, Stella and Lula, in Boston. She will spend Christmas in New York with her son and his family.

Novellette Op. 21..... Schumann
Lucy Stevens

Eyes of Irish Blue..... Cook
Helen Bishop

Nocturne in G Major..... Chopin
Marie Hollday

Lady of Dreams..... Mabel Danie's
Reba Dunklin

Scotch Poem..... MacDowell
Alice Quarles

Pleading..... Elgar
Winifred Castleman

Rhapsodie..... Brahms
Genevieve Turberville

Piano Solo
Barcarolle..... Walter Wallace
Althea Hughes

Piano Solo
Evening..... Wright
Miriam Ernst

Piano Solo
Russian Melody..... Friml
Roberta Bailey

Vocal Solo
If God Left Only You..... Densmore
Alice Quarles

Piano Solo
Valse Episode..... Kern
Mary Neilly Willingham

Piano Solo
A Legend of The Plains..... Cadman
Minnie Peebles Johnson

Vocal Solo
Flower Rain..... Schneider
Lucile Clay

Piano Solo
Pensee Poetique..... Klein
Corinne Parrish

Piano Solo
Valse Mignome..... Palmgren
Lucy McCalley

Violin Solo
Romance Dans Parolec..... Wioniaowski
Mary McConaughy

Piano Solo
Russian Dance..... Friml
Mildred Young

Piano Solo
Lento..... Cyril Scott
Helen Hagood

During the Thanksgiving holidays Inez Lane enjoyed a visit from her sister.

Miss Volena Whaley was the guest of friends here on last Tuesday.

Miss Brownfield spent Thanksgiving in Atlanta.

Miss Ollie Tillman was the guest of relatives in Birmingham during the Thanksgiving holidays.

On Wednesday, December 29, at 8 o'clock a. m., the following hikers set out for Birmingham: Bertha Northrup, Myrtle Wilson, Annie Holt Young, Hattie Wilson, Margaret Butler and Miss Tabor. They reached Pelham at 3 p. m. Wednesday, where they spent the night. At 7 the next morning they set out again and reached their destination at 3 p. m. on Thanksgiving Day.

They stopped at the Morris Hotel. The hike was made by walking 50 minutes and resting 10. Each hiker reported a most enjoyable time. During the trip a "log" was kept.

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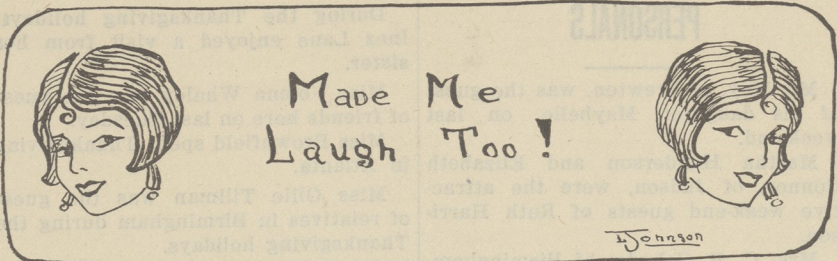
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Old Lady—I want a thermometer.
Clerk—Yes, ma'am, how high do you want it to go?
O. L.—Not too high or too low, but one that will keep the house just about right.

Dumb—Would you kiss a girl under the mistletoe?
Dumber—No, under the nose.

Side—Wait a minute! Don't drop that letter in the box without stamping and addressing it.
Kick—That's all right. It's just an answer to an anonymous letter I received.

Solicitus—What have you been doing for a week back.
Solicitor—Applying Sloan's twice a day.

"Ma, I got 100 in school."
"Fine—what subject did you get it in?"
"Two," said Sammy, "Sixty in reading and forty in spellin'."

Fond Mother—And do you think he looks like his father?
Neighbor—Don't mind that so long as he's healthy.

He—You a housewife? I'll bet you don't know what a needle is for.
She—I do, too. It's for a Victrola.

Fond Mother—Yes, Genevieve is studying French and Algebra. Say 'good morning' to the lady in Algebra, Genevieve.

"Will burying a black cat in a church yard at midnight do away with warts?"
"Yes, if ther're on the cat."

Nervous Lady—I don't like this road. I just know something terrible is going to happen. Conductor, how often do you kill a passenger on this line.
Conductor—Only one, madam.

Pat—How do you tell the age of a turkey?
Mike—By the teeth.
Pat—Turkeys have no teeth.
Mike—No, but I have.

Teacher—Jenny, what is a panther?
Jenny—A panther ith a man who makths panths.

"Is it kisstomary to cuss the bride?" stammered the excited bridegroom.

Irate Father—I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!
Insolent Youth—You're too late! I've already learned.

Tell me, my boy, what is hypocrite?
I'll bite!
He's a fellow who sprinkles gasoline on the tail of his coat to make you think he has an automobile.

Our Nominations for Math, Prof. Rabbits—They multiply rapidly (per Dr. James).
Gordon Gin—It adds to one's breath.
Taxicab Driver—He subtracts from the number of pedestrians.
Burglars—The divide a man and his possessions.

Dentist—He extracts roots.
Lumberman—He is an expert on logs.

"I've a good one here. Want to hear it?"
"Sure, shoot."
"Well, what has two legs and feathers and crows every morning?"
"A rooster."
"Oh, I see. Someone has told you before."

"How's the stove?"
"Oh, it's not so hot."
(P. S.—Neither is this joke.)

Clerk (absently)—Certainly, madam. What size is your gymnasium?

Speaker—And there at my feet yawned a mighty chasm.
Voice in Audience—Well, I don't blame it.

"I want some consecrated lye."
"You mean concentrated lye," answered the druggist.
"It does nutmeg and difference, that's what I camphor. What does it sulphur?"
"Fifteen scents. I never cinnamon with so much wit."

Helen Gray—Please, sir, may I leave class to jump rope?
Mr. Marsh—Why, the kindergarten stunt?
H. G.—I've just taken my medicine and forgot to shake the bottle.

Teacher—Margaret, name an organ of the body.
M. Grayson—The teeth.
T.—What kind of organ is it?
M.—A grind organ.

Only a Story
Dean (questioning sub Freshman as to English preparation)—Have you read anything of Shakespeare?
'28(?)—No, Sir.
Dean—Anything of Milton?
'28(?)—No.
Dean—Well, what have you read?
'28(?)—I have red hair. And he got in, so the story goes.

Fresh to Soph—What course are you taking?
Soph to Fresh—Jewish engineering.
F. to S.—Jewish engineering?
S. to F.—Yep, business administration.

"What have yon in the shape of automobile tires?"
"Funeral wreaths, life preservers, invalid cushions and doughnuts."

"Tommy, when you jumped over that fence you showed your agility."
"I told maw to sew that button on my pants."

Disappointment

"Look."
"Where?"
"That man."
"Stumbling?"
"Yeah."
"Smatter?"
"Corn."
"Really."
"S'truth."
"Where?"
"On his foot."

An Englishman heard an owl for his first time.
"What was that?" he asked.
"An owl," was the reply.
"My deah fellah, I know that, but what was 'owling?"

Chemistry Prof.—Girlie, what is a molecule?
Girlie—It's one of those glass things that Englishmen wear in their eyes.

Jane—Is Sue married?
John—No, is oo?

Pretty Co-ed—I want a pair of bloomers to wear around my gymnasium.

"My face is my fortune."
"Somebody short-changed you."

'27—You know Nora Bayes?
'28—No. Does she?

"I was hit by a cowardly egg."
"What kind of an egg is that?"
"One that hits you and runs."

Another Trick Sentence

Miss Cope (in Soph. English)—"Can someone give me a sentence using the word 'unaware' correctly?"
Lucille N.—"I can."
Miss C.—"All right, let's hear it."
Lucille—"Unaware is what you put on first and take off last."

Cox: "They must have had dress suits in Bible times."
Sapp: "How's that?"
Cox: "It says in the Bible that 'He rent his clothes.'"

Mr. Kelly (giving first assignment): "Take the first fifty pages."
Roberta B.: "What book do we use next time?"

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Ina Mae Malone

Dr. Bacote got his mustache burned off by whistling a hot tune.

Will she turnip her nose?
My Sweet Potato: Do you carrot all for me? My heart beets for you. You are the apple of my eye. If we cantalope lettuce marry. We will be a happy pear.

Gold and Black.

One of the little girls in Kindergarten walked up to Mr. Kelly and asked, "What time does Bloch Hall start?"

I hope no one takes this as reflection on my teaching.

But even that is no dumber than Ruth Little who wants to know if the Kindergarten has to be watered.

"Whoever said Freshman year is the hardest anyway?" asked the hard worked Sophomore.

What's wrong with the calendar? There's something radically wrong with anything that says from Thanksgiving holidays until Christmas is only three weeks. It has already been a young age.

Isma Long wants to know if one can be punished for something they haven't done. Upon being answered "No" she sighed of relief and said "Well, I haven't done my trig."

Annie John: "My father is a great author."
Deety: "What does he write?"
Annie John: "Checks."

If Mr. Ward puts a cross by my name every time I fail to recite, it must look like a graveyard by now.

Soph: "Why does a stork stand on one foot?"
Fresh: "I'll bite, why does he?"
Soph: "If he'd lift the other foot he'd fall down."

(Mouse and an elephant crossing a bridge).
Mouse: "We sho' did shake that bridge didn't we big boy?"
Howard Crimson.

Pertaining to exams' cause I can't get my mind off them:
"Funny it never repeats itself to me," mused Tootie Jack during a history exam.

We read in the Howard Crimson that the "revival of learning" comes just before exams. Mine must be dead for it certainly has failed to revive.

It takes our professors hours and hours to prepare questions for our exams but the point is how many minutes do we take to get ready to take exam.

Gold and Black.

What has become of the old-fashioned student who used to bring up all of his work on time? Yea—he has probably disappeared with the old-fashioned Prof. who realized that his course was not the only one in school and who assigned reasonable lessons.

Plainsman.

In he came
Down he sat
Looked at the questions
And out he got.

Howard Crimson.

Confidential information that even your best friend won't tell you!

What does a big fat man do when he gets to the top of a hill?
Pulls of his hat and pants.

PERSONALS

Miss Louise Forman, the Southern Baptist Traveling Secretary, spent several days as a guest of the college. She was here to further the interest of the students in Baptist student work. She was especially interested in having a Baptist Student Council established.

Miss Andrus attended a musical convention in Winston-Salem and thence to her home in New Haven, Conn., to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with her mother.

ODE TO MAN

I wish you'd quit raggin' us wimmin
'Bout everything under the sun,
The clothes we don't wear,
And our fuzzy bobbed hair,
Ain't none of your business—jest none!

You don't never hear us beratin'
Your waistline an' morals an' socks;
They're homely, Lord knows,
But don't never suppose
That we let 'em give us any shocks.

You're allus so het up an' peevish,
An' scorchin' the atmosphere blue;
We don't get all riled
When you act kinda wild,
An' sling all that langwidge at you!

Can't nothing we do never please you?

Why blame all the mischief on us?
Since old Adam ragged Eve,
I shorely believe
That you men ain't did nothing but fuss!

—Selected.

TRUST

If you stroll into the post office
And there, find no letter,
Just cheer up, there's nothing so bad
But what there's something better.

If today, you get no letter,
Perhaps tomorrow there'll be two,
And I know life well enough
To know that will thrill you.

Perhaps he couldn't write today,
But tomorrow, Oh! his soul;
He'll write and write and write
To pay you the toll.

Isn't it nice to have a fellow,
One that's all true blue,
And even when he skips a day
You know that he loves you.

So trust the gentle laddie
And in "blissful" patience wait,
For if there's no letter today,
Tomorrow will not be too late.
—The Normalite.

There are several freshmen who often wonder if they will ever lok as "seniorfied" as Winnifred and Fluff

The following letters have been found and if the person who lost them will let us know, she may get the remains.

It has been heard all over the campus that Mary Robertson is very anxious to know the price of one of those cute little letters that she sees Helen Townsend wearing on her sweater.

There are some of us who will be glad when we can no longer hear the following remarks from "upperclassmen": "Rat, go ask that man for a piece of chewing gum." "Freshman, tell every girl on this hall that Anny May's right eye itches," etc.

How does a long girl court?
Same as a short.

Why does a cat always whine?
Because he has so many violin strings in him.

A hope chest may have its uses lent; a vanity case gets quicker results.

It is better to have loved a short man than never to have loved a tall.

Why are womens minds so much cleaner than men's?
They change them so often.

Money talks but it never gives itself away.

Parody on "That Old Gang of Mine"
Gee but I'd give the world to see that sweet, sweet man o' mine
I can't forget those dashing eyes that said little girl be mine
Good bye forever old hot shots and stags
Good by forever old buller and brags
Dad burn 'em!
Gee, but I'd give the world to see that sweet, sweet man o' mine!

Ought To Fit

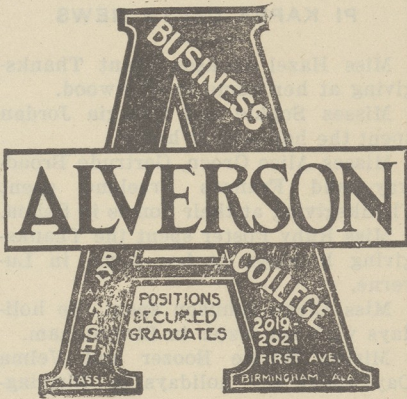
Andrew Jackson: "I want a couple of pillow-cases."

Clerk: "What size?"

Andrew J.: "I don't know, but I wear a size 7 3-4 hat."

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"The Store That Is Different"

Montevallo, Ala.

The Alabamian

Vol. 2.

MONTEVALLO, ALA.,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1924

NUMBER V.

NEW DORMITORY ALABAMA COLLEGE

The building committee of the board of trustees of Alabama College, at a meeting held in Montgomery, Friday, January 9, awarded contracts for the construction of a new dormitory which is to be known as Janet Ramsey Hall, and a new residence for the president.

The general construction contract went to Batson & Cook, of West Point, Ga. The contract price for the erection of both buildings was approximately \$173,000. The new dormitory is to be named in honor of the mother of Erskine Ramsay, Birmingham capitalist, and philanthropist, who donated \$100,000 to the Greater Alabama College campaign. Work on these buildings will begin within the next two weeks.

FRESHMAN CLASS ELECTS OFFICERS

Politics has been in the air since we returned to school after the holidays, and on Friday night, January 9, the freshman class gathered in the chapel for the purpose of expressing, by ballot, their political convictions, and the result of their intensive political thinking. The contest proved to be a heated one, and much interest was shown by the lowly rats, proving perhaps that they are really doing a lot of growing up this year. The result of the election, as reported by the authorities, was as follows: President, Una Franklin; vice president, Lydia Finkler; secretary, Mary Kate Derby; treasurer, Elizabeth Wilson; executive board representative, Edith Delchamps.



PAVEL LUDIKAR
"Figaro"
In Marriage of Figaro



CELIA TURRILL
"Cherubino"
In Marriage of Figaro

Mark of Breeding

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest people uneasy is the best bred in the company.—Swift.

LAURA HUXTABLE PORTER

"Parallelisms in Poetry and Music"

It is difficult to describe Mrs. Porter's work in the programs she presents, since it is so absolutely unlike anything that has been heard before. Mrs. Porter is an originator in this unique association of the arts of poetry and music, and not only reveals a rare discrimination in selecting bits of noble literature and musical compositions identical in mood, but displays remarkable versatility in being able to present both the spoken word and the parallel musical number immediately following with equal power and beauty of interpretation.

Each program is prefaced by a short explanatory lecture, the result being a delightful form of education, as well as entertainment. In fact, these novel presentations have been termed by educators, "The Highest Form of Teaching Poetical and Musical Appreciation." For this reason, these programs are not only sought by Women's Clubs, as being something unusually choice and "different," but they are eminently appropriate and valuable for colleges, schools, music departments, university clubs and all literary and musical organizations.

While a high standard is maintained throughout, the variety of selections featured on each program, appeals to a widely varying range of tastes. Here is an example of what other people think of Mrs. Porter and her work:

"We considered your program one of the most enjoyable, as well as worth while, that we have had for years. Every one was most enthusiastic and told me how greatly they had enjoyed every moment of your 'Parallelisms in Poetry and Music.' Your piano-playing is in itself of the highest order and coupled with your exquisite rendering of the poems, make a unique program long to be remembered with great pleasure, and filling us with the desire to hear you again."

FLORENCE S. GRINFIELD-COXWELL.

President Roxburghe Club, Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Porter is coming to Alabama College on Saturday evening, January 17, and will give the following program:

Introduction	
Sea Fever	Mansfield
Sea Song	MacDowell
The Great Breath	Russell
A Winter Sunset	Porter
The Dandelions	Cone
Prelude (Retrouve en 1918)	Chopin
From "Pippa Passes"	Browning
Chant Polonais	Chopin-Liszt
The Ladies of St. James's	Dobson
Minuet	Boccherini-Joseffy
Country Gardens	Grainger
Leetle Lac Grenier	Drummond
Old French Folk Songs	Tiersot
John Anderson	Burns
Old Gaelic Tune	Arr. by Hopekirk
Leetla Giuseppeppina	Daly
Tarantella	De Paz
From "Pauline"	Browning
Prelude in G major	Rachmaninoff
Epilogue to Asolando	Browning
Finale (Symphonic Etudes)	Schumann

The last meeting of the Calkins Music Club, on December 11, was made more enjoyable by a program by several members of the music faculty. Miss Polly Gibbs, pianiste, rendered Palmgren's "Cradle Song," and Miss Rebecca D. Stoy, contralto, sang "Silent Noon," by Vaughn Williams. Miss May Andrews played on the Victrola, George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," which is novel in—though being a concerto on a jazz theme, really good music.

The interest of the faculty in our work is always appreciated, and we hope to have them on our program again.

Mercury Has No Air

The planet Mercury, according to astronomers, has little if any, air. A test made November 7, 1914, when Mercury passed between the earth and the sun, showed traces of fuzziness, indicating air, around the planet.

"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO"

Alabama College is fortunate in securing for Monday evening, February 2, William Wade Hinshaw's production of "The Marriage of Figaro," by Mozart.

This opera has been given in almost every European country in many languages innumerable times, although it has had comparatively few performances in America and almost none outside of the performance at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where it has always been sung in Italian. In London it has nearly always been given in English at the Royal Opera Covent Garden, but there have been no performances of it in America in English by professional opera companies. Mr. Hinshaw has clearly recognized that given in English and he has had a new libretto made for it in English by H. O. Osgood who has made it into witty up-to-date English with sparkling dialogue and euphonious singable lyrics. The opera thereby becomes a comedy with music—brilliant scintillating music—such only Mozart could write.

For the cast of "Figaro," Mr. Hinshaw has engaged artists of international fame, most of whom have already sung the opera many times in various European opera houses, and a musical director, Ernest Knoch, has made a name for himself as a Mozart director.

The artists are Mme. Clytie Hine, soprano, as "Countess Almaviva;" Miss Edith Fleischer, soprano as "Susanna;" Miss Celia Turrill, mezzo-soprano, as "Cherubino;" Paul Ludikar, bass-baritone, as "Figaro;" Alfredo Valenti, bass-baritone, as "Count Almaviva;" Ralph Brainard, tenor, as "Basilio;" and Herman Gelhausen, baritone, as "Dr. Bartolo."

As produced by Mr. Hinshaw, "Figaro" will delight all, musician and layman alike. It is the most ambitious production as yet undertaken by Mr. Hinshaw for presentation on concert courses. It was written by Beaumarchais as the sequel to his earlier comedy, "The Barber of Seville," and the same characters are carried on with a few new ones added. Figaro, the barber, has been rewarded for his services to the Count Almaviva, in winning the hand of Rosina, who is now the Countess Almaviva, by being made the personal servant of the count. Figaro loves Susanna, maid to the countess, and who is also the object of the ever changeable affections of the count, and it is only through a mesh of clever intrigue in which he is aided by the Countess and her page, Cherubino, that he is able to circumvent the count, save Susanna and force the count's consent to the marriage. Basilio, music teacher, is the obsequious instrument of the count in his escapades with women, and the count receives also aid of Bartolo, and his housekeeper, Marcellina. There are

plots and counter plots which with intrigue and disguises keep one guessing, and the audience is kept in a continuous stream of laughter when not entranced by the rapturous strains of the music.

The marriage of Figaro was given in Carnegie Hall in November, and the New York Times said of it:

"A comedy with a bedroom discreetly off stage, many panel doors, a painted screen and such like paraphernalia of polite flirtation, all curtained lavishly in metal-lustre silks of up-to-date Broadway, entertained a laughing audience are rarely entertained in classic concert rooms. 'Les Folies d'un Jour' of Beaumarchais, the aristocratic 'Follies' of a day as old as America's War of Independence, but musically immortalized in Mozart's 'Marriage of Figaro,' was presented by William Wade Hinshaw's company as the latest of a half dozen sequels to the little Mozart operas given some years ago by Metropolitan stars who established the Society of American Singers.

In the laughter, applause and flowers of last night's house lay a demonstration of the delight of "opera in English," when rehearsed and rejuvenated to eye and ear by accomplished artists. Done with spoken dialogue—as "Figaro" was in Paris even at the time of the French Revolution, the play was appreciated and the arias and light ensembles also were often clearly heard in words as well as melody. The text, like Krehbiel's version of "The Impresario" among its predecessors, was done over by H. O. Osgood from the Italian libretto of that hale Columbian, Lorenzo da Ponte, who lies buried in New York.

If Pavel Ludikar exaggerated the accent of Figaro, he acted the famous Seville barber with a fine swagger. Edith Fleischer, late of the Daguerrians, achieved English as neat as the maid Susanna's nimble ankles. Clytie Hine and Alfredo Valenti, the former Alfred Kaufman of the Century Opera, were a distinguished Countess Rosina and Count Almaviva, while a Covent Garden Cherubino, Miss Celia Turrill, put the dancing finish to many a duo and terzet. She also "doubled" as the old Marceline, as did Ralph Brainard for the Basilio and a Justice of the Peace, and Herman Gelhausen for both a gardener and old Bartolo.

Ernest Knoch, hero of Monday's English "Rhinegold" by another troupe, led Mr. Hinshaw's specially engaged orchestra of twenty-five Philharmonic men. A large audience and one fashionably late in arriving delayed the start, but remained keenly interested till the end, near midnight. The opera was brilliantly costumed from quaint design by Ethel Fox, a daughter of the late James Fox of the Metropolitan."

New Definition

Little Henry was visiting his grandparents in Princeton. He came rushing into the house one morning and asked: "Grandma, has grandpa got a sawdust pump?"

An auger was the instrument he had in mind.—Indianapolis News.

SCHEDULE FOR BASKET BALL GAMES

January 17.—Birmingham Southern vs. Alabama College.

January 31.—Jacksonville State Normal vs. Alabama College.

February 13.—Woman's College vs. Alabama College.

Everybody back the team; it is the best of all the teams. Our college has the reputation of clean sportsmanship. Let us make our college spirit and good sportsmanship even better than it has been in the past. No one wants to miss the game Saturday, January 17, when our team will play its first game. Be there wit hall your pep.



EDITH FLEISCHER
"Susanna"
In Marriage of Figaro

DEAN CARMICHAEL RESUMES REGULAR DUTIES

Dean O. C. Carmichael, who has been on leave of absence for the past year, has again resumed his regular duties, releasing Mr. Ward, who has been engaged as director of the Million Dollar Drive, and the student body wishes to express its appreciation for the splendid type of work he has done in the interest of the institution, as well as to welcome him heartily, as he returns to us to take up again his official duties.

ALABAMA COLLEGE DOWNS BIRMINGHAM-SOUTHERN, 35-30

Even though the weather was storming, a swift game of basket ball was witnessed by a large crowd in the gym Saturday afternoon. Both teams displayed excellent pass work. The game was the first played by the Alabama College team since change in the rules was made. However, she "lead the line" throughout the game. During the last quarter all held their breath with suspense for Monte's position became doubtful against the strong Birmingham-Southern team. The latter improved perceptibly in speed and accuracy during the last half. The score at end of first half was 28-14 in favor of Monte, but when time was called for for last quarter the score was 35-30, with both teams showing strength, and confidence in the victory.

The "Southern" girls are good players and equally good sports. The game was made more interesting by the two teams being as nearly matched.

Fad and Keahey showed superior work and thrilled the fans with many fiel dthrows. Sket, taking Keahey's play one quarter, lived up to her old form. Berriman promises to be a strong center, showing admirable work in her first game, displaying both poise and alacrity in work. Mabel Preston, also a freshman, did splendid pass work.

Helen and Bill did not disappoint their line of supporters. They showed their stuff in the usual way. Alabama College has the stuff, She treats 'em square, but treats 'em rough.

She's sure to keep her old time fame Because she plays a true sports game.



SCENE FROM MARRIAGE OF FIGARO

THE ALABAMIAN

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GETTING THIN FOR CHRISTMAS

A long hall of a dormitory, lined with trunks. A door bursts open and a tousled head sticks out.

"Oh Sal! Come 'ere quick!"

"What'ye want?" came the muffled reply.

"Just got a 'special.' Hurry!"

The reply, "I'm coming right now," was true. Sal came running down the hall and entered Sue's room in such a hurry that she knocked her hip against the foot of a bed.

"Oh boy," laughed Alice, "You're getting so fat, Sal, you can't get in the room. Better let Sal eat her's in the hall, because if she gained any while she was in this room she'd never be able to get out."

From Sue, "That's the truth. How much have you gained since we came, Sal?"

"Why do you want to bring up such a painful subject on such a pleasant occasion?" moaned Sal. "Every one of you know I've gained fifteen pounds in the last six weeks and we have six more weeks before Christmas, so I guess I'll gain fifteen more. Oh! Horrors! I hadn't thought about it before, Don will be at home with his new 'frat' pin and he won't be able to put his arm around me to put it on." Sal fell on the bed in the midst of the wrapping paper from the box and wept shamelessly while the others howled with joy at the tragic(?) situation. Everybody on that hall knew of Sal's "Don" and of the "Specials" he sent every Sunday. Alice and Sue also knew that Sal had sent Don a snapshot of herself and that the "Special" that came after he had received it had been shorter than the others, he had actually mentioned meeting another girl, and to cap the climax of woe, he had said, "from your snapshot they must feed you all well up there." Thus, at any teasing remark about her weight Sal melted into tears. Alice's untimely remark: "Oh, hush, Sal. Boys never do stick to one girl long anyway," only increased Sal's woe. Soon they realized that Sal was really hurt and they stopped their teasing.

Sue, always backing Sal, jumped on the bed with her and shook her: "Hush, Sal. I have a brilliant idea! If you don't hush and listen I won't tell you a word of it."

Sal cried less violently and Sue unfolded her plan. "If you've gained fifteen pounds in six weeks, why can't you lose fifteen pounds in six weeks?"

"Oh, I can't. I'm one of the kind that get fat quick, but never lose. And I just can't stop eating. I'd just as soon die." Sal dived back into the pillow and renewed her wails.

Sue was nothing daunted. She and Sal were friends from "prep" school days and she knew how to rouse her. "Listn, Sal, do you love Don?"

From the pillow, "You, you know I do."

"Well, do you want him to give that 'frat' pin to that other jane?"

"Oh-h-h-h," from the pillow.

"Then for heaven's sake don't be a jelly-fish and let her get him. You can make yourself do without sweets and take exercise every night and you surely ought to fall off some before Christmas."

"I'll do it, Sue. I will. If it kills me. I'll fall off fifteen pounds before Christmas or bust."

"Nobly said," shouted Alice, "fifteen rahs for Sal, Sal, Sally!"

And Sal stuck to her word. For five weeks she had eaten practically nothing but fruit. She was thin and pale. Alice and Sue were worried sick and begged her to eat. "Come on, Sal, and eat this roll. Just one won't make

you fat and you know you almost fainted coming up the steps today."

"No. I can't. If I eat one thing that's fattening I'll keep right on and gain some more."

"But, Sal, Dr. Marshall asked me about you today and it was all I could do to keep from telling her. Just because Don hasn't sent you a 'Special' for two weeks is no reason for you to kill yourself."

"Oh, I wish you all would let me alone."

"I'm going to get a box from home tonight. Will you eat a little then, Sal? Mother said she was putting in a loaf of nut-bread especially for you."

"If you all will stop worrying me now I'll promise to eat some tonight. I'm trying to write a letter to Don to return his high school pin and I can't think." When the supper o'ng sounded she had not written on that satisfied her, so she continued to write. When Sue and Alice came up from supper, bringing the box of "eats" from Sue's homefolks, she had just sealed her letter and put in on the table by the little box that held the pin.

"All right, Sue, bring on the food. From now on I'm going to eat, drink and be merry—and fat. No more men in my young life to worry over." But here she did on unaccountable thing—put her head down in her hands and cried as if her heart would break. Sue and Alice exchanged wise glances but said never a word of Don. Instead, they began to open Sue's box and spread the good things on the table.

"Here, Sal, here's the whole breast of the chicken and a piece of that nut-bread."

"Remember what you promised us, Sal," from Alice when Sal made no move to take it. Sal took it and began eating reluctantly but her reluctance soon vanished. She realized that she was famished and simply ravenous. Sue and Alice were so happy to see her eat that they could not fix things fast enough and they decided to feed all of the box that she would eat, to Sal, before they called in any of the other girls. Sal ate nearly the whole chicken—and every crumb of the loaf of nut-bread. By the time that she had finished all this she began to have a queer feeling in her chest and head, and stomach and before the light bell rang she was too sick to hold up her head. Her stomach, unused to food for so long, had revolted at the large quantity she had eaten. Alice ran for Mr. Marshall while Sue bathed Sal's head and tried to help her bear the pain. Dr. Marshall soon arrived and carried Sal to the infirmary where she was treated for her overeating, as only college doctors can. And only by reason of this rigid treatment was Sal able to leave for the Christmas holidays when all of the others did. As she kissed Sue good-bye at the train she said, "I'll write at least once during the holidays, Sue. There'll be nothing to tell you because I'll not be doing a thing, but I'm going to write because I love you 'so good'."

The conductor said, "All aboard, Miss. The train's fixin' to leave." So Sal had to jump on and she and Sue exchanged frantic waves until they lost sight of each other.

Sue's surprise was great, when on the day after Christmas she received the following letter from Sal:

Christmas Night, 11:30 P. M.
Dearest Old Sue:

Mamma and dad have sent Don home and made me come to bed at this hour because they said we both needed rest. But I just had to tell you (I almost feel like you're a part of me) how happy I am. Oh, Sue! There is an ATO pin on my pajamas (thosedarling pajamas you gave me)

right over my heart. It's precious, in more ways than one. Now I'll tell you why Don didn't send those two "Specials" or write. He broke his right arm in that football game that we were so proud he was allowed to "sub" in and got a knock on the head that made him unconscious for an hour or two. You know the game was on Saturday and that accounts for that Sunday's "Special." He couldn't write the next week so he sent me a box of flowers. That must have been that unclaimed "Special" that had no name on it when it reached college. It never entered my head to claim it because Don had never sent me flowers. You know I told you how funny and dear he is (he was dear to me all the time, even when I wouldn't admit it to myself), he didn't want me to know he had broken his arm because, as he said, he didn't want to pull the "wounded hero stuff." And he was the hero of that game! I'm too proud of him for words. Dad is tapping on the door, so I'll have to stop. I can never thank you enough for these darling pajamas.

I love you none the less for loving Don so much and I could not love you more.

SAL.

P. S.—Don can use his left arm beautifully—I mean in encircling things. I had to cut his turkey up for him.

P. S. 2—Don says he doesn't care how fat I get, but I will never get that fat again.

—LILLIAN PROOUT.



RALPH BRAINARD
"Don Basilio"
In Marriage of Figaro

First Aid for Neuralgia

As a remedy for neuralgia get a thick slice of bread, soak one side in boiling water and sprinkle cayenne pepper over the dry, hot side and apply to the face. This application is better than a mustard plaster, as it does not blister the face.

Flowers' Preferences

There seems to be something about certain persons that violets really dislike, and not only will they withhold their perfume but they will droop as well. Much the same kind of thing has been observed in the more delicate sorts of roses.

Uncle Eben

"De discovery of a new comet," said Uncle Eben, "makes a heap o' talk. But when you comes right down to human requirements, 'tain't near as important as de discovery of a two-dollar bill in last winter's pants."—Washington Star.

Free Speech Imperative

Free speech is to a great people what winds are to oceans and malarial regions, which waft away the elements of disease, and bring new elements of health; and where free speech is stopped, miasma is bred and death comes fast.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Bar "Fat Lady"

"Fat ladies" will be banned from future Oxford fairs, municipal authorities have decided. Corpulent women seated on a stage before scores of gaping eyes constitute "the most vulgar sort of shows," a civic committee decided after visiting a recent fair.

Cheating Inventive Talent

It is a special trick of low cunning to squeeze out knowledge from a modest man who is eminent in any science and then to use it as legally acquired and pass the source in total silence.—Horace Walpole.

Many Legends About
Scots' Patron Saint

From time immemorial, St. Andrew has been the patron saint of Scotland, to whom November 30 has been dedicated. He first comes to our knowledge through the gospels, which state that he was the brother of Simon Peter, and a son of Jonas, a fisherman of Bethsaida; on the northwestern shore of the Sea of Galilee. He had been a disciple of John the Baptist, but left his former master and attached himself to our Lord, to whom he brought his brother, Simon Peter, says the Springfield Republican.

The traditions about St. Andrew are various. The early Father Eusebius states that he preached in Scythia on the north side of the Black sea. Jerome and Theodoret named Achala, or southern Greece, as the field of his labors after the ascension of our Lord; and he is said to have been crucified at Patras in Achala on a cross in the form of the letter X, known since then as St. Andrew's cross.

Two hundred and eighty years later his bones were removed to Constantinople. About the year 600 they were again exhumed and committed to the care of a pious man named Rule or Regulus, who, after a stormy voyage of a year and a half, was wrecked on the promontory of the Wild Boar on the North sea, now the coast of Fifeshire, Scotland. Out of the wreck Regulus saved the bag containing the bones of St. Andrew.

Regulus was received with gratitude and affection by the people; a piece of ground was gifted by the king to God and St. Andrew, and the bones were again interred. In a cave in a sandstone cliff hard by Regulus took up his abode, to guard the place where the treasure lay, and to preach the gospel of Christ. Through the preaching of the holy man many of the Picts were converted and the little monastery of wicker work or chapel of rude stones gathered from the neighboring beach, which had been built over the place where the bones of the apostle had been laid, became a place of sacred pilgrimage. A little town sprang up close by and received the name of St. Andrew's. The great cathedral of St. Regulus, the ruins of which still dominate the old town, was erected in honor of him who had brought to the place the bones of the apostle, and renown. In this way St. Andrew became the patron saint of Scotland.

W. J. Mitchell

DENTIST

Phone 25
Montevallo, Ala.

'Huh!'

"Stop at Hendrick's!
That's all!"

Mona M.
Davis

Everything to Wear
for the College Girl

MONTEVALLO, ALA.

Compliments of

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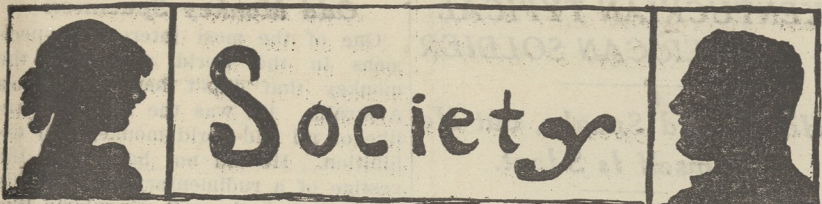
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very latest in
New Spring Materials



Society

CASTALIAN CLUB NEWS

We are sorry to have lost from our number two members and a pledge. Twitty, an old member, and Evelyn Norris, a promising pledge, found it inconvenient to return. Gage was unable to keep up her work on account of ill health so she came back for just a few days to pack her things and bid her many friends good by. The last night a few of the members cooked supper at the club room and made merry with her before she left.

Santa was good to us all, but none of the members seem to have made use of the last of Leap Year, though Patty vows she did and Mrs. Lyman says "Hattie hasn't eaten much lately."

"A." Murpree is in her glory now making the pledges work. You should see Rosa reading French, Julia manicuring her nails, and Fannie cleaning the room! "R." comes in for her share of making them work, and they've learned that it's best to dodge granny.

Pledges, that's not anything compared to what you'll have to do later and, take this tip from me, initiation is fierce! The slats are ready!

We are glad that the following pledges are eligible for initiation: Fannie Morton, Mary Robertson, Rosa Perry, Lucy Stevens and Lucy McCalley. Luke, how'd you ever do it?

We are proud of everyone of you and are looking forward to initiation eagerly.

On Sunday, the 14th of December, the Alpha Omega Club, with the assistance of Miss Sutphen and Rev. Carmichael, held a Christmas service at the Aldrich prison. After several Christmas carols were sung Rev. Carmichael delivered a most interesting and inspiring address. The club also donated presents to the Community Christmas tree at Wilton.

The pledges have started their daily routine and they have found that the Alpha Phi Omega doesn't mean may-be when they say "do."

Miriam Ernst spent a week of the Christmas holidays with relatives and friends in Birmingham, and a week with Catherine Ortmann in Demopolis.

HOCKEY NEWS

Well! We've had our rain; now we'll have our hockey. Come all ye seniors and juniors for those freshmen and sophs certainly have a goodly number who expect to be T-H-E stars and the way they've learned to send the ball flying seems reason enough that there's chance for them; unless the seniors and juniors come out and make the balls skid across the old field and into the goal.

PHILODENDROI CLUB NOTES

Miss Helen Chancellor will have as her guests soon Misses Ellie and Ruby DeLoach, of Childersburg.

Miss Tabor was recently called to New York on account of the illness of her mother. Every club member wishes for Mrs. Tabor a speedy, sure recovery.

Neither Miss Mitylene Vildibill, Birmingham, nor Miss Mary Gillard, Goodwater, has returned to school from the holidays because of illness. It is hoped that they may come back soon.

Miss Clara Redden, Vernon, Ala., will not resume her studies at Montevallo this year. Clara was a jolly, good pledge and it is not easy to give her up.

The next big part of club life is initiation week and "Coming Out" night. Everyone is looking forward to these events.

ALEPH SAAHE

All of the members are back after having enjoyed the Christmas holidays and are planning great things for the club during the New Year.

Just before going home the club received a pleasant surprise in the form of a box from our former president, Gussie Haygood, who is teaching home economics, at Girard, Ala.

We are looking forward to taking the pledges into the club and intend to give them a hearty welcome.

TUTWILER CLUB NEWS

The following pledges made the required average in the first term's work and are eligible for initiation: Martha Fugay, True Marble, Irma Long, Margaret Coleman, Margaret Grayson, Mary Elizabeth Moody, Alice Alsobrook, Mary Wiley and Kathleen McCormick. Overnight, these girls seem to have developed most amiable trails of character and are unusually willing to be of any assistance to all Tutwilers. Like the proverbial thunder-bolt out of clear skies. All kinds of good trails in their make-ups, long forgotten and grown rusty because of disuse, come suddenly bubbling to surface and vie with each other for favor of old members of the club. We wonder why?

Hattie McLeod has decided to remain at home the remaining months of winter. Her many friends down here regret that she will not be back with us.

Ina Mae Malone is ill at her home in Anniston. We hope that she will soon be able to come on back to Montevallo.

Bettie Reid, a former student at Alabama College, has returned to school to be here for the remaining months of this year. She attended Wesleyan College the first of this year.

Gladys McLeod, a graduate of Alabama College, is coming back to take a post-graduate course. She is expected to be here the first of next week.

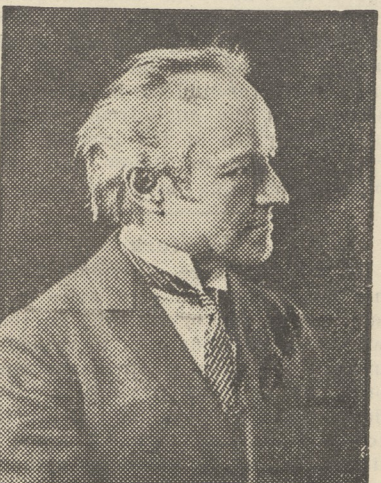
Mary Easterly is back with us this year. We think she's starting the year off right, much to the delight of all Tutwilers.

Another victory for Dan Cupid, with all his love-poisoned arrows, cleverness and secret devices, he wages furious onslaught on those favored by him—we have another victim who has surrendered completely and wholly to his King of Hearts.

Mayo Pardue, a former student of Alabama College, became the bride of Mr. Maurice Hammond, of Keystone, Ala., during the Christmas holidays. We wish for them all the happiness that the years can hold.



HERMAN GELHAUSEN
"Bartolo"
In Marriage of Figaro



ERNEST KNOCH
Musical Director of Marriage of Figaro

PERSONALS

Bettie Reid has returned to Alabama College after spending the first term at Wesleyan, Macon, Ga. We are very glad to welcome her back here.

We regret that Hazel Hendrick will be with us no longer. She began the second semester at Woman's College, where she is to pursue her higher studies.

Mary Easterly is back at her Alma Mater where she will seek a degree this June. It is a pleasure to have her with us once more.

Kathryn and Jessie Hobbs Morrison returned to school late Monday afternoon, having been detained by the critical illness of their cousin, Eugene Morrison, Jr.

The many friends of Miss Mary Lewis cordially welcome her upon her return from Europe.

Doctor and Mrs. Palmer have returned from New York, where they spent the holidays with their son and daughters.

Bettie Reid is spending the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reid, in Selma.

Evelyn Norris is spending the winter quarters at home. Her many friends regret the loss of her from our college number.

Miss Annie Louise Moon was the guest of Nena McDuffie and Lula Hawkins for the Birmingham-Southern game.

Hattie McLeod is not returning this term and we all miss her very much. However, we are hoping to have her sister, Gladys, with us soon.

Kathryn Angle, Alice Bargainer and Annie Mae Skinner spent the past week-end in Columbiana.

Mary Kathryn Willingham is ill in a Birmingham infirmary, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Joyce Stapler was unable to return with the rest of us on account of the illness of her mother. We are glad to have her with us now, however.

Charlotte Smith decided to begin the new year right by returning to "Monty." We are glad to have her with us again.

Ina Mae Malone is ill at her home in Anniston. Her many friends will be anticipating a speedy recovery and look forward to her return at an early date.

Weedie Reynolds is spending the winter with her family in Clanton.

We regret that Gage Morton had to return to her home in Bessemer on account of illness and will not be with us this term.

Kathryn Angle and Mary Dudley Gray are spending the week-end in Birmingham with relatives and friends.

Christine Mitchell was unable to return for several days on account of illness. However, she is back with us now and we are glad to have her.

THE KEYNOTE

The third student recital on December 13 was a varied and interesting one. The program rendered was:

Piano solo, "Valse Caprice" (Karganoff), Miriam Ernst.

Vocal solo, "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" (Quilter), Katherine Kirkland.

Piano solo, "Tarantella" (Prezonska), Charles Mehaffey.

Vocal solo, "Florian Song" (Godard), Althea Hughes.

Piano solo, "Song Caprice" (MacDowell), Irene Wilalims.

Vocal solo, "Rose Softly Blooming" (Spchr), Elizabeth Granberry.

Piano solo, "Danse Polonaise" (J. Albert Jeffery), Grace Black.

Violin solo, "Romance Op. 40" (Beethoven), Mary McConaughy.

Piano solo, "Toccato" (Jonas), Genevieve Turberville.

Vocal solo, "A Dream" (Bartlett), Minnie Peebles Johnson.

Piano solo, "Fantasie Impromptu" (Chopin), Alice Mahler.

Trio in C major, "Allegro" (Mozart), Florence London, pianiste; Anne Long, violiniste; Louise Glover, celliste (teacher).

Problems of Immigration

Of the 14,000,000 foreign-born in this country, it is estimated that nearly one-fourth cannot speak the English language and that 3,000,000 others cannot read it.

HUMORIST MADE HIT AT GRANT BANQUET

Mark Twain's Deft Compliment to Great Soldier.

The first meeting of Samuel L. Clemens and General Grant—men most unlike, yet destined to be closely associated—was in 1868 when Mark Twain was a newspaper correspondent in Washington. He had arranged for an interview with Grant, says the Mentor, and had looked forward to it with lively expectations, but when he gazed into the imperturbable, unsmiling face of the soldier he found himself for once in his life with nothing in particular to say. Grant nodded to him and waited in silence. At last Mark Twain's native resources came to his rescue.

"General," he said, "I seem to be a little embarrassed. Are you?"

That broke the ice, and all went well with them thereafter.

In 1879 they met again. Meanwhile Mark Twain had become world famous, and General Grant had been President of the United States twice and had made a tour of the world, receiving an ovation in every land. On his return the Army of the Tennessee gave him a magnificent reception in Chicago, and the greatest men of the country were there to pay him tribute, Mark Twain among them.

Carter Harrison, then mayor of Chicago, was host and when Mark Twain came in introduced him to Grant. The general greeted him gravely and then looking Mark calmly in the eye, said, "Mr. Clemens, I am not embarrassed; are you?"

On that night, when Logan, Hurlbut, Vilas, Woodford, Pope, Robert G. Ingersoll and other brilliant men spoke, Mark Twain, although he was not called on until half past two in the morning at the end of a long list of speakers, was the bright particular star. Mark Twain had responded at many public dinners most happily to the toast "The Ladies," but for this occasion with whimsical fancy he chose "The Babies." His opening words were:

"We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals or poets or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies we stand on common ground."

At that the tired audience waked up and with each sentence the enthusiasm of the assembly grew visibly and audibly. When he reached the beginning of his final paragraph, "Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are," the vast audience waited breathless for his conclusion: "And now in his cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth—an achievement which—meaning no disrespect—the illustrious guest of this evening also turned his attention to some 56 years ago."

He paused, and the vast crowd had a chill of fear. After all he seemed likely to overdo it.

No one knew better than Mark Twain the value of a pause. He waited long enough to let the silence become absolute; then, wheeling to Grant himself, he said with the dramatic power of which he was master: "And if the child is but the father of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded!"

The crowd responded with a roar of appreciation. Even Grant's iron serenity broke, and he shook with laughter.

Did His Best

A young couple, recently married, had been riding with some friends. On reaching home the bride hurried the new husband up to the apartment with orders to start the coffee boiling, while she made a few necessary purchases at a neighboring store. Her consternation at the absent-minded and well-meaning husband was beyond bounds when on hurrying into the kitchen she found the coffee boiling in the new electric percolator on top of the new gas stove, well surrounded by a high flame.—Indianapolis News.

Mean Trick Played on Indian Water Goddess

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the large artificial lakes that have been made in all parts of India, for upon the regular supply of water from them the agriculturists depend for the growth of their crops.

Many of these tanks have been built at great expense, and it is not surprising that the protection of some god or goddess is necessary for the peace of mind of the people.

A collection of legends connected with such tanks would not be without interest. In the Kadur district of the Mysore state, there is a large artificial reservoir, known as Ayankore, well known to planters who frequently enjoy duck shooting there.

The legend connected with this lake is as follows: Though the goddess of the neighborhood permitted the construction of the bund, which held up the waters of the river, she was never really pleased about the matter. After a number of years her patience was exhausted, and when the waterman, in charge of the sluices, visited the place in the early morning, she accosted him, and then informed him that she had determined to destroy the bund, and allow the waters to flow in their usual course. The waterman thought of the king and the royal family, and the thousands of people in the town of Sacrapatna below.

Falling down before the goddess he pleaded that he might be permitted to go to the town and inform the people of the impending disaster, so that they, at least, might be saved. The goddess relented, and declared that she would not destroy the dam until the waterman returned to tell her that the necessary warning had been given. Delighted to be able to convey the warning to the king, the waterman ran to the town, and obtained permission to see the king.

On hearing the condition laid down by the goddess, the king quickly saw a way of escape. He immediately gave orders that the waterman's head should be cut off, so that he should not be able to return to the goddess. Hence it is that the dam still holds. The goddess still waits patiently for the coming of the waterman, and holds faithfully to her promise.

Word of Old Origin

The word "luke" in "luke-warm," simply means warm, being derived from an old word "leu" meaning warm. The word was kept, but a translation was added; later on, however, people forgot that the word "warm" was a translation of "luke," and thought that the "luke" part must refer to some special kind of warmth. In this way the "tepid" meaning evolved.

The Lawless Average

One trouble with the average man is that he generally considers himself above the average.—Des Moines Register.

P. D. D. Pendleton

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Kendrick's Barber Shop

For 20 Years Alabama's

Best Shoe Store

WE CAN FILL YOUR MAIL ORDERS

Guarantee Shoe Co.

BIRMINGHAM ANNISTON BESSEMER ENSLEY



Made Me
Laugh Too!



By Jonathan

Dear Papa:

I betcha, papa, that you are happy like anything to get from me a letter. Honest, papa, I am sorry that I could not make you happy before, but I was so busy seeing different things and different people, that I could not find my time by which I should say something. It's funny thing, papa, but in this college, which is supposed to be a good example from Democracy, we have plenty from class division. And these classes has not names just like human people. The fellers what come in this college for the first time, they are Frenchmen. That is one religion what we has got lots of. Then the fellers from the second year, they are all Italians, because they are called "Wep-percassmen." The fellers in my class, they are from the same religion like I am, because everybody calls them Jewniors, while the oldest fellers, they must be Spanish, for they are known as Seniors. Did you ever see such a thing, papa?

They do a thing here, papa, which I thought only farmers do, but I guess that I made a big mistake. But even now I don't see how it's going to be. All the girls they are all excited, and one time when I heard one holler, "Hey, c'mon and wate hthe haysing," so I ran like everything and what do I see, papa? Again, papa, I ask you, what do I see? Papa, I didn't even see a load of hay. All I saw was some crazy girls running around with their hair rolled up, and their coats turned inside-out, an ddoing funny things. Maybe the girl what told me to see the haysing was drunk. I'm almost historical with nervous trouble.

Hoping you are the same,
Your loving daughter,
IZZIE (Boston Beanpot)

He—My, what grand children.
She—Sir, these are my daughters.

Razz—I see that John Barrymore is coming here in two weeks.
Berry: I'd much rather see him in "Three Weeks."

He—Ouch! I just bumped my crazy-bone.
She—Well, comb your hair right and the bump won't show.

I'm alone. Ain't we.
How many in that berth?
Only one. Here's our ticket.

By—Jacks certainly engaged in some shady undertakings.
Gosh—What's he been doing?
Hanging awnings.

Wears her stockings wrong side out because there's a hole in the other side.

Quinine—If Minnie, in Indian, means water, what does Minnesota mean?
Arsenic—I'm sure I don't know.
Quinine—Sota water, you poor thing.

Nat H.—When is sugar like a pig's tooth?
Mary H.—Why, how should I know?
Nat—When it's in a hogshead, of course.

Mary H.—What do kings do when they die?
Edith E.—Don't know; what?
Mary—Lie perfectly still.

If all the women in the world went to China where would the men go?
To Pekin, silly.

Why does a sculptor die a horrible death?
Why?
Because he makes faces and busts.

He—What makes you such a keen girl?

She—Why when I was young daddy used to spank me with a razor strap and it kept me on edge all the time.

Mary H.—Why don't you ever laugh at my jokes?
Nat H.—I'm near sighted and can't see the point.

Girlie—I'm working hard to get ahead.

Liz H.—You need one.

We know a girl who has such a pug nose that every time she sneezes she blows her hat off.

Is there an opening here for a bright young lawyer?
Yes; please close it when you go out.

She—Say something soft and sweet to me.

He—Custard pie.

Wife (in a rage)—Are all men fools?
Hubby (meekly)—No! Some are bachelors.

Mother (aside)—Edna, your collar looks tight.

She—Oh, but mother, he isn't.

Hey Pop! The goat just ate a jack-rabbit.

Daugit! Another hare in the butter.

If I were not myself

I wonder who I'd be;

Do you reckon I'd have my name

If not, who would be me

It would be so funny, were I not me

I think I'd like to try it out

Just for adventure, don't you see?

I wonder what I'd think about

This person I used to be—

I don't think I'd like to tell

'Cause truth does not agree

With what I'd like to be quite well.

But wouldn't things be a joke

If I found there is no me

But another fellow just wears my

yoke

And I couldn't make him see

I'd try to speak but I'd have no

tongue

I'd try to slap but have no hands

It would be no joke if sprung

Upon a person in this land

Because they never would agree

To let another be that me

So I think it best, by far

That we all be who we are.

—Anny May Skinner.



CLYTIE HINE
"Countess"
In Marriage of Figaro



ALFREDO VALENTI
"Count"
In Marriage of Figaro

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Ina Mae Malone

How strange—to see freshmen working. No doubt there's a reason. Perhaps more than one—a whole club full, I dare say.

Freshmen are not the only ones at work, either. Blame that on punk reports and encouragement from home.

Miss Monk was provoked with her class and tempted to give them a test—but a quivering little voice from the back of the room, "Yield not to temptation."

Tom: "S'neagle."

Dick: "S'not s'neagle; s'nowl."

Harry: "S'neither; s'nostrich."

First Freshman: "Where are the shower baths?"

Second Freshman: "I don't know; I've only been here three weeks myself."—N. C. Buccaneer.

Love may be blind but those sitting near a spooning couple at the movies aer not.

Miss Vickery: "Girls, I am dismissing you early today. Please go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes."

Fond mother from regions above: "Dear, will you ask the young man to turn on the light and shut the front door from outside."—Exchange.

They say that a fool an dhis money are soon parted but what worries me s how they ever got together in the first place.

Everywhere you go you hear people discussing evolution, but why worry about where we came from. I am much more interested in where I am going.

We always feel sorry for the poor girl who gets her complexion on one cheek higher than the complexion on the other cheek.

If women are to wear ears again, men will have to be more careful of what they say.

Screen Opera Planned

A new departure in moving-picture production will take place shortly on the leading Paris stage, for M. Rouche, director of the opera, is arranging to show films with a musical accompaniment of special significance. The plan has been under special consideration for a couple of years, but there were objections not easy to overcome, says the St. Paul Dispatch.

For the first opera movie the "Miracle des Loups" is the film selected, for which M. Henri Rabaud of the institute, director of the Conservatoire of Music and a well-known composer, is furnishing an original musical score. This blending of the oldest and the youngest of the arts naturally will interest both the vast public of the opera and that of the film halls, where the musical program has come to be recognized as of great importance to the effect produced by the pictures.

Darwin's Misfortune

"It was somewhat unlucky for Darwin, but fortunate for the caricaturists," Mr. Furniss writes concerning the great naturalist, "that popular opinion credited him with the theory that man originated from monkeys. He was uncommonly like one himself. His intellectual head in profile bore a remarkable resemblance to the ape—his bushy eyebrows, his deep-set, penetrating eyes, short nose, and his thought-wrinkled face. . . . I have heard artists advance the theory that men's faces, expressions, and even the shape of their heads gradually take their expression and form from the subject with which they are mentally engrossed. Yet I only recollect one man mentioned as an illustration of that absurd theory—and he was Darwin.—London Tit-Bits.

Christmas Custom Passing

The custom of burning the Yule log on Christmas eve is not generally observed in England. The custom is still followed in some of the rural sections. It is more prevalent in the Scandinavian countries.

KENTUCKIAN TYPICAL AMERICAN SOLDIER

His Record Speaks, but He Himself Is Silent.

Kentucky has the most modest hero of the World war.

She also has the "heroest hero" of the same war in the self-same individual, and her claim to this distinction is attested by General Pershing and Marshal Foch, says a special dispatch from Lexington, Ky., to the Washington Star.

Kentucky's star hero is Sgt. Willie Sandlin, from Devil's Jump branch Hell-fer-Sartin creek, Leslie county, and he looks the part, with a wiry frame, determined jaw and keen eye, fearless as a fighter, but extremely shy at all attempts to exhibit his deeds.

Willie—not a nickname, but a full-fledged monicker—was induced to come to Lexington for a celebration as the honored guest of Hugh McKee post 677, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and was introduced by R. E. Lee Murphy, state commander.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars elected him to membership in that organization for 20 years without payment of dues, with the promise that his membership would be renewed at the expiration of that time "if he lived longer than 20 years on the \$10 a month allowed him by the veterans' bureau for the support of his wife, two children and himself."

Here is the story, as it happened in one day:

The general advance was on. Six divisions were participating. Sandlin was in command of a platoon.

About seven o'clock in the morning the advance was checked by a hot fire from a machine gun nest. An order to halt and lie down came along the line. Sandlin's men heard it and obeyed. Sandlin did not. He advanced directly on the machine gun nest, and at 30 yards threw a grenade. Three others followed, and he then jumped into the pit. Three of the eight men were alive and gave battle. Sandlin killed all of them with his bayonet.

The line came up and Sandlin resumed command of his men. Half an hour later machine gun fire again caused the order to halt. Sandlin did not. He rushed this nest as he did the other, employing the same tactics. This time, when his grenades were all spent, there were four men still defending the nest. Another single-handed battle—and they were all dead except Sandlin when the line line came up.

The third nest encountered was not reached until two o'clock. Just as before, Sandlin advanced upon it. His grenades in this instance wounded every man in the pit, but he had to dispatch two who still gave fight, as well as the others whose wounds had not proved immediately fatal.

Later that day Sergeant Sandlin participated in taking the strong point which was German battalion headquarters.

Use Radio to Find Mines

That radio methods will come into greater use in prospecting for unknown beds of mineral was the prediction made to the British Association for the Advancement of Science by Prof. Sherwin F. Kelly of the University of Toronto. After reviewing the numerous electrical methods that have been employed more or less successfully in geological work, Professor Kelly described in detail the processes in which an audio-frequency current is introduced into the outcrop of a mineral-bearing vein or rock formation, the mineral body being then traced underground by means of the strength of the audio-frequency field on the surface of the ground. The current tends to follow the more highly conducting layers of rock.

Writers

In a pretty large experience I have not found the men who write books superior in wit or learning to those who don't write at all. In regard of mere information, nonwriters must often be superior to writers. You don't expect a lawyer in full practice to be conversant with all kinds of literature; he is too busy with his law; and so a writer is commonly too busy with his own books to be able to bestow attention on the works of other people.—Thackeray.

Odd Monkey Specimen

One of the most interesting specimens in the world zoos was the monkey that didn't have a tail, in Australia. He was the most human-like of all Old-world monkeys on exhibition. He did not have even the vestige of a rudimentary tail and his cry was a single wail, singularly like the cry of a child. He was all black except for a white frontal band over his eyes.

Magic Power Adds Hours

In the artistic and utility scheme of things nothing is so dominant as lighting and its media, luminaires. By the press of a button or the turning of a switch we brighten and beautify the home. This magic invisible power simplifies our daily tasks, lightening the burden of housekeeping and adding more hours to our day, more luxury, greater convenience.

Great Eastern Writer

The name "Voltaire of the East" is applied to Omar Khayyam, whose Rubaiyat is familiar to every reader. Because of his purity of diction, his fine wit, crushing satire and general sympathy with suffering humanity, he strongly resembles the great Frenchman. His poetical renown is based on his quatrains, a collection of about 500 epigrams which Fitzgerald has done into English. But Omar, the Persian tentmaker, was more than a poet; his favorite studies were mathematics and astronomy. His standard work on algebra written in Arabic together with other treatises of similar character, raised him to the foremost rank of the mathematicians of his time. At the request of the sultan he conducted extensive researches in astronomy which were instrumental in reforming the calendar of his day. He died 1123 A. D.—Kansas City Star

"Tatum's Means Service"

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The Alabamian

Vol. 2. MONTEVALLO, ALA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1925

No. VI.

ALABAMA COLLEGE VICTORIOUS OVER JACKSONVILLE 24-12

The Monte team, true to the faith of its supporters, was victorious in a hard-fought game with Jacksonville Normal. The visiting team did not lead in any quarter. In the first half Monte with her excellent pass work and consciousness of the one that, to win, were easy victors in the struggle between the teams. Jacksonville, having been awakened to the fact that they were "laboring" for a victory, slowly but steadily raised their score. Did they obtain their wish? Nay! Monte "grabbed that ball and rolled 'er in," which gave the final score of 24-13 in Monte's favor.

The Normal girls are good players, at times displaying excellent pass work. Tumlin was the "star" forward. Johnston following with beautiful pass work.

"Tad" and Keahey exhibited their pass balls to the joy of their never failing supporters. Tad did her longed for playing in the second half. Keahey gave us the first thrill in her successful field throw at the very beginning of the game. She also gave us thrills in her superior team work.

Smith, having been hurt in first quarter, did not chance to show what she has shown us in the past, however, she played enough that her supporters did not lose faith in her. Weatherly, taking Smith's place, was very good in her team work with Townsend, our other never-failing guard. You that did not see Townsend play in this game just cannot afford to miss seeing her in the ensuing games. She is great!

Lalst, but not least, is Ward, our very faithful center, with Berryman, her substitute, leading her a close line. Ward, with her usual alacrity, was "ever present in time of trouble." Berryman, although this is her first year in school, displayed great team ability.

Supporters of the Alabama College basketball team let me plead with you to be present at all the games. Pep is half the battle and if you are not there with your "pep" how will the score stand? Just half as much as it should be. Come on, let's support our never-failing team.

DR. LOSEY SPEAKS AT Y. W. C. A.

Dr. Losey was the speaker at the Y. W. C. A. services on Sunday night. He discussed the advantages of a Christian life and also the seriousness

THE CUB REPORTER BLUES

I'm just a cub reporter, and I know less than I'd orter,
But I'm looking all about the school for news
I find the President and Dean and ask him:
Messrs. won't you please tell me something, don't refuse."

Chorus

I got the cub reporter's blues, huntin' news, snappy news;
I'd give my conscience for a story
For a scoop to bring me glory;
Tell me what's your politics, your ideas and your views.
I'd loop the loop for a scoop
In my little four-wheel steep
I've got those cub reporter blues huntin' news.

Second Spasm

If you cut some little caper, let me put it in the paper
For I'm losing time and friends huntin' news,
Just a murder, hold-up, scandal, anything that I can handle,
For I've got those cub reporter blues.
—Coal Bin.

"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO"

It is seldom that there comes to the college such a splendid performance as "The Marriage of Figaro." The Henshaw Opera Company is made up of singers and players of splendid reputations which are justly deserved. All have good voices and are clever in acting. The comic situations in the opera arise from the efforts of three of the principal characters trying to make the Count jealous, and in the complete success when he is hoodwinked in the lovely garden scene.

Against a background of bronze and soft blue hangings, with costumes of the period of Marie Antoinette, the reflections of colored lights on the stage and an orchestral accompaniment, the opera was delightful to see as well as to hear.

Mme. Clytie was a refined and lovely Countess, and a graceful actress. Miss Edith Fleischer as Susanna was vivacious and full of fun and was especially good in the side play during tense moments with the other characters. Pavel Ludikar was a humorous Figaro, and the Count, Alfredo Valenti, was excellent in his part as the subject of many jests. The dramatic and comic situations of the opera were accentuated by the music, and it was altogether a rare treat to the large audience.

in which prayer should be held.

Dr. Losey said: "I have about quit saying my prayers at night for at all times I feel the goodness of God and am thankful." He reminded his audience that a prayer without reverence as a simple habit was not a prayer at all. The thing he stressed was that one should at all times acknowledge God's blessings.



SYBIL SAYS:

I heard some one say that one was supposed to play square nowadays—they knew from the cross-word puzzles—some of the rest of us learned that by watching square heads on the body's around the campus. No! I didn't mean square shoulders!! un-uh!

BACK TO SEE AL' FRIENDS

All of us remember "Ed" Montgomery? Surely we do. She is visiting all of her friends at Alabama College this week-end.

Miss Minnie Sellers, president of Alabama College Alumnae Association, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mona Whatley and Nell Browder. She also umpired a game between Monte and Jacksonville Normal.

"Who doesn't remember "Chicken," who led us in our yells at all the games? Her real name is Bessie Williams. She and Jacqueline Lantry spent last week-end with Helen Davis and Lillian Prout, respectively.

John Williams (Bill) Pridgen, who is teaching at Plantersville, ran up to see us a few minutes last Sunday.

Nancy Caldwell, teaching public school music at Anniston, spent several days with friends "back home."

Mabel Pierceson, who did not come back this year because she said that she had rather work, spent last week-end with Mabel Conner and Elizabeth Finn.

Dorothy Speir spent several days with Clementine Stallworth.

Adelaide Smith, another who had rather work than go to school, spent a few hours last Sunday with Miss Mallory.

Mrs. K. L. Hammond (Jewel Pardue) gave her sister, Ruth Pardue, and friends a few glimpses of herself last Sunday.

Where's the proprietor of this restaurant?"

"He's gone out to lunch."—Exchange.

FACULTY TO MEET HOME ECONOMICS CAGESTERS

On Thursday afternoon, February 5, the most widely talked of game of the basket ball season will be played on the home court before an enthusiastic crowd of rooters. The faculty team composed, of such well-known fighters as Decher, Cogswell, Hoah, Brantley, uuh and Neisinger, are doped to make a good showing against Bell, Savage, Spinks, McCord, Reeves and Keahey of the fierce Home Economics Club, some of the more confident of the pedagogue boosters even predicting a glorious victory for the absent-minded profs. Much is being said of the splendid spirit behind the faculty team.

We hear rumors of pep meetings held in the swimming pool where, under the capable contortions of Marsh and Monk, the newly elected cheerleaders, the faculty members and their supporters are learning the latest stuff in the yell line. All of which shows that they've got the kind of spirit that gets behind their team, and stays behind it till it wins. Although the movements of the Home Economics faction are not so well known, they are hard at work, and are feeling confident over the situation, affirming that this will be the one chance to "put down" the faculty, and perhaps they will.

FAMOUS SAYINGS

"Treat 'em rough."—Henry VIII.

"I'm sorry I have no more lives to give for my country."—Plutarch.

"Keep your shirt on."—Queen Elizabeth.

"Don't lose your head."—Queen Mary.

"So this is Paris."—Helen of Troy.

"The bigger they are the harder they fall."—David.

"It floats."—Noah.

"You can't keep a good man down."—Jonah.

"I'm strong for you kid."—Samson.

"I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way."—Columbus.

"Keep the home fires burning."—Nero.

"The first hundred years are the hardest."—Methuselah.—Ex.

One Sunday two lovers went to church. When the collection was being taken up the young man explored his pockets, and finding nothing, whispered to his sweetheart: "I haven't a cent, I changed my pants."

Meanwhile the young girl had been searching her bag and finding nothing, blushed a rosy red and said, "I'm in the same predicament."—Buffalo Bison.

THE ALABAMA PLAYERS

The Alabama Players presented three pretty one-act comedies, under the direction of Miss Lucyle Hook, Saturday night, January 31, in the college auditorium. There was a wide difference between the types of the plays, each being a clever attraction without detracting from the others.

The first, "The Romancers," by Rosstand, was an amusing comedy, the scene of which was laid in the time of hoop skirts, powdered wigs and knee breeches. The second, "Tickless Time," by Glaspell, was a modern play in which a sun-dial was the cause of much merriment. The third was a dainty Japanese play, "Dear Little Wife," by Dunn, in which a pretty wife kept the audience in suspense as to just what would happen next.

The students displayed a great deal of talent in their acting, and the comic situations of each play were cleverly brought out. The costumes were pretty and appropriate, and the stage very attractive with its settings of evergreen trees and vines. Much credit is due to Miss Lucyle Hook for her ability to direct such splendid work. The "Alabama Players" are always popular, and all those who were in the audience that night will look forward with pleasure to their next performance.

The cast of characters was as follows:

The Alabama Players present three one-act plays, under the direction of Lucyle Hook.

"The Romancers"

Sylvette—Alice Mahler.

Percinet, a lover—Percinet.

Bergamin, father of Percinet—Bill Smith.

Pasquinot, father of Sylvette—Lucille Bell.

Straforel, a swordsman—Irma Reaves.

Musicians, swordsmen, etc.

The scene: A corner of a park, divided by a wall, to the right of which is seen the garden of Pasquinot, and to the left, that of Bergamin.

"Tickless Time"

Ian Joyce, who made a sun-dial—Marianna Thomas.

Eloise Joyce, his wife, wedded to the sun-dial—Anny May Skinner.

Eddie Knight, a standardized—Lillu Burns.

Alice Knight, his wife—Joy Cawthon.

Annie, cook for the Joyce household—Vallie Rogers.

Mrs. Stubbs, a neighbor—Hazel Black.

The scene: The Joyce garden in Provincetown.

Time: She sun-dial gives it.

"Dear Little Wife"

Sugihara San—Katherine Leath.

Takejiro, her lover—Madge Page.

Hajajama, her husband—Lula Hawkins.

The scene is laid in Japan at the present time.

This same program will be presented at Woman's College at Troy on February 8 and 9, respectively.

DR. SPIVEY SPEAKS AT Y. W. C. A.

On Sunday night, February 1, at the usual vesper service of the Y. W. C. A. it was our privilege to hear Dr. L. M. Spivey, dean of Birmingham-Southern College. It is always a pleasure to have representatives of other colleges visit us, and we were especially fortunate to have as our guest, on this occasion, such an interesting person as Dr. Spivey. "Personality" was the theme of his short address, and those of us who were privileged to hear him, brought away with us more knowledge and appreciation of our own personality and the personalities of our friends, than we might have gained from a term digging in a textbook on the subject. We all hope that having met Alabama College, Dean Spivey will visit us often enough to know and like us.



BLACK HALL

THE ALABAMIAN

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Nellie White.....Aleph Sade

THE DIARY OF THE FAITHFUL GIRL,
ONE WHO CAN BE TRUSTED

Saturday: Dear Diary, I'm glad to be able to come to you tonight. There's lots in this little heart of mine that is struggling for a kindly sympathizer. You don't know C. S. Day or you could understand me!! Some day I'm going to take you to the drug store and let you have a nice peep at him from between your covers. Yes, only one peep. I don't fear you, but that's because you don't wear a dress! I have just come in from seeing the Dramatic Club plays. Oh! It only makes me realize what a waste of time my love is. Why I'm sure I'm as true as law, or the Japanese lovers, and "The Romancers" would be in the dim lights when it comes to fighting for my love.

Sunday: Well, it's happened! I'm completely vamped, though "He" does not even suspect, or should I say, suspicion. "He" is my life! I dare not whisper his name, but he's from Birmingham. Why! If every boy in that town entered in a contest for the most adorable—he's it! How you know! Of course every one else was as completely taken off their feet as I, but I'm sure I really love him!!

Monday: Oh, Bearer of all my secrets, I'm going to tell you this with the understanding that it will never go any further than you are able to let it go. Keep it to yourself! I'm truly in love. This is no mad flirtation. It's really the one and only love. The reason I'm sure it's love is because it's the first time I've felt like this toward Eddy. There, I've told it, but you knew it was Eddy, anyway didn't you? You see, I went to the picture show this afternoon and he spoke to me—imagine it!—as I went in. He only said "Hello," but I knew he wanted to say more because he slipped both hands in his pockets, rocked from one foot to the other, and grinned! I understood, too. I know he's bashful about his love, Diary, but I'm patient. I can wait eternally for his avowal.

Tuesday—One word, Dear Diary, before I say my prayers and crawl in bed! I have thought that I really loved Mutt all along but when I got that letter today I was fully convinced that I'd never marry anyone else. He's been away for a month and he's already written to me! Can you imagine it? Isn't he the sweetest thing? He said he'd been wondering what I was doing. Bless his dear heart; wondering what I was doing when he could have been having a good time!! Denying himself like that for me! I'm going to write straight back to him and tell him I've been true to him too! Why, I've not even thought of another soul since he went away.

Wednesday: I'm so blue tonight, Diary. I feel so sorry for Bill. I know I ought to be ashamed of the way I treat him. I had a card from him yesterday and he said he wished I could be with him. Poor boy! I don't love him and he feels like that about me! Can you wonder that I am blue? That makes me think of the time I took him home Christmas when I was driving. I thought then that it was because it was raining that he looked so pleased. But then a cold, rainy day wouldn't cause anyone to appreciate a lift like that, would it, Diary? I should have known then that he loved me. Why one would almost take me to be dumb for that!!

Thursday: You don't ever know who is going to be the one whom you really are going to love. Why! I had never thought of Mr. Wooley in that way. But today while I was setting there in the tea room I began thinking what a capable man he was, how nice it would be to have him around the house. He understands

the household duties and I know he'd help his wife. If one is going to have a husband, why not get one worth while? Don't you say so, Dear Diary?

Friday: I can't tell even you what I am thinking tonight. I am afraid you wouldn't understand this love affair because I have once or twice told you that I was in love and you believed me. I am sure this is the last time, but I'm going to wait till tomorrow to tell you about this wonderful man! I know I have been mistaken about some but not this one!

COLLEGE AS I THOUGHT IT WAS
AND COLLEGE AS IT IS.

Susie Powell

When one looks forward for years and years to some coming event that will make a great change in the common routine of her life, she quite naturally imagines and dreams until that event is almost a living picture in her mind. But alas! what a wide gulf there is between the imaginary and the real. There is no better example of this than college.

In the happy, free days of one's youth, when she hears the word "college," a wonderful picture of a midnight feast rises up before her. Maybe in the midst of the feast a teacher would come by and rap fiercely on the door but all traces of the feast would be quickly concealed under the bed or in the closet until the teacher had gone away feeling very ashamed that she had suspected so unjustly. Thus the imaginary pictures always ran, but how different are the real. If one tries to eat a sandwich one minute after the lights are out, she gets a call-down for chewing too loudly, and consequently she has to spend her next Thursday evening in study hall.

However, what has just been related is the least of the tragedies of college. Even if it was possible to have a midnight feast, one would be too tired to enjoy it, for what has she heard all day but these words: "Remember you're a college student, and as such you must study more" or "Read that article in addition to your lesson. It is only two hundred pages, and you other lesson is very short since you only have fifty pages, and a theme to write." This is heard in seven classes instead of one and it makes a person wonder what she is to do with her spare time!

Even worse than all of this is the awful sin of being a freshman; an insignificant, abominable rat! when she asks the librarian the perfectly sensible question, "Have you read all the books in the library?" she is laughed at and the embarrassing words are whispered, "you have to 'low for a rat."

Nevertheless, there is one consolation and that is that one doesn't have to be a freshman always, for if she did, she would be uttering the good old words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death."

Mozart

It is doubtful if anybody knows the exact spot where Mozart is buried. A violent storm was raging at the time of the funeral, and the hearse went its way unaccompanied to the churchyard, and his body was committed in the paupers' corner. In 1859 the city of Vienna erected on the probable spot a monument to his memory.

States With Indian Names

Twenty-two of the states have names of Indian origin. They are: Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Utah, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

FROM THE DIARY OF ONE OF OUR
NEOPHYTES:

Saturday Night

Thank goodness I can take off that horrible middy and skirt. We've had to wear our clothes backward all day with a white stocking and black shoe one one foot and a black stocking and white shoe on the other. Not only that but they made us carry all kinds of crazy things and do everything imaginable. When we met an old member we had to skip by them and very likely they'd make us do something crazy I had to ask Mr. Kelley for a date and walk all around Miss Brooke's table to begin with.

Tonight right after supper we had to go out to the graveyard and take down all the names and dates. If there had been an empty grave I think I would have just jumped in and stayed.

If tonight isn't over in a hurry I'll be absolutely grey-headed. What could Buzzard Pie be that I hear them talking about so much? And what do you suppose they will do with worms? They told us to find five whole ones and a bottle of castor oil and an egg. I'm prepared for anything though, for those paddles they have are terrible looking and I heard "Ag" say the holes in hers were not cut deep enough. Wonder what she meant? Someone said it was to make them hurt worse, but Lula tried one on me just for a sample, she said, and I don't think it possible to make one hurt worse than that did.

Really if I live through tonight I'll be surprised for if everything they say is true initiation must be terrible!

Nearly an hour before time to go down and be slaughtered! When I come back I'll write some more if I'm still living and tell you every thing that happened.

Sunday Night

It all seems like a horrible nightmare since last night at eight o'clock, and I don't mind admitting that I wasn't able to write when I came in. Everything was a thousand times worse than I could ever imagine, but we all five lived through it and they were the sweetest things in the world to us when we came back.

Don't tell anybody, Diary, but I'm really a Castalian now! I have a pin on right now and it isn't upside down!

They won't let us tell what happened last night, but I can't wait to help put some through next year. This morning they gave us some little yellow hats to wear all week and a gold seal for our forehead. The hat has a white streamer with "Phi Delta Gamma" on it. We are the funniest looking things in them and can't take them off except to eat and then we have to walk to the back of the dining room and hang them on that screen."

We have to work for somebody every day and you should see the beds that I make up—Mother would be so proud!

I'm so tired I can't stay up any longer.

Tuesday Night

Lights are going out and I haven't time to write much. Had to work all day and "fish" at the gym tonight. We felt so foolish sitting over there while all the others were dancing, and when anyone spoke to us all we could say was "Castalian." One time I ventured an "established 1900" and I didn't think they'd mind for that certainly has been impressed on us on all occasions, but you should have felt the lick I got!

Lights are out!

Saturday Morning

We have had to work so much this week I just couldn't find time to write. I'm sorry, Diary.

Lucy and Julia were supposed to stay with us last night but right after lights went out Patty and Jo made them fix a bed they had blocked and they never did come back.

After today we won't have to wear the little hats. Really I hate to give mine up. We won't have to work either and I can write regularly. It's mighty nice to be a Castalian! Good-bye.

World's Match Consumption

The United States uses more than 1,500,000,000 matches made out of wood every year. This is about 37 matches a day for every man, woman and child in the country, based on a population of 110,000,000 or 4,000,000,000 daily. Recent statistics from Europe have placed the per capita consumption there at 14 matches a day. The world output costs \$200,000,000 and reaches a total of 4,675,650,000 matches a year.

Pencil Work

Little Bessie admitted her sister's caller and after entertaining him a few moments went upstairs. Presently she returned. "Sister's nearly ready," she reported, "she's just writing on her eyebrows."

Early French Romance

The romance of "Aucassin and Nicolette," in verse and prose, is considered by critics to be the finest French fiction of the Middle ages. It was written in the Thirteenth century and is very short.

Too Gloomy

Mrs. Wombat has this to say of Hamlet: "He may be a nice young feller, and he's had trouble. But I wouldn't want him around the house." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

They Always Do

Jud Tunkins says he always suspected that after the first few meals the prodigal son got his nerve back and began to criticize the menu.—Washington Star.

Cheap Emergency Cement

A cement for filling corner crevices, cracks and rat holes, as well as for repairing wall breaks, can be made cheaply by mixing one part sand with two parts ordinary wheat flour and one part sifted coal ashes, says Popular Science Monthly. These are stirred thoroughly and wet with water to a putty-like consistency. The cement mixture is applied with a trowel.

Strict College Rules

Amherst college as recently as 1825 had a very strict code which the student had to follow. It not only regulated the hours he must study, but likewise his visits to the taverns, shops and stores. He was not allowed to play cards, even for mere enjoyment.

Port of New Orleans

New Orleans, rated the second largest port in the United States, is 110 miles from the Gulf of Mexico. The port facilities are valued at more than \$100,000,000, and are publicly owned. The public wharves parallel the Mississippi river for more than five miles.

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DENTIST

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That's all!"

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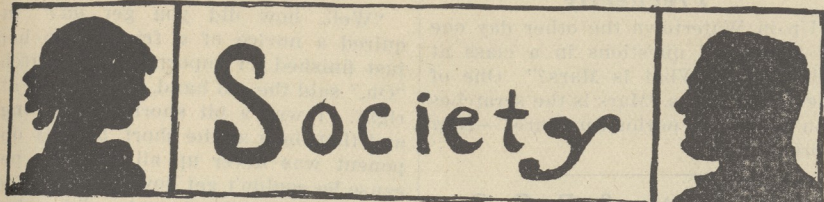
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CASTALIAN CLUB NEWS

We were glad to have Gage Norton, one of our former members, back with us for initiation. It seemed like old times to have her back.

Virginia Cameron and Susan Mabry were with us last week-end. They are pledges of last year, who are attending Southern this year. We were mighty glad to see them.

PERSONALS

Lilian Prout spent the past week at her home in Demopolis, where she was recuperating from an attack of "flu." We are glad to have her with us again.

It is a source of regret to us that Lola Alice Croell was compelled to undergo an operation for appendicitis at a Selma infirmary and is unable to return to college this term. We wish for her a speedy recovery and shall look forward to her return next term.

Jacqueline Dausley was the week-end guest of friends here recently. We are glad that she is well again after continued illness this summer.

On last Sunday night Hattie Lyman entertained a number of friends at her home, in honor of Jacqueline Dausley. A delicious luncheon was enjoyed. A purple and gold color scheme was carried out in menu and decorations. Those enjoying the hostess' hospitality were Jacqueline Dausley, Jessie Hobbs Morrison, Mary Riley, Anne Jones, Sara Gausemiller, Dempsey Barnes, Roberta Bailey, Florence Smith, Kathryn Morrison and Caroline Middleton.

Nancy Caldwell was the guest of her many friends here the past week-end.

Nan Nell Frederick is spending a few days at her home in Opelika, where she is recuperating after a recent illness.

Harriet Holgrave is ill at her home in Talladega, her friends will regret to know. We hope she will soon be well enough to return.

Gage Morton was the guest of her many friends here last week-end. We look forward with pleasure to her return in the spring quarter.

Mrs. Edward Angle, of Anniston, was the week-end guest of her sister, Mary Noble.

Mary Derley, Elma O'Neil and Caroline Middleton spent the past week-end in Birmingham in the interest of "The Alabamian."

We were glad to welcome Edith Montgomery back to Montevallo. She spent the week-end with friends.

Lorine Culwell was the guest of friends here the past week-end.

Frances Freeland's mother was her visitor the past week-end.

Henrietta Walker, of Selma, was the attractive guest of Eleanor Hooper last week-end.

Marianna Thomas' mother visited her for several days this past week.

Ela Maud Gardainer, of Selma, has recently entered college here, having come from an institution of learning in Tennessee.

Althea Hughes and Martha Orr are back with us again after a prolonged absence due to illness.

TEA GIVEN FOR MATHEMATICS CLUB

One of the most unique affairs of the winter was given Thursday afternoon, January 16, when the members of the Mathematics Club were entertained at a lovely tea, as the guest of the president, Miss Mary Armstrong.

The affair took place at the Pioneer Tea Room. Beautiful carnations adorned the tables, carrying out the club colors of pink and green.

Between the courses the following program was rendered: Toast to Miss McMichael, Carolyn Edwards; response, reading, Mary Crosley; toast to the president of the club, Eloise Harmon; response, Mary Armstrong; reading, Mildred Ghilphrist; toast to honorary members, Lucy Holt; response, Mr. Kennerley; toast to guest, Fannie Joe Scott; response, Mr. Ward. Included in the hospitality were Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Marmichael, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kennerley, Miss Mary McMillan, iss Helen McMichael and Miss Mary Decker.

TUTWILER CLUB NEWS

On Saturday night, immediately after dinner the social clubs presented their new members in short stunts and impersonations. The Tutwiler Club gave the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." The wooden soldiers are known in everyday life as Misses Martha Fuquoy, Kathleen McKormick, Alice Alsabrook, Mary Elizabeth Moody, Margaret Grayson, Margaret Coleman, True Marble, Isma Long and Mary Wiley. They were the epitome of stiffness and soldierness as they came down the assembly hall steps, dressed in white and red uits. A short drill followed, and the aprade ended with respectful salutes by the wooden ones.

The new girls who were initiated into the club a week ago took great consolation in that old saying that goes on to say, "Beauty is only skin deep." After seeing themselves in all the glory of plaits and with all the lack of cosmetics, they were willing to find consolation in almost anything when one's crowning glory is plaited tightly in many plaits, beauty takes flight. But all the girls were the best of good sports, and were ready to appreciate the aid of curling irons and powder when the week finally came to an end.

Miss Nancy Caldwell spent the weke-end with her many friends down here. We were all glad to see Nancy once more, it seemed so much like "of olden days of long ago."

Misses Annie May Skinner and Alice Mahler will leave Monday with the Dramatic Club on a trip to Troy and Montgomery.

Lucille Nelson was very pleasantly surprised on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Nelson, Clyde Nelson, Fred Nelson, Alda Nelson and Mrs. E. B. Teague arrived unexpectedly and spent the afternoon with Lucille and other friends.

Frances Seeden's sister, Nancy, spent the week-end with her.

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THE KEYNOTE
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VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON,
 Arctic Explorer, Scientist, Lecturer

When Vilhjalmur Stefansson started his third polar expedition in 1913, the world stood aghast, for he departed bearing a theory and purpose so radical as to be pronounced insane by many of the best grounded experts.

He was going into the wilderness of the Northland to live off the country! He was going to find food in places where food had been announced by the Encyclopedia Britannica to be "without animal life." Even some of the members of his party were extremely skeptical over his contention that one could live almost anywhere in the Arctic if one were content to live, not as Americans, but as Eskimos. He found a mutiny on his hands; dissension and resistance—but through it all he held to his purpose and in the end he won out. Stefansson proved this theory and remained in the Arctic for five years.

Born of Icelandic parents in Manitoba, Canada, Stefansson came to the United States as a child and was brought up on the prairies of North Dakota. In 1903 he received from the University of Iowa the degree of A. B., after which he went to Cambridge for postgraduate work at Harvard University. There he held a scholarship for one year and a fellowship for two years, and during the last of these years he was a member of the teaching staff of the Department of Anthropology at Harvard.

In 1906 he turned from teaching to exploring, and joined the Leffingwell-Mikkelsen expedition to the Arctic Ocean, where they spent one winter. Again, in 1918, Stefansson went north to study the Eskimos, this time heading his own expedition.

Since his return in 1918 the geographical societies of the world have recognized his contributions to science by conferring on him their highest honors. He has been elected an Honorary Fellow of the American Museum of Natural History of New York and of the Italian Geographical Society.

The summer of 1924 finds him way

off in interior Australia, exploring parts of the famous "Never-Never" land, as the interior "bush" country is called. He will tell something of this latest trip in his lectures this winter.

Stefansson is a brilliant and successful writer and is the author of five books and many magazine articles. His lectures are not only instructive but entertaining. A reporter on the New Orleans Picayune wrote into his account of Stefansson's appearance there that he had laughed as wholeheartedly—and quite as unexpectedly—as he had at a lecture given by Irvin Cobb.

The explorer has no set lecture, but varies each address according to his audience, using stereopticon views with some of his lectures.

Montevallians will have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Stefansson on February 23, when he comes to Alabama College as an attraction of the annual Artists and Lecturers' series.

The recital hall was well filled on each occasion to hear the last three student recitals. The following programs were given:

Fourth Student Recital

Piano solo, "Polka de Concert," (Edgar H. Sherwood), Mary Evelyn Clark.

Piano solo, "Minuetto, b Minor," (Schubert), Flora Hammond.

Piano solo, "In Autumn," from Woodland Sketches (MacDowell), Eugenia Sellers.

Soprano solo, "I Know Where a Garden grows," (Densmore), Lucille Clay.

Piano solo (a) "Chinese Dance," (Grant Schaefer), (b) "Elfin Dance" (Benno Frode), Frances Lewis.

Piano solo, Scherzo, A-flat major from Sonata Op. 31 (Beethoven), Helen Bishop.

Piano soli (a) Dedication (Trojussen); (b) Prelude (Hyatt), Allene Elizey.

Soprano solo, "There's a Lark in My Heart," (Spross), Eleanor Hooper.

Piano Soli, Valse, b minor (Chopin), Valse-Lied (Ferrari), Frances Crump.

Piano Soli (a) "Solfeggietto" (Ph. Em. Bach), (b) "Isle of Dreams" (Trojussen), Frances Fox.

Piano solo, "Waltz Caprice," (Wienianski), Carrie Love Jones.

Fifth Student Recital

Piano solo, "Daffodils," (Van Denman Thompson), Pansy Higgins.

Soprano solo, "Tally-Ho," (Leoni), Pauline Curry.

Violin solo, "Gavotte," (Gossec), Ruth Griffin.

Piano solo, "At Sunset," (Steele), Helen Gray McNeill.

Soprano solo, "Heart's Ease," (Whelpley), Frances Loftin.

Piano solo, "Fluttering Leaves," (Kolling), Aurora Datanzano.

Cello solo, "Versage Nicht," (Weiss), Genevieve Turberville.

Violin solo, "Concerto VIII" allegro (DeBeriot), Anne Long.

Piano solo, "Cadiz," (Albenix), Evalie Singleton.

Soprano solo, "Song of India," (Rimsky-Korskow), Minnie Peebles Johnson.

Trio in Gmajor (Mozart), allegro, Anne Long, violiniste; Grace Mozley, pianiste; Louise Glover, celliste.

Sixth Student Recital

Piano solo, "Gondoliara," (Rogers), Nina Weaver.

Soprano solo, "Life," (Curran), Sara Binion.

Piano solo, "Garneval Pranks," (Schumann), Inez Gordon.

soprano soli (a) "The Piper of Love," (Carew), (b) "Dawn" (Curran), Alice Mahler.

Piano solo, "In a Gondola," (Saar), Elizabeth Ellis.

Soprano solo, "Spirit Flower," (Campbell-Tipton), Helen Bishop.

Piano solo, "Minuet," (Paderewski), Ruby McAllistor.

Piano solo, "A Spanish Serenade," (Van Denman Thompson), Johnnye Dodson.

Violin solo, "To Deluge," (Saint-Saens), Mary McConaughy.

Piano soli, "Prologue Op. 38 No. 1" (MacDowell), "Lover Op. 38 No. 3" (MacDowell), "The Witch Op. 38 No. 4" (MacDowell), Corinne Parrish.

Soprano soli (a) "Sylvan" (Ronald), (b) "A Birthday" (Woodman), Winifred Castleman.

Piano solo, "The Banjo Picker," (John Powell), Genevieve Turberville.

String quartet, "Air" (Aubert-Pechon), "Gavotte" (Handel-Pochon), Mary McConaughy, first violin; Alice Lyman, second violin; Anne Long, viola; Genevieve Turberville, cello.

Porter Lecture-Recital

A unique and interesting program was given at Alabama College, Monte-

vallo, Saturday night, January 16, by Mrs. Laura Huxtable Porter, of Boston, Mass. The subject of the program was "Parallelisms in Poetry and Music." A brief and interesting talk on the relations of music and poetry, the expression of the same moods in each art, and a comparison of great poets and great musicians, was followed by the reading of poems and playing a musical composition on the piano which would express the thought of the poem just read. Mrs. Porter is a talented reader and is equally gifted as a pianist. Her artistic sense in the selection of music to fit each poem was unflinching, and her sincerity and charm in delivering the numbers made the program unusually delightful and one of the best ever given at Alabama College.

In the morning Mrs. Porter gave a lecture to the faculty and students of the School of Music on the art of teaching. This was followed by an interesting demonstration lesson by the little children in the Piano Normal Department, under the supervision of Miss Elizabeth Young. The children have made splendid progress in the theory class, and played with the assurance which is the result of most careful and well-planned training. Mrs. Potter took occasion, before the audience, to congratulate Miss Young and the Normal teachers on the great success of this work.

The "cross-word puzzle bug" has even bitten among the said ranks of the Music Club, and on January 16 an original music puzzle by Alice Quarles was the inspiration for much brain-cudgeling. Alice Mahler and Patty Cole emerged the triumphant joint victors.

On Friday evening, January 30, the president, Genevieve Turberville, made a brief but pleasing "welcome address" to the fourteen new members, and also read part of the club constitution for their benefit. The following girls were recently taken in:

Helen Bishop, Rosina Haygood, Corinne Parrish, Helen G McNeill. Frances Loftin, Nina Weaver, Mary Wylie, Bertha Brumbelee, Johnnye Dodson, Pansy Higgins, Myrtle Turberville, Althea Hughes, Myrtle Plant and Frances Crump.

Faculty Concert, Alabama College

The last of the series of faculty concerts of Alabama College, Montevallo, was held Saturday night, January 11, in the college auditorium. These concerts have been largely attended and the audiences have been most enthusiastic.

The soloists Saturday night were Miss Mildred Vause, violinist, accompanied by Mrs. Elizabeth Blair Chamberlin, and Miss Lucyle Hook, reader. Miss Vause is a graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, and has been a student at the Chicago Museum College.

The lovely Sonata Opus 13, by Grieg. Miss Vause opened the program with This sonata, with its changing harmonious, delicate modulations, beautiful melodies and varied rhythms is a test of the skill of any violinist, for it calls

for well-developed technique as well as much feeling. Miss Vause played it superbly. The melodies were brought out with careful phrasing and the technical difficulties presented no obstacles. Other numbers by Miss Spaulding, which is written in the new American rhythmic type which is attracting so much attention among modern musicians. This was played with a splendid rhythmic swing which called forth hearty applause. "In a Garden" by Tirindelli, with its lovely cadenzas, was also played brilliantly.

Miss Hook gave as her first number, "A Chip Off the Old Block." With clever handling of the voice, and a charming manner, she won her audience from the start and encores were demanded after each group. Miss Hook, in her selection of numbers on the program, gave a variety of moods, displaying to good advantage her ability to be grave or gay. With "Da Little Boy" she brought tears to the eyes of her audience, and had them laughing again with "Between Two Loves." Mrs. Chamberlin proved her worth as an accomplished and artistic accompanist. The Greig sonata is a violin and piano number which is as great a tax on the pianist as on the violinist. Mrs. Chamberlin was brilliant in this as in all numbers.

Used in Piano Industry

"Burning in" is a term used to describe the finishing process used on pianos and furniture. A polish is applied and burned in by means of heated devices. This not only serves to give the article a highly polished appearance, but fills up all the holes and pores in the wood.

Glaciers Make Trouble

Mount Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, has many glaciers, whose presence has slowly changed the topography of the district until it has become necessary to alter the boundary lines between provinces.

Tests Are Thorough

Besides testing all kinds of timepieces, freezing them and baking them in ovens, our government takes watches apart and breaks them so that they may be repaired by applicants for watchmakers' certificates.

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Made Me
Laugh Too!



Johnson

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Ina Mae Malone

Sign over cake in Hendrix Drug Store read: "Take this cake home with you for 25 cents and help the cemetery."

Sounds encouraging, doesn't it?

Brilliant students are called sharp because their methods are so fishy.

Alice Alsobrook talking about the movie: "She looked beautiful—had on the most gorgeous dress."

Toots Moody: "And, so did he."

Miss Brownfield: "What is an augur?"

Barbara: "Oh, that's a great big ol' monster."

A young freshman had secured some registration cards, and was filling them out while standing in line. An inquisitive sophomore could stand it no longer and asked: "Why are you dating those cards the twentythird when this is only the twenty-second?"

Freshman: "Well, I imagine it will be the twenty-third when I get to the door."—Exchange.

Girls do not value their schoolgirl complexion—judging from the way they leave them lying around.

We admit that women are the most fickle creatures on earth—besides men.

"What is the most dependable thing in existence?"

"A postage stamp. It sticks to one thing until it gets there."

"Why did you put quotation marks at the first and the last of your exam paper?"

"I was quoting the man in front of me."—Exchange.

Miss Brownfield: "What is an Ostripath?"

Barbara: "That's some one who tends to your feet."

They were walking through the graveyard

Reading inscriptions on Tombstones. What kind of a stone would you like?"

He asked of the maiden so fair. And blushing she replied, "A solitaire."

First Vet—"When I was in France I was drilled by majors and captains and generals."

Second Rookie—"That's nothing. When I was in camp I was drilled by mosquitoes."

Plebe—"There is one advantage in squeaking brakes."

Soph—"Yeh?"

Plebe—"You think you're in a taxi."

Temperance Lecturer—"If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he choose to drink?"

Soak—"The water."

Temperance Lecturer—"And why?"

Soak—"Because he is an ass."—Chaparral.

First Drunk—"Shay you look like the deuce."

Second Drunk—"Hozzat?"

First Drunk—"There's two of you."

"I want my hair cut collegiate style."

"I see, you want Yale locks."

RUINOUS

Mr. Cleverton—"You saw some old ruins in England last summer, I suppose?"

Miss Riche—"Yes, and several of them wanted to marry me."—Jack-o-Lantern.

Four Years Out—"What is the difference between fish and a fool?"

Four Years In—"I'll bite. What is the difference?"

Four Years Out—"Well, if you bite, there isn't any."

"And how did they organize the war fraternities?"

"I didn't say war frats, I said wharf rats!"—Pelican.

"Gosh all hemlock, we got ten miles to walk until we get to Bugsville."

"Oh, that ain't so bad, that's only five miles apiece."—Chananal.

Onions may build you up physicaly but pull you down socially.—Beanpot.

There was a young lady named Stella, Fell in love with a bow-legged fella.

She sat in his lap And fell through the gap, And landed clear down in the cella'—Crab.

She—"What do you think of a fellow who makes a girl blush?"

He—"I think he's a wonder."—Pointer.

Dambda Phi Data—"I can read fraternity men like a book."

I S'y—"Well, you opened the wrong chapter this time."—Sun Dial.

"Hey, Pop, the goat just et a jack-rabbit."

"Dagnabit, another hare in the but-ter."

He—"See that guy, he's an atheist."

She—"Is that a good fraternity?"

GOO!

She—"Say something soft and sweet to me dearest."

Romeo—"Custard pie."

Oh hell!

My head aches

My eyes burn

My heart thumps

My ears twitch

My tongue's dry

I'm sleepy

And tired

And disgusted

And hurt—

But

It's not that

I'm drunk

Or that

My sweetie

Gave me

The air

Or that

My bank

Failed.

It's just

That this

Column has

To be

Filled.

Oh hell!

While in New York in January I had dinner one evening at a hotel where the menu is written out by a chef who doesn't understand a word of English. It was in Frog or Wop or some other shoulder-shrugging language.

I didn't like to confess to my wife that I couldn't sabe the argot, so I pointed to one of the lines on the bill-of-fare.

"There, waiter," I said, "bring me that."

"Sorry, sir," the tray juggler responded. "But you can't have that."

"I can't?" I demanded. "Why not?"

"The band is playing it."—White Mule.

She—"Times separates the best of friends."

He—"Yes, fifteen years ago we were both eighteen; and now you are twenty-five and I am thirty-three."—Punch Bowl.

Sophomore—"When dating with a stage star, you met her at the stage door. What do you do when you're dating a movie star?"

Senior—"Meet her at the screen door, of course."—Froth.

"I saw Brown the other day and he wast reating his wife in a way I wouldn't treat a dog."

"Great Scott, what was he doing?"

"Kissing her."—Weekly.

Oh-h!

Many women are bad, but many aren't as bad as they're painted.—Brown Jug.

Frater—"What were you doing in front of your window last night?"

Dormer—"Why the beauty book says to take pains with your makeup."

She—"What do you call it when two persons are thinking of the same thing—mental telepathy?"

He—"Sometimes it's that and sometimes it's just plain embarrassment."—Exchange.

No, dumbell, anti-bellum is not society for the prevention of cruelty to cows.

Hymn—"What makes you such a keen girl?"

She—"Why when I was young daddy used to spank me with a razor strap and it kept me on edge all the time."

"Howcome yo' calls yo' auto "DICE", Sam?"

"I calls her "DICE", boy, 'cause she shakes, rattles and rolls."—North Carolina Buccaneer.

Rain Stops; Buying Better

During our winter time Costa Rica has an unusually heavy rainy season, and a break in it recently heralded the heaviest buying season there.

Value in Proverbs

The study of proverbs may be more instructive and comprehensive than the most elaborate scheme of philosophy.—Motherwell.

On Mental Weakness

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.—Chesterfield.

Island Sold at Auction

Lundy island in the Bristol channel has been sold under the hammer on several occasions. Its first auction sale brought in only about \$46,000, while some years later it was withdrawn when the bidding reached \$70,000. At another time it was bought by one of the DeVeres, and the price paid for it was soon returned from the sale of rabbits. The auctioneer, at the time announced that it acknowledged neither king nor emperor and had never paid taxes.

Merely Preparatory

"I have been told," said the football player to his fiancée, "that you have been engaged before; that I am not the first."

The intensity of his passion made her shudder, but she quickly recovered herself. "And is it not proper," she demanded, "before playing a match game, to try a few practice games with scrub teams?"—Boston Transcript.

Name Like Fire Alarm

An Indian chief visited Muskogee, Okla., recently and stayed over night at the hotel. Going to his room that night he decided to call his wife, who lived at Dewar, a few miles away. He took down the phone receiver and started in: "This is Big Fire Chief Fire—" but the telephone operator let him get no further. She sounded the general fire alarm, and when the apartment arrived the Indian was still trying to get in his call and verbally losing his temper through the phone.

Gilded Goggles Good

Goggles of gilded glass, consisting of yellow glass with a coating of gold, recently have been invented by Dr. A. H. Pfund, associate professor of physics at Johns Hopkins university, to protect the eyes of workmen who are exposed to the intense glare and heat from furnaces. The gold-coated glass is said to eliminate the heat and glare from light, while permitting sufficient for clear vision. The gold passes the light waves to the eyes, but casts off the heat waves and ultra-violet waves.—Popular Science Monthly.

Psychic Thought

In studying the psychic side of life it should be well and distinctly understood that there is an ever-living spirit within each one of us; a spirit for which there is no limited capacity and no unfavorable surroundings.—Marie Corelli.

Business and Sentiment

Jud Tunkins says if you give a man a present worth two bits he is profoundly grateful; but if you give him advice worth thousands of dollars he immediately begins to be suspicious.—Washington Star.

Frequently

Up in Watertown the other day one of the "test" questions in a class at school was "What is Mars?" One of the answers was "Mars is the scratches you get on the parlor furniture."—New York Sun.

Case for the S. P. C. C.

The tightest man in the world is the Scotchman who shot off a pistol outside his house on Christmas eve and then came in and told the children that Santa Claus had committed suicide.—Pelican.

Elevator on Airplane

An airplane fitted with an elevator's being constructed for the French army. This will be used by the gunner in charge of two batteries of machine guns, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the fuselage. The machine is a giant bomber. Should an attack come from above, the gunner simply lifts himself by means of the elevator and gets in position to man the top guns. When an attack comes from below he can lower himself the same way.

Stray Bit of Wisdom

I once met a man who had forgiven an injury. I hope some day to meet the man who has forgiven an insult.—Charles Buxton.

Pity Above Wisdom

More healthful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.—George Eliot.

Fortune Good and Evil

Many have been ruffled by their fortunes, many have escaped ruin by the want of fortune.

Mixture of Names

Perth Amboy, N. J., was settled in 1683. It was named Perth for James, earl of Perth. Amboy, a corruption of the original Indian name, was afterward added.

Focus on the Speaker

He who observes the speaker more than the sound of his words will seldom meet with disappointment.—Lavater.

Won by Flattery

Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.—Fielding.

Take a Daily Walk

Don't be a "shut-in." Try to get a brisk walk every day, even if it is only a short one.

Spur on Wing

A long bright yellow face gives the masked plover its name, says Nature Magazine. It has a long spur on the bend of each wing. It lives in the Molucca islands, New Guinea, and the northern part of Australia.

Language of Golfers

"Well, how did you get on?" inquired a novice of a friend who had just finished an important golf match. "Oh," said the old hand, "we got off all right. I was a bit short at the long and then long at the short, but my opponent was never up all the way because he couldn't get down. He played better coming in than he did going out, so we were square on the round."

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The Alabamian

Vol. 2.

MONTEVALLO, ALA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1925

No. VIII.

SWEEPING VICTORY OVER HOWARD COLLEGE, 31-9

Every game seems to be the more thrilling and every team seems to be the better esports than the last one. Alabama College welcomed Howard girls into a stiff fight for a victory Saturday, February 14.

Though Howard fought hard Montevallo was in the lead throughout the game with a final score of 9-31.

Mabel, though almost afraid she would hurt the small opponent, took a step, raised her hand and rolled 'em in. Little Tad lived up to her name well. Heahey and Tad rolled up the score, while Bill, Townsend and Turner held those forwards valiantly and successfully. As we all know, Ward is a star-player and though not up to her best form, she did some excellent work.

The pep and support of our team from the sidelines should not be overlooked in the victory.

FAMOUS "MECHANICAL JANE" JOINS TEAM AT ALA. COLLEGE

The greatest, most daring and genuinely sportsmanlike game of basketball ever recorded in the history of Alabama College athletics took place Thursday afternoon, February 3. Said game came into existence as the result of a challenge to the faculty from the Home Economics Club several weeks ago. Without any hesitation the game was agreed upon and the date set accordingly. From the beginning, sufficient interest was manifested to promise lots of fun, but as the time drew nearer, people and things at Montevallo were not what they seemed.

Outline of preparation for Mechanical Jane's team—with able, cheer leader, Misses Monk and Vickery.

First Practice—Swimming pool; yells!!!!

Second Practice—Gym, limber-up.

Third Practice—Block Hall; sef 'em up.

Fourth Practice—Swimming pool; more yells!!!!

Fifth Practice—Class rooms; effect of Psychology (flunk 'em).

Sixth Practice—Dining room; songs and pep-per.

Seventh Practice—Practice court; fight 'em.

All the faculty members were loyal and appeared for each practice, even Dr. Palmer and Dear Carmichael, as busy as they were, dropped all their work and went out for yell practice. These "swimming hole" meetings soon aroused curiosity from the club team and one day they caught the faculty members down there yelling and sing-



HAZEL HUNTINGTON

ing for dear life.

The dinner scene marked the return of the old-time Thanksgiving spirit. All the teachers having met on the front porch, marched into the dining room, preceded by a splendid faculty band, and followed by their strong team. Mr. March, carrying a huge palm branch, led the line of march. A beautifully laid banquet table with a color scheme of green and white was an interesting feature of the occasion. The yells and songs caused much merriment throughout the meal.

At 3:30 the game was called and instead of the Home Economics team meeting their supposed opponents on the field, the men on the faculty dressed in middies and white skirts rushed on. Though the girls on the club team were most paralyzed with surprise at the appearance of this robust team they played valiantly until the referee called five personal fouls on the men's team for not putting enough effort into their playing, and soon the selected players came forth mid much cheering. The game proceeded splendidly under the excellent management of Bill Smith, refereeing, and Helen Townsend, umpiring, dressed in tight skirts, high heels, flapper hats, glasses, etc., just as though they were on their way to a tacky party. Clever signals were given by the faculty team, fully appreciated by all, and the game was peppy enough until Miss Campbell apparently fell over in a dead faint and had everyone frantic. Dr. Peck dressed as a nurse, appeared instantly with a gallon bottle of Sloan's liniment and a basket of bandages. Soon the star goal-thrower was "up and going" again.

Mrs. Palmer, beautifully dressed in white silk, was the faculty sponsor, while Mr. Meroney was the mascot—all dressed in green and white. Mrs. Davies was sponsor to the Home Economics Club, with lovely corsage of pink carnations and green streamers carrying out the color scheme. The mascot was a baby (Mr. Carle Hold-



HENRI SCOTT

PERSONALS

Friends of Mrs. Joe Allgood were glad to see her again on last Thursday, when she visited Mary Bradshaw and Ethel Drake.

Gertrude Broadway spent the past week-end with her family at their home in Selma.

Frances Freeland spent the past week-end in Selma with her family. Mr. Frank Derley, of York, visited his sister, Mary, on last Sunday.

We regret that Ethel Fuller is very sick with pneumonia, but hope for her a speedy recovery.



WILLARD SEKTBERG

ridge) and his negro nurse (Mr. Reid). Dr. Palmer was out in full dress suit and cane. The loyal booster members of the faculty dressed all "crazy-like." Nearly everyone was covered with paint and rouge and carried artificial flowers. Miss Brooke, disguised with said cosmetics, a wig and flapper clothes to the extent of "getting by" nearly everybody. She certainly was attractive. In the midst of the game, a snake dance was staged by the teachers, and various stunts were given all along. Miss Keyes, as "Mechanical Jane," played a very important part when presented by Mr. Kennedy as a new and reliable basket ball player. She was sold at auction to the highest bidder. The Home Economics Club being in need at that time, payed the price and therefore won the battle by the very close score of 14-14.

It's impossible to mention half the fun, but suffice it is to say that the students were convinced that the teachers were the best of sports and peppy enough. At the conclusion of the game, the men of the faculty challenged any student organization to a tennis meet.

The faculty of Alabama College can't be beat. Yell for the faculty!

Faculty lineup—Elizabeth Cogswell, Margaret Braten, H. W. Jones, centers; Mary G. Decker, Miss Newice, guards; Lucile Hook, Polly Gibbs, Goanne Larue Sharpe, Mr. Orr.

THE IMPRESARIO COMING

The "Marriage of Figaro" was such a big success that another Hinshaw opera, Mozart's "The Impresario," is coming to Alabama College on February 21.

During the past three seasons Mr. Hinshaw's company has given "The Impresario" nearly three hundred times before the music clubs and societies of the country, with great success, and has received the highest praise from critics and public for its artistic and cultural worth and its exquisite and charming entertainment qualities. The cast for the season of 1924-25 will remain the same with the notable exception that Mr. Hinshaw has engaged the greatest American operatic basso, Mr. Henri Scott, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Company, to replace Mr. Percy Hemus in the title role. Without doubt, Henri Scott stands today as the greatest American operatic basso before the public. He was born in Philadelphia, educated in Philadelphia, New York and Europe, and was brought out by Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, in 1909. He sang three years as leading basso of Chicago Opera, and four years with the Metropolitan Opera of New York. He has sung in Italy and France and has sung on many tours in America with various symphony orchestras, and also as recitalist and in oratorio and festivals.

Scott is a prominent member of the Society of American Singers, and sang with them one season at Park Theater, New York, appearing as Lotario in "Mignon," Mephisto in "Faust," Dr. Miracle in "Tales of Hoffman" and Escamillo in "Carmen." He has a great voice and is a fine actor and consummate artist.

Miss Lottice Howell is the coloratura soprano in the company. For two seasons Miss Howell has gained the public as "Dorothea" in the Impresario performances with her beautiful voice and charming personality. She was born in Alabama, became piano prodigy and studied singing in New York; singing concert tours and at the Strand in New York was engaged by Mr. Hinshaw for the role of "Dorothea." Miss Howell is highly gifted histrionically as well as vocally. She has captured the hearts of her audience at every appearance, of which she has made about 200 as "The Singer of Linz" ("Dorothea") in the Impresario.

Hazel Huntington, prima donna soprano, is a clever actress and a soprano whose voice has much flexibility and an uncommonly high range. For three seasons Miss Huntington has sung in the Impresario Co., the first season in the ingenue role of "Dorothea," and for two seasons as the prima donna, "Madam Hofer," in both of which roles she has won the high admiration of critics and public from coast to coast and from Canada to Galveston. Born in Minnesota, educated in New York, she toured the country first in Robin Hood; later in grand opera sketh and concerts; then the "Impresario."

The tenor of the company Harold Hansen, is a young singer of promise who has a fine lyric tenor voice and attractive personality. Few young tenors have made so pleasing an impression as has Mr. Hansen during the past five years in his various tours of the country. Born and educated in New York, he was a prominent boy soprano, and is now tenor soloist at Temple Beth-el on Fifth Avenue. He toured Orpheum circuit as leading tenor with Madam Doree Operalogue Co., has appeared as soloist with several symphony orchestras, including Philadelphia Symphony under the direction of Stokowsky, is splendid pianist and has seraphic tenor voice.

A solid splendid singer and actor is Francis Tyler, bass-baritone. Mr. Tyler has been a member of the Impresario Company for three seasons and has won the praise of critics and public with his fine voice and splendid acting. He was born in Detroit, educated at Cornell University and New York, and debuted as "Bonze" in Savage's "Butterfly." He sang several seasons in grand opera; was head of music leaders in the navy during the way, and has sung over one hundred



HAROLD HANSEN

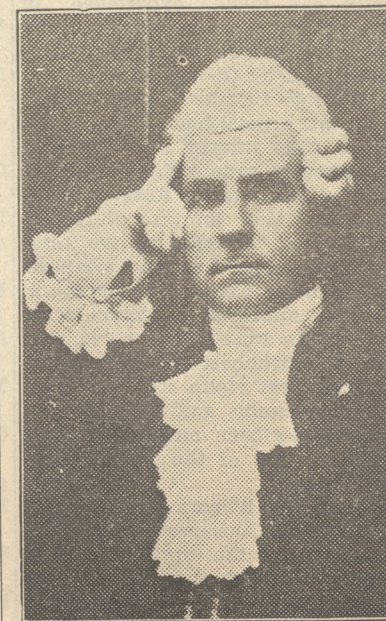
different roles in grand and comic opera.

Last, but by no means least, in this personnel is Willard Sektberg, pianist-musical director. He is an accompanist pianistic virtuoso and plays the difficult accompaniments in masterly fashion. He was born in New York, began study of piano at eight, was organist at Memorial Pres. Church, Dover, N. J., at 14 years; organist and director at University Heights Pres. Church, New York, at 19, and graduated from New York University, B. S. Degree, 1923—a member of Zeta Psi; during his senior year in University became director Music Department, due to untimely death of its previous director; conducted Yonkers Choral Society, and University Heights Woman's Choral. Sektberg has toured in connection with Ponselle, Otis, Lenox, Agostini, Amsden, Saryo, Morris Press and others.

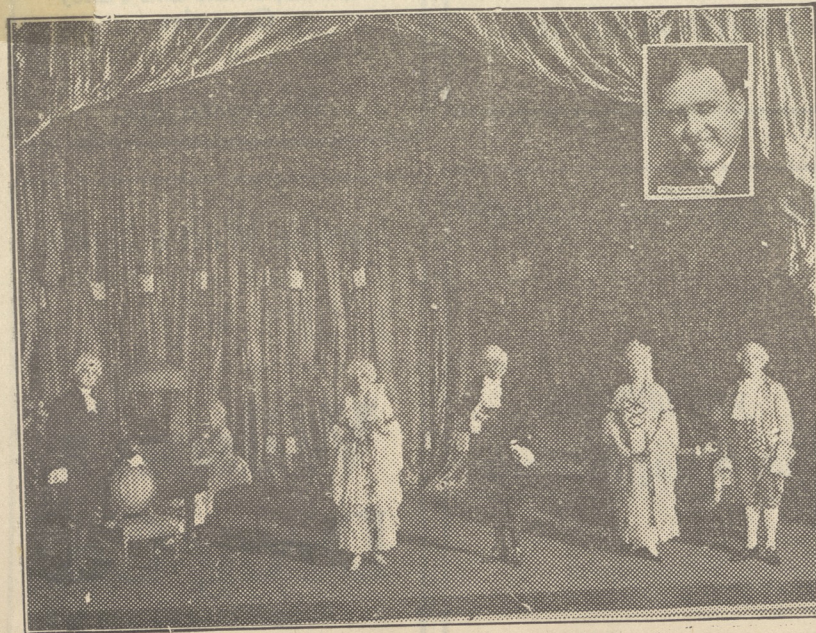
The story of this delightful comic opera, "The Impresario" tells how Emanuel Schillaneder, director of the Freihaus Theater, and Mozart's librettist, is hoodwinked into engaging Demoiselle Uhlich as a member of his company. She is beloved by the director's nephew, Phillip, but the director refuses to have a niece-in-law in his company, saying he has enough troubles as it is with Mozart's sister-in-law, Madam Hofer, as prima donna assoluta. So Demoiselle Uhlich pretends to be an Italian singer named Cavaliere, and is engaged in a delightful scene of comedy with Madam Hofer. In this scene the two singers go through a contest in song and in jealousy in a manner as funny as it is subtle.

It is a very lively and amusing satire on the pretension of the people of the opera stage, and the music shows Mozart at his best and maturest.

"The Impresario" is well sung, well acted, the staging is good, the costumes correct, and the whole has a certain touch of daintiness, good humor and fine satire.



HENRI SCOTT



"THE IMPRESARIO" by Mozart
WILLIAM WADE HINSHAW'S
Productions of Opera Comique

THE ALABAMIAN

Published bi-monthly during the scholastic year by the students of Alabama College.

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THE KEYNOTE

When the Letz Quartet, who will appear here at Alabama College on Saturday night, March 14, played recently in Montreal, the local Gazette commented as follows on their performance: "The Letz Quartet have the essential quality of the interpreters of chamber music, namely the combination of performance which makes for smooth dialogue rather than unwonted prominence of any one contributor to the musical conservation." When the same quartet gave a concert in Charleston, S. C., the American of that city, wrote: "Each member of the quartet proved a true artist." The two opinions would seem to exclude one another. How can the members of a quartet be individual artists and at the same time submerge their individualities in the work of the whole? But is not this a true measure of artistry? One can, of course, imagine a string quartet, in which Kreisler would play the first violin, Heifetz the second violin, Tertis would play the viola, and Casals the cello. This would, indeed, make a combination of the four greatest artists in their respective fields, but whether this would make for the best quartet music is another matter. The playing of chamber music requires years of unceasing work, a sacrifice of much individual playing and a willingness to merge one's personality in the interpretation of the work in hand. This the members of the Letz Quartet have achieved to a remarkable degree, in spite of the fact that each one of them is an artist of concert calibre.

The personnel consists of Hans Letz, first violin; Edwin Bachmann, second violin; Wm. Schubert, viola, and Horace Britt, cello.

Mr. Letz was for several seasons concert master of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, resigning from it to go to New York and become a member of the Kneisel Quartet, with which he remained until it disbanded. Immediately afterward he organized the present quartet which bears his name. As a soloist he has been heard with all the leading American audiences in New York, Boston, Pittsburgh and other cities, but it is as the founder and leader of the Letz Quartet that he has gained his greatest fame and prestige.

He has chosen as his associates young men, brimming with enthusiasm for the difficult task they have before them, and yet, artists who have won unusual recognition on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Bachmann, a pupil of Hubay, was formerly concert master of the State Orchestra in Buda-Pesth and on his arrival in America joined the New York Symphony Orchestra. Here he has also had much experience in chamber music organizations and for two seasons played with the Little Symphony led by George Barrere.

Mr. William Schubert, viola player, is a recent acquisition. He is an American who studied under Arnold Academy under Arnold Rose, the first violinist of the famous Rose Quartet, perhaps the best known European string quartet. Thanks to his tutelage, Mr. Schubert had the privilege of extraordinary chamber music training, having appeared on many occasions with the Rose Quartet. In this country Mr. Schubert has played for six seasons first violin with the New York Philharmonic, and for the coming season has been engaged to lead the viola section of the State Symphony.

Mr. Britt is a Belgian and a graduate of the Paris Conservatory. He has been soloist with the foremost French orchestras and with the leading ones in America, and has played under the baton of the following conductors, all

of world-wide fame: Edouard Colonne, Theodore Thomas, Gustav Mahler, Alfred Hertz, Arthur Nikosch, Felix Weingartner and Arturo Toscanini. He joins the Letz Quartet after several seasons on the Pacific coast, where he was first 'cellist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and also 'cellist of the Chamber Music Society.

There is a widespread impression among many people that chamber music, particularly as played by string quartets, is intended for the musically elect, for the "highbrows." It is this same feeling which has for many years kept people away from the performances of Beethoven Symphonies and Wagner operas. This impression is a fallacy. It is true, that music, like every other art, presupposes a certain amount of elementary preparation for the full appreciation of its beauties. The first visit to an art gallery results in a headache for the uninitiated, each succeeding visit brings a fuller realization of the cultural treasures hidden in a portrait by Rembrandt. The same with music. The first hearing of a Beethoven Symphony may induce peaceful slumber, but if taken in proper doses, the music of Beethoven, Wagner and Brahms will eventually make one a better human being than a music lover and eventually a music enthusiast. This explains why Wagner's music is now most eagerly sought by persons, hardly "highbrows," why the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven attracts nearly twenty thousand people to the New York Stadium, why every large city is now offering a summer season of concerts in the open air, at which the best music is played by the leading orchestras. Thus, chamber music is also gradually emerging from the class of the taboo. More and more people are anxious to hear the quartets of Beethoven, of Brahms and even the modern works of Stravinsky, Debussy and Ravel. The Letz Quartet, one of the foremost chamber music organizations in the country, has gone even further to popularize its concerts. Not only does it present complete works of the classic and modern composers, but also transcriptions of popular works, such as Grainger's "Molly on the Shore," and Tchaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile." No doubt, the concert by the Letz Quartet will prove popular with all local music lovers, both the sophisticated ones.

SEVENTH STUDENT RECITAL

On Saturday afternoon, February 14, the Seventh Student Recital was enjoyed by an appreciative audience. The following program was given:

Piano Solo (N. Irving Hyatt) "In a Bower"—Anna Murphree.
Piano Solo (Boyle) "Pierrott"—Mary Wylie.
Vocal Solo (MasFadyen) "Home"—Verna Brasher.
Piano Solo (Gramer) "The Desire"—Myrtle Tuberville.
Piano Solo (Kijurulf) "Humoreske"—Joyce Jackson.
Vocal Solo (Ferrata) "Night and the Curtains Drawn"—Reba Dunklin.
Piano Solo (MacDowell) "From an Indian Lodge"—Minnie Peebles Johnson.
Piano Solo (Liszt) "Liebestraume in E Major"—Charles Mahaffey.
Vocal Solo (Whelpley) "I know a Hill"—Helen Gray McNeill.
Piano Solo (La Forge) "Gavotte and Musotte"—Eleanor Hooper.
Piano Solo (Grainger) "Country Gardens"—Lucy Stevens.
Vocal Solo (Oliver) "The Nightingales of Lincoln's Inn"—Etoile Barnes.
Piano Solo (Chopin) "Nocturne Op. 32 No. 1"—Jewel Jeffrey.
Piano Solo (Jonas) "Concert Mazurka"—Jatty Cole.
Vocal Solo (Speaks) "Morning"—

Mary Riley.
"Polonaise Op. 40 No. 1" (Chopin)—Helen Hagood.
Piano Soli "Etude Op. 25 No. 2" (Chopin); "Etude Op. 25 No. 9" (Chopin)—Marie Holladay.

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN—ALL YE MUSIC-LOVERS!

We are going to have something new at Montevallo on February 26-28! Expression, basket ball, home economics and various and sundry other contests have long caused excitement and now the seed of friendly rivalry implanted in the brain of music has resulted in a high school music contest.

Of course, there must be rules and regulations to abide by, and these are: Eligibility—Entrants in these contests must be regularly enrolled undergraduate students in a high school in the State of Alabama and must be pursuing successfully three standard high school subjects. No person more than twenty-three years of age at the time of the contest may compete in these contests. Two pupils from each school may enter the contests in piano, two in voice, two in violin and two in 'cello, provided the total number of students in any one school desiring to enter does not exceed four. In other words, if the four subjects are represented in the high school only one each may come for the contests; if only two, then two from each of those may be sent.

Entry—Application to enter these contests must be made on or before February 20, 1925, on the official entry blank, copies of which will be sent to the school authorities or will be furnished on application to Dean O. C. Carmichael, general chairman.

Nature of Contests—In all contests there is specified a contest selection to be performed, and in addition, each contestant performs also a selection of her own choice. All selections must be performed from memory.

Preliminaries—There are no county or district elimination preliminaries for these contests. Each high school may hold a local elimination contest in case more than four students are desirous of entering the contest. During the interscholastic meet, if the number of entrants in a contest necessitates it, elimination preliminaries in several groups are held and the winners from each group then participate in the final contest.

Judging—Contests shall be designated and graded by number only and their order of appearance in the contest shall be determined by it. There shall be three judges in each contest. Piano, Violin, 'Cello and Voice Contests

In addition to the general rules stated above note the following:

The time required for the performance of the contestant's own selection must not exceed five minutes. If the selection exceeds this time limit, contestant will be disqualified. The points of judging in the piano contest are: Tone, technique, clearness with reference to finger work and pedalling, phrasing, interpretation, selection of composition and stage presence. In the violin and 'cello contests: Tone, intonation, technique, phrasing, interpretation, stage presence and selection of composition. In the voice contest: Tone, pitch, technique, including pronunciation, phrasing, interpretation, stage presence and selection of composition.

Contest Selections for 1925

Piano—Tendre Aveu Op. 43, No. 2, by Edward Shutt; publishers, T. B. Harms Co., 62-64 West 45th Street, New York City.

Soprano—"There's a Lark in My Heart" (Key D), Gilbert S. Ross; publishers, John Church Co., New York City.

Alto—"The Little Woman in Gray" (Key D), Carl Mahn; publishers, John Church Co., New York City.

Violin—Aucassin and Nicolette, Fritz Kreisler; publisher, Carl Fischer, Cooper Square, New York City.

'Cello—Lacinqantaine (Air in the Older style), Gabriel Marie; publisher, Carl Fischer, Cooper Square, New York City.

Prizes Offered

Alabama College offers one \$50 scholarship for each of the four subjects included in the contest—piano, voice, 'cello and violin. This amount to be applied to the music fees when the winner enters the college. The scholarship may not be awarded, however, in a given contest unless there are as many as three contestants.

On the first evening of the contest there will be given the first student exhibition concert, to which all are cor-

dially invited. The program will be: Piano Solo (Chopin) "Polonaise Op. 40, No. 1"—Helen Hagood, Evergreen, Ala.

Soprano Solo (Densmore) "I Know Where a Garden Grows"—Lucile Clay, Fulton, Ala.

'Cello Solo (Weiss) "Versage Nicht"—Genevieve Tuberville, Century, Ala.

Piano Soli (Chopin) a—"Etude Op. 25, No. 2;" b—"Etude Op. 25, No. 9;" c—"Etude Op. 10, No. 12"—Marie Holliday, Gordonsville, Ala.

Soprano Soli a—(Ronald) "Sylvan;" b—(Woodman) "A Birthday"—Winifred Castleman, Greensboro, Ala.

Piano Soli (Powel) "Banjo Picker;" (Jonas) "Toccato"—Genevieve Tuberville, Century, Ala.

Violin Solo (Ch. de Beriot) "Concerto No. VII in G," Allegro Maestoso—Anne Long, Marion, Ala.

Soprano Solo (Rimsky-Karsahow) "Song of India"—Minnie Peebles Johnson, Montevallo, Ala.

Piano Solo (Chopin) "Fantasie Impromptu"—Alice Hahler, Lavley, Ala.

String Quartet (Aubert-Poelion) "Air;" (Handel-Poelion) "Gavotte"—Mary McConaughy, violin; Alice Lyman, violin; Anne Long, viola; Genevieve Tuberville, 'cello.

Czecho-Slovak Folk Songs—(a) "Song of Bohemia," arranged by Dennis Taylor; (b) "Wake Thee, Now Dearest," arranged by Deems Taylor.—Choral Class.

This is the first public appearance of the Choral Club, and, thanks to the combined efforts of Mr. Frank E. Marsh, director, and Miss Polly Gibbs, accompanist, quite a treat is promised the audience on Thursday evening.

On the evening of February 13, an interesting study of Tchaikowsky was taken up in the Music Club. After the story of his life was told by Patty Cole, the members enjoyed a nice little Victrola concert, some of the Russian composer's works. First was the "March Shav," after Julia Tuberville gave the history of the piece.

Next came various dances of the "Nut Cracker Suite," which were more appreciated after the stories connected with this descriptive series had been told by Helen Hagood.

Maybe He Meant It That Way

Flake—I suppose the professor is as absent-minded as ever. What's his latest?

Drake—Oh, he hooked the cat up to the charger and threw a shoe at his radio.

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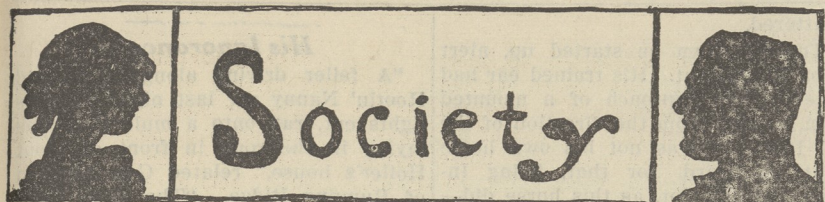
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TUTWILER CLUB NEWS

Miss Mary Ella Rowan, an old Tutwiler girl, is back up here now, as Dr. Palmer's private secretary.

Zirlie Holland's mother is visiting in Montevallo this week and of course Zirlie is the "gladdest one." We'll all be sorry when the week is over because Mrs. Holland persists in winning our admiration and love.

Miss Annie Mae Skinner and Alice Mahler went with the Dramatic Club on the trip to Troy the first of the week. They came back full of glowing accounts of the good time they had on the trip. All the rest of us secretly determined to try out for Dramatic Club next time for we've got a roving Nomad's blood in our veins and desire to travel away from these hallowed halls once in ever so often.

Miss Alice Alsobrook celebrated her birthday, Wednesday night at a party in her room. Her friends enjoyed the party and the eats "de luxe" to the fullest and all wish for her many happy returns of the day.

Miss Margaret Coleman is spending the week-end in Anniston with friends.

Miss Winifred Castleman went up to Birmingham last week to hear Freida Hempel sing. She says it was "wonderful" and we listen to her static report with envy gnawing at our hearts.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

One of the most interesting events in the series of lectures to be heard in the college auditorium this season will be the appearance on Monday, February 23, of Vilhjalmur Stefansson foremost Arctic explorer, who will speak in Montevallo under the auspices of the college.

Few people have any conception of life as it is lived in the far north. When Stefansson made his announcement in 1913 that he intended to prove to the world that white men could live off the land in the frozen north, everyone thought he was demented. But he accomplished the fact, and returned after five years with a fund of knowledge, pictures and experiences which he uses in his lectures for the enlightenment of the people of this far different land.

On his two previous expositions he made careful studies of the Eskimos and discovered the so-called Blond Eskimos who have figured so largely in the newspapers since. Because of his studies of this race, because of his discoveries of land and because of the application of new ideas and methods to exploration, Stefansson is now considered the foremost polar explorer of the present day. He has been honored by Geographical societies of several nations and given honorary degrees from prominent universities of this country.

Stefansson is a brilliant and successful writer and is the author of a number of books and many magazine articles. "The Northward Course of Empire" and "Hunters of the Great North," are his latest books and "The Friendly Arctic," an earlier publication, is one of his most popular.

In his lectures Stefansson does not tell only of his experiences in the Arctic, but of the ideas he has gained from these experiences. In the past few years his mind has turned from exploration into the broader channel of bringing to the attention of the world the vast potential possibilities of the North. In it he sees a land that will produce great wealth both in food and minerals, a land as full of promises as the West of the early days.

Verdun's Unhappy History

Verdun, which became blood-soaked during the World war, had been the scene of previous heavy bloodshed one of the instances having been in the general massacre of Jews by peasants in a religious misconception in the Fourteenth century. This was about 1317. There was not a Jew in England from 1610 to 1624, and for some time after 1394 there was none in France.

HE WAS
MISTAKEN
FOR A SPY

By H. M. EGBERT

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

A SHOT, a cry, a general commotion and Leslie Durand was the center of an excited group. It was among the most sordid homes of the Italian district of the great city, and after dark.

A week previous he had come into the section, primarily appointed by a commons commission to ascertain the prospect of founding a community house. In addition to this, a newspaper had engaged him to write a series of articles on life in the ghetto-like district.

Durand had rented the suite of rooms over a cheap store. He was on his way home, when suddenly a loud report startled him. A hail of large shot showered past him. He ran to the spot where he had seen the flash—the mouth of an alley. No one was visible down its dim length, but near the street himself and the crowd quickly gathered found a sawed-off shotgun, abandoned by the would-be assassin or excitement agitator, as the case might be.

"It is the vendetta!" was the surmise of an aged man. "Against whom?" it was challenged. "Ah, that is so—whom, indeed!" muttered the old man. Then, amid the babel of many Italian voices discussing the sensational episode, Durand quietly drew to the edge of the crowd. His arm was touched gently as he started once more in the direction of home. He turned to see a man past middle age on crutches. Beside him was a girl of about eighteen. "Your hand is bleeding," he advised Durand.

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed the latter, for the first time noticing where one of the scattered leaden missiles had grazed the back of his fingers. "It is nothing, for I feel no pain," added Durand, carelessly.

"It should be attended to, nevertheless," returned the other seriously. "I am something of a surgeon, Mr. Durand. My little home is nearby—"

"Why, you know me?" observed Durand, wondering.

"By name and sight—oh, yes," was answered with a friendly smile. "In a little community like this every stranger is remarked."

Durand began wrapping a handkerchief about his hand. The young girl stepped forward to assist him. He knew not why, but the gentle touch of her dainty fingers, the look of interest in her clear blue eyes caused him to assent to the reiterated invitation of the old man, evidently her father, to visit their home and have his slight injury attended to.

It was a quaint little cottage far back from the street to which Durand was led. There was a neat glass sign on the door reading, "Prof. Gabriel Dubourg, Teacher of Piano and Violin." The front room was neatly furnished. There was an air of good taste and art all about the apartment.

"In our humble way, my daughter Leila and myself are quite favorites of the people about here," remarked the musician. "We know their ways. We feared that you—a stranger—"

Here the young girl cast a quick look upon her father, who, somewhat embarrassed, did not complete the sentence he had begun. Instead he locked the room door and hastily drew a small surgical case from a cabinet, but Durand said:

"See, it is a mere surface scratch on my hand."

"Yes, the abrasion is not severe, but—we must look for poison."

"Poison!" repeated Durand, with a start, and when he understood the insinuation. Doubtless the man who had fired the gun had sought to kill an enemy. Cases were not rare where poisoned missiles had been employed. Not for a moment had Durand suspected that the shot might have been meant for himself.

The professor applied a solution to the grazed member and bound it with a thin covering of gauze. Then they drifted into a pleasant conversation and Durand learned that the musician and his daughter were well posted in Italian dialects and received quite an

income from writing and translating letters for their neighbors. As he thanked host and hostess for their kind attention and arose to go, the professor directed an uneasy and appealing look at his daughter.

"There were some little purchases you spoke of this afternoon," he observed to Leila. "She would be company for you on your way, Mr. Durand."

Leila flushed, but put on her hat. She accompanied Durand as far as a well-lighted principal thoroughfare and then bade him good-night.

"I declare!" soliloquized Durand with a whimsical smile as he reached his room, what would my newspaper friends think if I were to tell them that a beautiful young lady actually saw me home!"

The Dubourg family held a decided fascination for Durand and he called at their modest home two afternoons during the week following. The professor gave him much information that fitted into his newspaper stories. Leila enthralled him with her beauty and musical genius. One afternoon his stay lingered into the hours after dark. Again, as he arose to leave the hospitable roof, Leila had "some purchases to make." As they neared his home a sudden enlightenment flooded Durand's mind.

"Miss Dubourg," he said, "can it be possible that you go to all this trouble from fear that I may come to harm?"

Leila hesitated, faltered. Then she said:

"It is true. My father believes that shot in the dark was meant for you."

"Oh, impossible!" exclaimed Durand. "What could be the motive? I am entirely friendly to these people."

"You have signed the name 'Zucci' to your newspaper articles," spoke Leila.

"Yes, I picked up the name somewhere and have used it."

"You must change it."

"And why?" interrogated Durand in astonishment.

"My father and I know a great deal about our neighbors. It seems that a certain revolutionary set are suspecting that you are a spy. Your haphazard selection of that nom de plume has in their minds connected you with a hated and hunted detective known as Zucci. Your life is in danger."

A tender glow overspread the young man's face as he realized the respect and interest Leila's words conveyed. He left her promising to find some way of setting himself right with the community the next day.

Durand noticed, as he approached the old building where he had leased living quarters, that the store below had moved from the premises that day. He attached no particular significance to this. Once upstairs he sat down to think, not of possible peril, but of Leila.

Suddenly there was a vivid flash of light, followed by a frightful detonation. The building rocked, every sash in the place was shattered.

Springing to his feet, Durand rushed to the window to see a shed structure in the next yard blown to atoms.

"Dynamite!" he breathed, and dashed down the stairs to the street. "Leila!" burst unrestrainedly from his lips as he saw, shrinking to the front of the building, the professor's daughter.

She was pale as death, her hands were clasped in pain. Then, just as he noticed that they were all blackened and burned, she fainted in his arms.

Those beautiful hands, all seared and scored for his dear sake—how he caressed them, when she lay, smiling proudly, fondly, under the care of her father.

She had followed two suspicious-looking trailers of Durand after he had left her that evening. She had reached the building just as they had set a lighted bomb in the hallway that might have blown the house to atoms.

She had rushed at the missile of destruction and flung it into the next lot.

What had come of it all was love, pure and lasting. What came afterwards was the chime of merry wedding bells. The wild untamed revolutionary element were made aware of the real truth, and Durand and Leila had no more ardent well-wishers in the settlement.

Bridge Needs Much Wire

At least 25,000 miles of wire will be used in the two cables for the suspension bridge now being erected over the Delaware river between Philadelphia and Camden, N. J.



FRANCIS J. TYLER

Humble Frog Friend and
Benefactor of Mankind

Among creatures most useful to mankind the polliwog must take his place with the cow, the horse and the dog, writes the World's Work.

More books have been written about the frog than about Shakespeare or Lincoln or Napoleon, or as Dr. Samuel Holmes put it in his book, "The Biology of the Frog":

"Perhaps no animal, except man, has been subject to so many scientific investigations. . . . In fact, most of what is known in certain departments of physiology is derived from study of this animal."

"Startling, but true, that this insignificant creature should have contributed so much to medical science, when mention of the frog usually raises the obvious queries on the edibility of its legs or why it makes so much noise when men crave sleep. In literature the frog is no hero and is always represented as being unnecessarily raucous, except by Aristophanes, who, in 'The Frogs,' makes Charon remark to Bacchus as they start their river journey: 'Thou'll hear sweet music presently of frogs with voices wonderful as swans.' But see what company Charon had!"

To the scientist the voice of the frog is just as sweet as it was to Charon, even when Bacchus is not present. Without the frog, the polliwog and other marine animals, the study of the endocrine glands would be much more difficult, and the sudden and widespread extermination of the frog would retard the solution of many of the problems confronting medical science. In the study of cancer and some other diseases the mouse is favorite; the guinea pig also is a good servant of science. But the frog is leader.

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Made Me
Laugh Too!



Johnson

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Ina Mae Malone

Says Anny May, as she walks in Wooley's Grocery Store: "I want to buy a package of sage tea."

There's nothing that will dampen one's feelings like rain on Sunday.

Signs of Long Hair

"My hair came today."
"This one doesn't match; I'll try Lula's."
"My hair has been lost in the mail; what shall I do?"
"Who borrowed my hair?"
"I have a date tonight; let me wear your hair."
"Give me a hair pin."

Immigrants Wanted

"What makes these sardines so high?"
"They are imported, mum."
"I'll take the domestic ones; them as had the brains to swim to this country."—Exchange.

"Why did you break off your engagement?"

"Oh, my dear, Sam became simply impossible. He criticized the way I dressed, the way I acted and everything I did. Always wanted me at his beck and call, and then on top of all that, he suddenly married another girl, so I made up my mind not to have anything to do with him."

Bill: "I paid the palmist a dollar to read my palm. She described you exactly and said we would be married in a year."

Alice: "Bill, you are so extravagant, I could have told you that for nothing."

He wonders why he sees different girls carrying around the very same books each Sunday afternoon, and never sees them reading.

Perhaps he hasn't thought of it, but they are absorbing the contents and it takes a week for each girl so the book is only making its rounds.

There has been a decided change in the domestic life owing to a sign on the bulletin board which reads: "Beginning today, the rooms will be inspected daily."

Nina Dantzler, coming from Bloch Hall while the snow was falling: "I have a star in my crown."

Our gym is like these hats you hear about—the "please-don't-rain" kind.

"Mamma, where do the cows get milk?" asked a small boy, looking up from a foaming pail of milk which he had been intently regarding.

"Where do you bet your tears?" was the answer.

After a thoughtful silence he broke out: "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"—Bison.

Sympathy

I say ol' man, you've hit the tree, Your name is down for all to see; You've lost the vaunted saving grace To sell the Prof. your greasy face. I hope he knocks you for a loop, So hard, in fact, you can't recoup; We'd be so glad at your decease Because you use the axle grease And now you'll speak, if you don't mind, The epilogue of all your kind.

—J. O. W.

The height of slow motion would be tow Scotchmen reaching for the dinner check.—Blue Baboon.

"Do you want a match?" asked the chaperone of the student with a cigarette.

"No, thanks, only temporary amusement."—Jack-o-Lantern.

Racterinchactzopeubedsappe, which is the verb meaning "to love" in the language of a certain Esquimo tribe. This probably accounts for the long night in the Arctic.—Gaboon.

Wun: "Let's walk around the corner and get a drink."

Too: "Hell, no; let's run!"—Yellow Jacket.

He: "May I kiss you on the forehead?"

She: "Not unless you want a bang in the mouth."—California Pelican.

"How did that Mohawk Indian ever come to marry the society girl?"

"He was an Indian scout—with reservations."—Widow.

Early to bed and
Early to rise
And your girl goes out
With the other guys.

Inebriate (addressing a barber pole): "Now a 'leash shix of you zebras has got to get out. Whasha think I am, an animal trainer?"—Amherst Lord Jeff.

Oh!

He, 1: "How late do you think I was out last night?"

He, 2: "Fivt-thirty?"

He, 1: "Gosh, your wife tells you everything."—Jack-o-Lantern.

A No Account Bird

"What kind of a bird shall I put on my hat, dear?"

"One with a small bill."

Following Directions

He: "Didn't you pack my linen?"

She: "Of course not. It was labeled 'Not to be taken.'"—Bison.

Overheard at the Hop

She: "When you smiled at me you were like Ralph; when you asked me for a dance I thought you were Harry; when you held me so tight I took yor for Jack, and when you kissed me I could have sworn you were Jerry, but when you stepped on my foot I knew very well it was you, George."—Punch Bowl.

Let's Go

Boob (1 a.m.): "The other night I heard a story that gave me such a start."

Girls (very bored): "I wish I knew it."—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

"Give me the hardest role," said the actor to the waiter.—Blue Jay.

Depends on the Party

"Should evening dresses ever be worn to bridge parties?"

"No; in playing cards it is only necessary to show the hand."—Dodo.

He: "Did you ever see a catfish?"

She: "Certainly."

He: "How did he hold the pole?"—Pointer.

That'll Do

"You can't beat these women! Here they are wearing their stockings in sausage fashion now."

"Sausage fashion—what do you mean?"

"You know—below knees."—Columnns.

Winter Puts Heavy Strain on Vitality

Winter places more strain than summer on the vitality of most persons, for the reason that the body has to exchange a natural outdoor life for the artificial conditions of the house, and thus is subject every time you go out to greater changes of temperature.

At the same time you are more exposed to cold and damp, and being colder, eat more, so throwing a greater strain upon the digestion, while at the same time probably taking less exercise. Above all, moreover, you may be deprived of much of the sunshine which in itself is a food to your vitality.

Therefore you are making a greater call upon your reserves of vitality in the winter than summer. At the same time, it is not quite true to say that your vitality is necessarily lower, since the really healthy system will respond to the call.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

GIVING PIERRE EQUAL CHANCE

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

(©. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

JEAN MINGUY'S heart was beating fast as he came within sight of old Baptiste's cabin on the Peace river. He spurred his horse, and it broke into a canter across the snow.

Though the ground was still white, spring was in the air, and spring was in the heart of Jean Minguy, for he was riding to see his sweetheart Nanette, old Baptiste's daughter. They had been engaged eight months, ever since Jean's last visit to the cabin in the early fall.

Now he had amassed a pile of rich furs, which he would exchange for gold in plenty at the trading store. But first he must see Nanette and get her to fix the wedding day.

He had left his furs in his cabin and had ridden 200 miles to see her; and he had ridden so eagerly that he had not even turned the dozen miles out of his course that were necessary for him to meet his old friend, Pierre Dufour.

Old Baptiste came to the door and laid a hand upon his horse's bridle. "You have come for Nanette?" he quavered. He was very old and already in his dotage.

"Where is she?" demanded Jean, feeling his heart hammering within his breast.

"Haven't you heard?" cried the old man. "She left here with Dufour this morning—"

A fiery mist swam before Jean's eyes. Pierre Dufour! The two men had been friends for many a year, and Jean had known that Pierre was in love with Nanette. But the girl had plighted herself to him, and he had hardly thought of Dufour in the ecstasy of his happy anticipations.

He had been so proud of her, his beautiful bride-to-be, with her dark hair and eyes. One more season in the north, and then, if luck was with him he had intended to take her south to civilization, and the perils and hardships of the wilds would be a thing of the past.

Jean Minguy pulled up his horse sharply.

"Listen!" the old man began, catching at the bridle again.

But Jean Minguy was already spurring his horse back along the trail, paying no attention to old Baptiste's shouts. Only a single thought was in his mind—to kill the false friend who had betrayed him.

Dufour's cabin lay at the junction of the Peace and St. Paul, a small tributary stream, 40 miles back, and some 12 miles off the route along which he had come. There was his cabin; that was the trapping district which Dufour had marked off for his own. Jean had visited there in the days before they had ever thought of Nanette, save as a shy girl of fourteen or fifteen, and they had spent many a long evening together, smoking, silent, happy in each other's company.

There they must fight it out face to face. Jean contemplated no treacherous attack. He would give Pierre an equal chance; but it must be a fight to the death.

If Dufour had won the girl fairly Jean would have acquiesced. But Nanette and he had been engaged so long, and Dufour had known it, and he had stolen her. Jean could understand what pressure he might have used, when she had only a doddering old man for her companion. His anger rose into a fierce flame as he pursued his way.

Night fell before more than half of the 40 miles was accomplished. Jean dismounted and scooped out a shelter in the deep snow beside the stream. He was not sorry for the opportunity to nurse his wrath. He crept inside, turning his pony loose, for the weather was warm enough for the little, half-savage creature to take care of itself, and Jean knew that it would not stray far from him.

He wrapped himself in his furs and lay down. But his mind would not let him forget his grief and rage in the temporary relief of sleep. He had dreamed so long of the day when Nanette was to be his wife; and now his dream was ended and his life was

shattered.

Toward dawn he started up, alert upon the instant. His trained ear had detected the approach of a mounted man, coming from the direction of the St. Paul. It was not his own horse that he heard, for that, being Indian, did not trot, as this horse did—besides, the difference between the sound of a horse with a rider on its back and that of a horse alone is unmistakable.

Jean crept out of his shelter. The dawn was not far away, but the moon still shone brilliantly. A horseman was riding along the bank of the Peace river.

Jean recognized Dufour, though to other eyes he would have been only a silhouette against the snow. He saw Dufour rein in his horse and lean forward. They were within 25 paces of each other.

Jean drew his revolver. "Garde toi!" he shouted, and fired again and again. Pierre's horse reared and plunged down the steep bank of the Peace.

The frightened animal regained its feet and stood trembling upon the brink of the descent. But Dufour was lying upon his back in the river bed. There was no sign of blood upon him, and his horse had not been struck, either. It had shied at the sudden sound of the shots and fallen with its rider.

Pierre was badly stunned, but breathing. Jean stood over him, looking into his unconscious face. All at once he realized that his vengeance had slipped from him. He could not kill Dufour now that the man was unconscious.

He caught the horses. Then he took the unconscious man in his arms and placed him in his saddle. He sprang upon the back of his own horse, and, supporting his enemy with one arm and guiding the reins of the two bridles with the free hand, he began the slow march toward Pierre's cabin.

The day dawned, and the sun rose, flooding the vast plains with her golden light. They traveled at a snail's pace, the horses stopping from time to time to crunch at the new grass that was appearing where the snow was melting beside the river. Once or twice, Jean dismounted and bathed his enemy's face with snow-water.

It was during one of these halts that Pierre began muttering.

"I love thee, Nanette," he said, and Jean clenched his fists and ground his teeth together as he listened against his will. "I love thee, Nanette, I will go and meet him. He cannot be far away."

So Pierre had been on his way to kill him when Jean had intercepted him! And this man, who had stolen his bride and planned his death, was lying helpless at his side!

Jean sat Pierre upon his horse again, and the slow journey was resumed. But it was well toward evening when Pierre's cabin came into view.

Jean set him down again and rode up to the little shack. What a place to take a woman to live in! Nanette must love Pierre greatly to be willing to share that exile with him. The thought no longer enraged him. He had put the matter to the test of fate, and she had decided against him.

"Jean!"

Nanette had flung the door open and was standing in front of him, a radiant image, exactly as when he had last seen her. Jean turned his head slowly away. "Come, Nanette!" he said, and rode back to where Pierre was lying.

As he dismounted and knelt at Pierre's side his enemy opened his eyes. There was consciousness in them. He looked into Jean's face. "Where am I?" he muttered. "It is thou, Jean?"

"Yes, it is I, whom you tried to murder," answered Jean, slowly, without bitterness.

Pierre looked at him in bewilderment.

"I shall say nothing to Nanette," Jean whispered; and then the girl was beside them. "Jean! What has happened?" she cried.

"Your lover fell from his horse," answered Jean, slowly.

"My lover!" she exclaimed, and came close to Jean. "Dost thou not love me, then?" she cried.

Jean looked dully at her.

"O, Jean, I could not wait for thee," she sobbed. "Hast thou not understood? I knew that another day would bring thee, but I wanted thee sooner; and Pierre told me that he would ride back with me along the trail. And we did not see thee, and so, last night, he left me in his cabin and rode back through the darkness

His Ignorance

"A feller driving along in an old Hootin' Nanny car last night with its lights out, ran onto a mule that was laying in the road in front of Hoot Holler's house," related Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "The durn mule started to get up just as the car ran onto him and knocked him over. The driver of the car gave a hoot of his horn and a yell from himself, and the mule laying on his back began to kick and squeal."

"Say, what'n'ell are you trying to do with my mule?" yelled its owner, running out of his house.

"You better ask him what he's trying to do to me and my car!" the feller hollered right back.

"And as I'd seed and heered this much and hadn't no desire to mix in a fight, being as I was all down in the back, I just went on and never did find out the rest of it."—Kansas City Star.

to find if thou hadst lost the way. Jean, didst thou—dare to think—I loved Pierre?"

Jean was staring at her wildly. He could not be mistaken in his interpretation of her look of innocence and love.

Suddenly he caught her to his breast and covered her with kisses.

"I know! I know!" he cried. "I was a fool—and madly jealous, Nanette. But now all is ended, and we shall ride back to thy father's house."

Pierre touched him upon the sleeve. "I shall say nothing to Nanette," he whispered.

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The Alabamian

Vol. 2.

MONTEVALLO, ALA., APRIL 13, 1925

No. IX.

ALABAMA COLLEGE STUDENTS' SENATE ORGANIZED

Honorary Organization for Uplift of School Life to Work on Large Scale

The Student Senate of the Student Government Association of Alabama College is the name of a new organization on the campus, which has started out already with a bright promise of success.

Hazel Black, who was elected president at the time of the regular elections, is at work on the detailed and definite organization of the Senate and she plans to have it in good running and working order in the course of a few weeks.

The Senate has been organized expressly "to study the interests of Alabama College; to foster the highest type of college spirit; to preserve the best traditions of the college; to raise the standards and ideals along all lines of developments of the college. On the student Senate shall rest the responsibility of keeping college spirit alive on all questions that pertain to the welfare and the advancement of Alabama College."

Though the Student Senate shall have nothing directly to do with the enactment and enforcement of the regulations of the Student Government Association, it shall at all times have the right to make any suggestion to the Executive Board and to recommend the passage of any regulation, or the modification of any regulation already in existence.

Credit for the idea of organizing the Student Senate goes to Dean O. C. Carmichael, who is ever alert to the needs of the college, and who is ready at all times to render a service to the school.

Dean's idea, as it has been worked out by the Executive Board, as it has been adopted by the student body, and as it has been accepted by the president of the Senate, proposes that this new feature of the Student Government Association of Alabama College shall become so imbued with the spirit of progress, service and uplift, that the same spirit shall be permeated throughout the school and shall become a characteristic of the Alabama College student.

As Dean Carmichael expresses it, the aim of the new Senate is to create, spread and maintain such a spirit in Alabama College that a Montevallo girl will be known wherever she goes. It is hoped that in only a few years the purposes and aims of the Senate will be so nearly materialized and realized that every Freshman will catch the college spirit before she has been in the college a month.

As yet the minor details that will make or mar the Senate have not been worked out, but the president is trying to work out and perfect an organization that will be in keeping with the aim it professes.

The constitution of the Student Government Association provides that the Senate shall be composed of twenty members of the Senior Class, fifteen of the Junior, twelve of the Sophomore and ten of the Freshmen after the election of the Freshmen officers in January.

While only those students with highest scholastic standing are eligible to a seat in the Senate, other qualifications and requisites are necessary before a girl can be elected to the office of a Senator. Members of the Freshman and Sophomore Classes must maintain an average of B in their courses; Juniors and Seniors must have an average of at least C. In electing the members of the Senate only those girls who, along with a high scholarship average, can be depended on in outside activities, and who have shown their ability in both

ALABAMIAN FAIR SUCCESS

The "Alabamian Fair," held in the gym Saturday night, April 4, for the benefit of The Alabamian, was a notable success, enough money being secured to set the school paper of Alabama College on its feet again.

King Tut was there, due to the gracious permission of the British Archeological Society, whose agents conferred with the proper officials and made it possible for him to be used Saturday night. Many people who otherwise would never be able to see the mummy of King Tut were in this way enabled to view his remains and the relics of his age.

The Siamese Twins were a drawing card. Through this medium they are thanked for their kindness in coming to Alabama College and taking part in the fair. Students were able to see them for five cents, when at other times the price would have been much higher.

Charlie Chaplin, Rudolph Valentino and other notable film stars lent of their presence and personality to make the performance a success.

Much of the credit for the success of the performance is due to Miss Fannie Tabor, librarian, who originated and carried out the ideas for the side shows.

Lemonade, ice cream, sandwiches and balloons were sold and the evening was both a financial and social success.

Y. W. CABINET ANNOUNCED

Anne Long, president of the Y. W. C. A. for the year 1925-26, announces the following cabinet:

Louise Ward, vice president; Ruth Little, secretary; Laura Johnson, treasurer; Eva Hargett, chairman morning watch; Ruth Griffin, chairman world fellowship; Gage Morton, chairman big sister; Ruby Benton, chairman home service; Ruth Jones, chairman publicity; Fannie Morton, chairman social; Genevieve Tuberville, chairman music; Helen Hagood, chairman program committee; and Alice Quarles, undergraduate representative.

The present cabinet is instructing the newly organized cabinet in Y. W. methods and work, and is assisting the new officers in getting started out on the year's work.

The Honest Girl

"How do you sell those apples, little girl?" asked the tourist of the farmer's child.

"Well," replied the girl, "we puts the big ones on top."—Everybody's Magazine.

leading and following well, are considered.

The constitution provides that meetings shall be held bi-monthly and that no executive board member is eligible to a seat in the Senate.

One of the first things the Senate plans to do is to select a slogan for Alabama College, and to so instill it into the girls' hearts and lives that an Alabama College girl may never be known to deviate from the rules of honor, and genuine good character.

"When it can be said that Alabama College girls are loyal always, that an Alabama College girl never breaks her word, that an Alabama College girl is a girl with the best college spirit, and that an Alabama College girl is a girl with a vision of service—then can it be said that the purpose and aim of the Student Senate has been fulfilled." This is the substance of a few remarks made by the president of the Senate.

The work of the Senate is to build, to plan, to make a reality of the visions and ideals of the student body for a greater Montevallo, and a nobler womanhood.

The charter president has put her shoulder to the wheel and is behind the movement with all her strength and energy. She is determined that the course of the Senate will be marked during its initial year, and that that course may be upward and forward.

OFFICES GIRLS CAN HOLD NOW LIMITED

Student Government Restricts Office Holding

A ruling to the effect that only one major office may be held by one student at any one time has been passed by the President's Council, on recommendation of the Executive Board of the Student Government Association, this ruling to be in effect this next year. The ruling provides that one semi-major office may be held by any one girl; one semi-major and a minor; or two minors. No girl may in any case hold more offices than the ruling provides for.

The major offices are: President Student Government, President Student Senate, President Y. W. C. A., President Athletic Association, Editor-in-Chief of Technola, Editor-in-Chief of Alabamian, Undergraduate Representatives Y. W. C. A., Business Manager Technola, Chairman Program Committee Y. W. C. A., Presidents of Classes.

The semi-major offices are: Presidents of all social and business clubs, Assistant Editor Technola, Secretary of Students Council, Members of Executive Board, Members of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet and Front Page Editor Alabamian.

The minor offices are: All class and club officers below president, school cheer leader and all other offices not before mentioned.

In this way it is felt that all the honors and responsibility will not go to just a few girls, but that others who are just as capable and competent will be recognized and their abilities brought out and utilized.

SOPHOMORE OFFICERS ELECTED

Officers for the Sophomore year were elected by the Freshman Class at a meeting held after chapel Thursday, April 2. Lucy Stevens, Birmingham, was elected president. Miss Stevens was chairman of the class before the election of the permanent Freshman officers, and has proved herself in many ways a capable and efficient leader in class activities.

The other officers are Dorothy Crabtree, vice president; Lydia Finklea, secretary; Minnie Barnes, treasurer; Edith Delchamps and Mary Kate Derby, executive board representatives, and Theo Hall and Grace Berryman, athletic board representatives. In addition to these twelve students with high scholastic standing were elected to the student senate. They are as follows:

Lucy Wood Baughman, Ruby Benton, Una Franklin, Sara Head, Eleanor Hooper, Rosa Perry, Susie Powers, Annie Mae Rawls, Lucy Stevens, Mary Vinson, Elizabeth Weatherly, Emma Williams.

A singular incident connected with the Freshman election was the fact that this is the first time in years a class president has not been re-elected to office. The class has several times during the year been commended for its action, and it has now won even the more distinctive place in the school by breaking that long-established custom of re-electing the same girl. The class failed also to re-elect a number of its other officers. In this way it has automatically brought other girls, capable and deserving, into active leadership and has done away with the much heard-of habit of shifting all responsibility to a chosen few.

INSTALLATION SERVICES TO BE HELD BY Y. W. NEXT SUNDAY

The annual installation service for the officers of the Young Women's Christian Association for Alabama College will take place at the regular meeting, April 19, at which time Anne Long, newly elected president, and her cabinet will go into office.

The service, which to a certain extent, resembles the recognition service held at the beginning of every year,

COLLEGE KAEIDOSCOPE TO BE GIVEN

Freshmen Planning Clever Performance

"A College Kaleidoscope," representing the various departments of Alabama College, will be presented by the Freshman Class in the chapel at eight o'clock on the evening of Saturday, May 9.

The program includes stunts, choruses, dances, short plays and a pageant. The performance is to represent not only the academic side of school life, but the athletic, social and student activity as well.

The entertainment is being given under the direction of members of the class, and is to be passed on by a member of the faculty.

The Freshmen are hard at work on the performance and every indication is that it will be one of the cleverest affairs staged at Alabama College in some time. It is said to be an artistic, symbolical and very original production.

The proceeds are to go to the class treasury and are to defray the Freshman expenses on the Technola.

The loyal support of the student body is requested, and it is expected that a large number of upperclassmen and townspeople will turn out. The Freshman have promised complete satisfaction to all who pledge their support.

MAY DAY FESTIVAL PLANNED

Miss Lucyle Hook, head of the Expression Department of Alabama College; Mr. Frank E. March, Jr., director of the School of Music, and Miss Rebecca Funk, head of the Department of Physical Education, are formulating plans for a May Day Festival to be presented under the auspices of the Student Senate.

Election of the May Queen will take place at an early date, and work on the program for the day will be started as soon as plans are finished.

This is an entirely new affair at Alabama College, but early indications are that it will meet with universal approval and pleasure.

In thinking of a girl who will be crowned Queen of the May, it is urged by those who are forwarding the idea, that the girl selected be one loved and admired by all the college students; one whose scholarship average has been high; and one who has meant something to the student life of Alabama College. The plans as yet stated do not require that the girl be beautiful. They only ask that a girl whom the student body is willing to have rule them on May Day be elected to the honor.

The program and fete will be held on the front campus and plans indicate that the affair will be something like that regularly observed on May Day in England.

It has even been suggested that the plans go so far as to include the pretty English custom of placing baskets of flowers at the doors of loved ones. This is a custom, which, while observed at many places, has never come into its own at Alabama College. It is thought that by this special observance the true spirit of the day will be manifested, and a kindly feeling of love will be permeated throughout the school.

The hearty support of the entire student body is cordially desired, and it is hoped that they will determine to make the affair a success in many ways, and that they will be eager to establish it as a custom of the college.

is one of the outstanding services of the Y. W. C. A., and is one that is looked forward to with the keenest of pleasure by the entire student body. The outgoing president, Lula Hawkins, will preside and will turn over to the new president the responsibility and reigns of the presidency. A fitting and appropriate program has been prepared by Mildred Walker, present vice president of the association, and it is expected that the installation of new officers shall be attended by a large number of stewards and faculty.

HEATED CAMPAIGN ENDS WITH QUIET ELECTION

Helen Davis Elected Student Body President

Helen Davis, Fort Davis, was elected president of the Student Government Association of Alabama College, at the annual election held by the student body Saturday, March 28. Politics had been waging hot for several weeks and there was distinctive campaigning for the two nominees, Helen Davis and Alice Mahler. The outcome of the election, eagerly anticipated by the following of both nominees, was posted at the same time the winners in the other elections were made known.

The following is the statement of the Executive Board regarding election returns:

President Executive Board—Helen Davis, 282; Alice Mahler, 140; Hazel Black, 83.

Vice President Executive Board—Mary Hill, 241; Margaret Grayson, 231.

President Student Senate—Hazel Black, 276; Mary Riley, 185.

President Y. W. C. A.—Anne Long, 314; Louise Ward, 172.

Secretary Y. W. C. A.—Ruth Little, 238; Mary Hungerford, 237.

Treasurer Y. W. C. A.—Laura Johnson, 287; Carolyn Edwards, 190.

Editor Technola—Anny May Skinner, 319; Fannie Jo Scott, 162.

Assistant Editor Technola—Joyce Jackson, 410; Joyce Stapler, 118.

Business Manager Technola—Patty Cole, 271; Charlotte Smith, 222.

Assistant Business Manager Technola—Helen Veitch, 246; Ina Mae Malone, 225.

Editor Alabamian—Elma O'Neil, 279; Florence Smith, 199.

Business Manager Alabamian—Theresa Conway, 344; Nell Browder, 139.

President Athletic Board—Helen Townsend, 394; Annie Holt Young, 112.

The newly elected officials of the campus organizations have pledged their best efforts for the success of their respective organizations for the next year and they expect to put new life into all college activities and make the coming year the best one yet so far as student life is concerned.

As yet Miss Davis, new president of the Student Government has made no official statement concerning her policy. Her board has not yet been organized and no definite plans have been formulated for the ensuing year. Her backing, and in fact the entire student body, is placing unlimited faith and confidence in her action and is expecting a great school year under her leadership.

Mary Hill, the vice president of the Student Association, has been an outstanding student during her entire college career, and she has always taken an active interest in all upbuilding activities of the college.

Hazel Black, president of the Student Senate, is a girl of unusual influence, character and capability. She is a leader in everything in which she professes an interest, and her election to the presidency of the senate in its initial year comes as a distinct mark of gratitude to her on the part of the student body.

Anne Long, as president of the Y. W. C. A., will be given the faith of the mass of students of Alabama College. She has the happy faculty of making friends wherever she goes and is eminently fitted to take on the work as left by her immediate predecessor, Lula Hawkins.

Ruth Little, in the capacity of secretary of the Y. W. C. A., will be an aggressive member of the Y. W. cabinet. She is a girl who can shoulder responsibility and much is expected of her in her next year at college.

Laura Johnson, winner over Carolyn Edwards for the treasurership of

(Continued on page 2)

THE ALABAMIAN

Published bi-monthly during the scholastic year by the students of Alabama College.

\$1.50 A YEAR

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
Elma O'Neill
Associate Editor—Florence Smith.
Fraud Page—Una Franklin.
Business Manager—Thressa Conaway.
Social Editor—Rosa Perry.
Athletic Editor—Fay Turner.
Circulation Managers—Dorothy Williams and Nell Browder.
Art Editor—Caroline Middleton.

Cartoon Editor—Minnie Barnes.
Y. W. C. A.—Ruby Benton.
Clubs
Philomathic—Mary Hungerford.
Castalian—Fannie Morton.
Tutwiler—Alice Barganier.
Philodendroi—Susie Powers.
Zeta Pi Delta—Mary Noble.
Beta Sigma Delta—Mildred Johnston.
Aleph Sadhe—Nellie White.
Alpha Phi Omega—Stella Bowline.
Pi Kappa Delta—Ruby Foster.

HIGH COLLARS

Foremost among present-day tragedies is the disappearance of the high collar. It is a problem of impart as serious as capital punishment, immigration and child labor. Almost everything disproves the statement that girls of today are not up to the standard with girls of yesteryear, yea, everything except the fact that they are disregarding of the high collar, not the Peter Pan but the genuine and original "tonsil-tickler." How beautiful were our mothers and grandmothers with their whale-boned collars reaching from the larynx past the Adam's apple and terminating with the tonsils. How protected, how virginal, how feminine! Young women, the future is yours, you may hold untold attractions; the man you want is yours if you place your future and your neck in the marvelous high collar.

AN APPRECIATION

As our Alabamian begins its third year, I wish to express an appreciation to the student body for this duty they have given me. I feel that I have a small part in serving you through the pages of our paper, if I accomplish this I shall be happy. Please remember that it is your Alabamian, your voice, your opinions and for you. We, the staff, are here merely to carry out your wishes.

At any time that you have a manuscript you wish published please submit it to some member of the staff. Here, I want to interest you in our new feature, "Vox Populi," (Voice of the people). Please send in your criticisms, commendations or suggestions for anything that interests you. We want this section to be one of the most noteworthy of our paper; the making rests on you. The Alabamian is just emerging from its infancy. As all young things, it has had to crawl, but now I feel that it is on its feet, toddling perhaps, but on its feet, never-the-less. With the sympathetic hands of our student body near by I know that it can soon be strong. We want our paper to be representative for only as such can it become the greatest of all school periodicals.

OUR LATE EDITOR

No, she has not departed this life—she has merely fulfilled her role as editor of our paper and has gone to something else. I want to sincerely thank Anny May Skinner for putting our paper on its feet. If my task as editor is in any way lighter, it is she who has made it so. I have worked with Anny May and I know how skillfully and unfalteringly she has gone about her tasks. There have been criticisms of The Alabamian, just as there have always been criticisms and always will be of everything until the curtain of this life goes down.

In conclusion, let me say that Anny May has given a vital and undying spark to The Alabamian.

MY HERITAGE

When my four long years are gone and the A. B. is bestowed,
When for good my trunk goes home
And I've paid the debt I owed;

What will I have taken with me—
Priceless—from these college halls?
Nothing more than a degree?
Can I go when duty calls?

I'll take Montevallo's spirit
Bright with Montevallo's cheer,
All her ideals—pure golden—
Priceless heritage—ah, most dear!

VOX POPULI

Why are we as young college women molested by discourteous, ill bred brats of boys on Alabama College campus? I am not referring to our high school boys, for I think they are splendid in every way. I am not alone in protesting against the boys about the age of twelve, who infest our grounds with their impudence. If they must be here why do the girls taunt them and make them worse?

X-Y-Z

College is an alphabetical interlude in an otherwise individual existence. Before coming to college, you think you are some IT. After coming, you realize the bitter truth that here, at least, you are a mere atom in the alphabetical molecule of N, O, P, or Q, as the case may be. But the saddest and most neglected persons are the Xs and Ys and Zs. There are so few of the Xs and Zs, and the Ys are mostly Young. So we decided to start a column to express the feelings of the tail of the alphabet.

X

Say girls, did you know that Alabama College has faults? Isn't that curious? So unkind and unusual in any college! I had the news from a Freshman yesterday. Strange how these Freshmen find out things that the rest of us hardly notice. I told her that possibly we might correct some of the mistakes if we work more for the school and don't talk so much against it.

Y

Y stands for wise, which, you hear, ends with Z.
That's me.

HEATED CAMPAIGN ENDS WITH QUIET ELECTION

(Continued from Page 1.)

The Y. W. C. A., is coming into her own this year, as an efficient and dependable worker.

Annie May Skinner, editor of the Technala, has achieved unusual literary prominence while in college, and her experience as editor-in-chief of The Alabamian during the past year makes her especially fitted to produce the 1926 Technala.

Patty Cole, business manager of the Technala, a B. M. student, and one of the most popular and admired girls on the campus, has the qualities that will insure success for the 1926 annual.

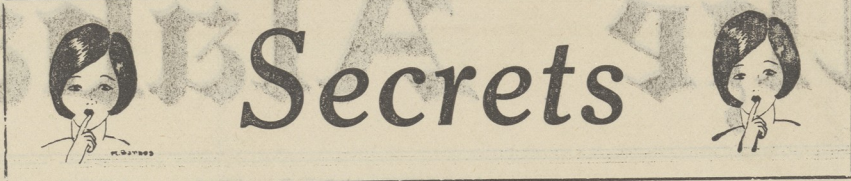
Joyce Jackson, assistant editor of the Technala, was this year secretary of the Student Government Association, and leader for the Purples on college night.

Helen Veitch, a Freshman, as assistant business manager of the Technala, will have the opportunity of developing the business ability her supporters believe her to have. She has won an outstanding place during her first year, and has promise of developing into a real power on the campus.

Elma O'Neil has promised to make The Alabamian the first-rate school paper it should be, and with the cooperation of the student body intends to make it a real credit to Alabama College.

Theresa Conoway has already gained experience in newspaper work, her work on The Alabamian staff this past year earning for her the right to be a nominee for this year's business manager. She has the necessary pep and initiative to put things over and will make a good co-worker with the editor.

Helen Townsend, president of the Athletic Board, has served faithfully



Secrets

I
There's a rambling road just over the fence

That leads to the finest place I know—
Arden forest—yes, that's it, friends.
Ask "Misses Vickery, Cogswell." They know!

II
The most "scandalous" talk is going around this school and it should be stopped. However, the cause must first be removed. Tad Martin has a goldfish that is half dressed! E. D. B. D. Goldfish!

III
They do say that the higher up one goes the more beautiful are the stars.

IV
There is a peculiar hat in Jaunita Roger's room and a more peculiar bag. The hat is rust—the bag is a series of stripes—tan, red blue, tan, green, red, tan, blue tan, Biological Series!

V
"Hit don't make no difference," is the crudest way of letting one know that it really does. Everybody knows that any dog has its day. Let us hope this publicity is a death blow.

VI
It's strange that some people are eternally seeking sympathy—they usually get it, but what good does it do?

VII
Now don't tell this, but our cold, indifferent R. R. has at last fallen victim to Dan Cupid's dart. No, no, don't try to guess who he is. It is a she, who teaches one of the old maters in the English department.

in the same capacity during the past year, her re-election being a recognition of her services and ability.

Tope Martin, vice president of the Athletic Board, has already proved herself an asset to her school. Though small in size she is inversely valuable. "Little Fish" may be relied on to do her part next year.

The officers are considered unusually capable and worthy; both faculty and students are looking for great things for Alabama College from them during the year 1925-26.

ATHLETIC NEWS

Tennis Tournament To Be Held At Alabama College.

For the first time in several years a tennis tournament will be held here. This time we intend to put it over with a vim, thus guaranteeing that there will be a tournament next year. No one can decide as to the outcome yet, but each class hopes to claim the honor of winning. The tournament will take place when the weather permits—probably before end of the month.

Also in regard to tennis, those who have been busily engaged, not playing tennis, but chasing tennis balls from the upper court down the hill, will be relieved to learn that backstops will be put up as soon as the work at the pool is completed.

For Baseball Fans

Girls, think of it, we don't have to wait until June 7 to be baseball fans, because we have baseball here. All those who can run, pitch, catch or bat are invited to come play on the new athletic field in the afternoons. Those who do not play are needed for fans, not the ornamental kind, either. We are expecting to have a good team and if you think girls can't play, just come watch and you'll change your mind.

Everywhere we hear, "When will the swimming pool open?" Now, the opening of the pool depends on the weather, which is altogether too independent a thing to be trusted. However, we know that when cold weather seems to be gone for this spring, Miss Funk and Miss Putman will have the pool ready for us.

A. C. to Have a Camp

Everyone has heard rumors about a permanent camp, and now we know something definite about it. Spring Creek, the place chosen for the camp, is three miles from Montevallo, just the right distance for a hike. There are several springs, one especially large, with clear, icy cold water, where we get drinking water. For a camping place the site is ideal.

But the best news of all is about the creek. The school is planning to

PERSONALS

Miss Frances Selden, and Miss Winifred Castleman will leave Thursday to spend Easter at their home in Greensboro.

Miss Agnes Hardy spent several days in the infirmary last week with a sprained ankle.

Miss Katherine Christopher, from Gadsden, spent several days at the college as the guest of her sister, Miss Eugenia Christopher.

Mrs. L. A. Moseley (Nell Murphree) and little daughter, from Gadsden, were the week-end guests of Miss Anna Murphree last week.

Miss Isma Long left last Saturday for her home at Hurtsboro, for a short visit.

Miss Mary Riley has returned from Sylacauga, where she was an attendant at a wedding.

Miss Margaret Grayson went to Birmingham last week to the dentist. We are glad that she has returned.

buy the property and dam the creek so that we may have a swimming pool and a pond for boating. Those who have already been there on hikes or camps can imagine how beautiful our camp will be.

The Athletic Board has rented a cottage by the road to serve as camp for the present, but as soon as the college owns the property, they are planning to build a real camp. During the holidays a group of girls camped at the creek and from now on there will probably be girls there every weekend.

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New Spring Materials

George Kroell

Miss Florence Stevens and Miss Martha Hood, of Birmingham, spent last week-end with Miss Lucy Stevens.

Miss Aurora Catanzano had as her guests last week, her two sisters, Alba and Alice Catanzano, of Birmingham.

W. J. Mitchell

DENTIST

Phone 25
Montevallo, Ala.

'Huh!'

"Stop at Hendrick's!
That's all!"

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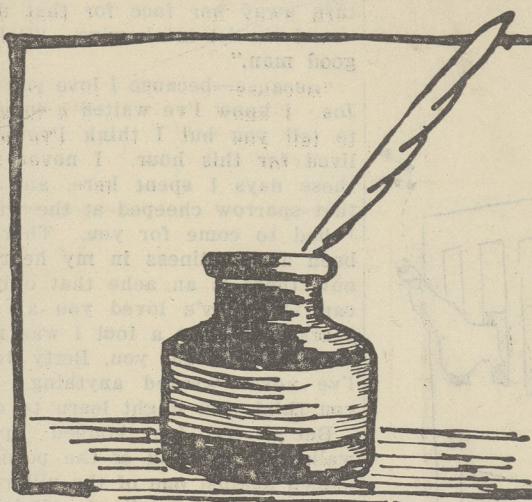
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SPRING

By Lillian Prout

Lance Jones sat behind a flat top desk in the handsomest private office in Birmingham. President, at thirty, of one of the largest iron and steel concerns in the city, with enough grey in his hair to make him an object of interest to every flapper, and with enough millions in the bank to satisfy the most exacting mother, he was named by society as the best "catch" of the season and many previous seasons. Fully aware of this, Lance took no interest in it whatever or he could never forget this same society had dropped his mother during their year of almost poverty. He was thinking of this now, and of many other things as he sat in the slowly gathering dusk of this April day.

"I must have been a rotten little bluffer," he mused, Pony cart, rifles, dogs, and everything I wanted; and I was certainly headed for the wild oats before Dad died. All the money I wanted and at the University I pretty nearly kept that house of ours supplied with "hootch;" and with a slow grin, "Lord, we thought we were devils then, and I guess we were pretty good imitations—almost the real thing once in a while."

There was a knock at the door and a freckled faced office boy entered. "Yer' car's at the door, Mr. Lance."

"All right, Poke, go down and tell Henry I'll be down in about an hour, maybe before. And, Poke—"

"Yessir!"

"Don't let anybody in here, I'm trying to think."

"Yessir, but lawsy nearly 'bout a whole hour to think—" and he closed the door with a bang, evidently overcome with this stupendous length of time for any one person to think.

As the door closed a sparrow, with

a piece of straw in its beak, that had been sitting on the broad stone ledge to the window, gave a "cheep!" and flew away. "Now, what did that sparrow remind me of?" Lance went back to his musings. "Seems to me that I was lying in an old-fashioned bed near a big window with its green blind shut, but the slats opened and a sparrow stuck his head through the slats with a piece of grass in its mouth and said "Cheep!" By Jove! I remember now! It was the time I was going back to school in that new racer Dad had given me for my birthday. Of course I was "lit" and lost the way and the first thing I knew I was lying on the old four-poster with my arm and side trussed up like a turkey for Thanksgiving. And Betty Joe, bless her, I've tried to forget her for ten long years and I can't seem to do it, Betty Joe, with her big blue eyes and that red cape on hanging over my bed. I'll never forget the two weeks we spent there before the old doctor would let mother and Dad take me home. And I've always intended to go back—but first Dad's death—and the crash of all the business—and then—just as I had made enough money to make mother comfortable with the things she had always been used to—then—and he jumped up and stood looking out of the window with unseeing eyes. The death of his mother was too recent for him to think of her without a pain in his heart that almost unmanned him. He had been living at the Club since her death for he could not bear the loneliness of the big stone house that he had called home only because she had been there. The "cheep" of the little sparrow and the smell of spring that seemed to be in the air made him all the lonelier. The thought of going to the club that night became repugnant to him. Suddenly a resolve formed in his mind.

He would seek romance and Betty Joe. Instantly the many necessary steps took shape. He had left the office for a few days at a time before and MacPherson had carried everything on without a hitch. His weekend bag was in the car—he always kept one there. He knew the general direction to take and there was a new State highway leading to that part of the State. With a thrill of happiness he had not known for months he said with a laugh, "And I'll leave the rest to the little god, Luck!" Quickly he drew some paper out of the desk drawer and wrote a letter of instructions to MacPherson, then he took his hat and left the office.

When the lift had deposited him many floors below, Lance dismissed his chauffeur and drove the big grey car off himself. Twilight had fallen but he headed straight for the State highway that would lead him in the direction of Betty Joe and romance.

The grey car sped past peach orchards in first bloom, past lighted farm houses, past groups of negro cabins where Lance once heard the soft throb of a guitar, and once the rich laughter of a little negro girl playin' hidin' in the cabin yard with some other little "niggers." Bye and bye the houses and cabins that he passed were dark, for nearly all the world was sleeping. But Lance was not lonesome. A white moon hung over the pines that grew along the road and frogs sang in the ditches along the way—the romance of a springtime night in Southern Alabama—soft murmurs of a breeze through the pines—the plaintive cry of a whip-poor-will as it came over meadows, green with new sprouting oats, made the night one of magic that was all too short.

As the east began to lighten and the whole world to awaken with the

rising sun, Lance called himself a fool more than once. "Thank Heaven," he thought, "I've gone off on business trips before, and that note I left MacPherson will keep them from knowing what a wild goose chase I've gone on this time."

"She's twenty-six and probably married, with two or three kids," was his next encouraging thought. Then he called himself every variety of fool he could think of until he entered the small town he had been heading for as the best starting point in his search for Betty Joe. He stopped at the only hotel the town afforded and in spite of his chagrin at his "wild goose chase" he made his breakfast with the biggest appetite he had known in many days, off of griddle cakes, golden brown coffee, and ham and eggs.

Not for worlds would Lance have inquired, directly, the whereabouts of Betty Joe. So when he had finished his breakfast he was rather as a loss as to how to begin his search. The feel of Spring in the air the night before had made romance seem near enough to be real, but in the sunlight of the dusty hotel lobby romance indeed seemed medieval. But as spring had put the desire in his blood, so spring came to his rescue now. The youthful clerk spoke carelessly to his "buddy," who was seated in an open window, just as Lance came out from breakfast. "I reckon Miss Betty Joe'll have plenty of trade in her tea room, now Spring's here again."

Lance's heart jumped as he heard this and he asked the clerk rather breathlessly, "could you tell me where this—er—a—this tea room is

the following officers will serve next year: President, Miss Florence Guyton; vice-president, Miss Eudora Gates; secretary, Miss Mary Gilliland; treasurer, Miss Annie Holt Young, and critic, Miss Gertrude Patterson.

PI KAPPA DELTA CLUB

On the evening of April 1 the new members of the Pi Kappa Delta Club entertained the old members at an April Fool's party.

The punch had an unexpected disagreeable taste, which proves that appearance is sometimes deceiving, for it looked delicious.

Other refreshments were served, but a careful examination was made before tasting. Every one had a grand time as was proved by the Proctor knocking on the door several times.

CALKINS MUSIC CLUB ANNOUNCES NEW OFFICERS

The officers of the Calkins Music Club for 1925-26 are as follows: President, Mildred Young; vice-president, Helen Bishop; secretary, Corrine Parrish; treasurer, Myrtle Turverville.

The Public School Music Department will present the operetta, "Sleepy Town," at the auditorium at Alabama College Saturday evening, April 11, at 8 o'clock.

THE PSALM OF COLLEGE

1.
Tell me not in mournful phrases
College math is but a dream,
And the mind is dead that dozes
While sailing up the college stream!

2.
Math is hard! Math is earnest!
And an A is not the goal;
Just a pass for what we learnest
Is the prayer we ever hold!

3.
Mathematicians all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And ne'er invent to leave behind us
New math on the sands of time!

—Susie Powers.

CASTALIAN

Mrs. L. A. Mosely (nee Nell Murphree) and little daughter, Nell Brandon, were week-end visitors to Mrs. Mosely's sister, Anna Murphree.

Miss Margaret Fox, a former Castalian, visited here last week.

The Castalian officers for next year will be elected next week.

TUTWILER CLUB

At the regular business meeting of the club the following officers were elected for the coming year: Alice Mahler, president; Margaret Coleman, vice-president; Pauline Curry, secretary; Isma Long, treasurer.

In spite of the stubborn clouds that threatened rain every minute Saturday we carried out our well-made plans of going to Davis Falls, and there, under the shelter of those overhanging rocks the fire was built over which was cooked the most delicious of suppers. After supper each one sought a good spot to settle comfortably into and prepared to make merry with music which is the best and usual way of ending a perfect afternoon.

PHILODENDROI

Mr. Stanley Watkins, of Birmingham-Southern, was the guest of Miss Jimmie Nell Branyon last Sunday.

The members may all look forward to a delightful camping trip the first week-end in May.

Misses Grace and Hazel Black are glad to have their sister, Mildred, with them this quarter. She has attended school here before and has many friends who welcome her back.

As a result of the recent election

BETA SIGMA DELTA

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bishop were the guests of Miss Helen Bishop at the college Sunday, March 29th.

Messrs. Irby Hall and Euclid Isbell, of Albertville, visited friends here Sunday.

Miss "Leen" Chester visited in the home of Miss Margaret Gay of Gadsden during the holidays.

Mr. Kenner Brown, of University, was a guest Sunday of Miss Edith Arnold.

Miss Hettie Hinson, of Abbeville, was the house guest of Miss Mildred Johnston during the Spring holidays.

PHILOMATHIC CLUB NOTES

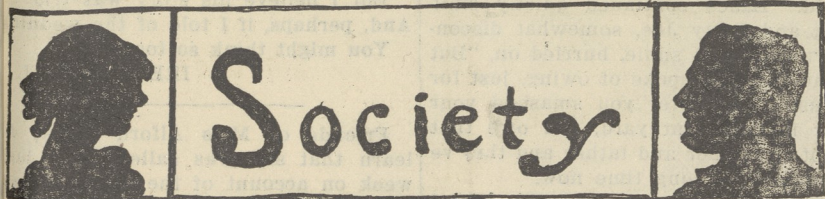
Miss Hazel Holmes, of Woman's College, was the attractive week-end guest of Julia Turberville, en route to her home in Birmingham.

We are glad to have Mary Parrent with us again after a week's illness at her home in Opelika.

Last Sunday a crowd of Philomathics enjoyed a weiner roast and supper at Campus Spring.

The election of officers for the year 1925-26 was held March 31. The following girls were elected:

President, Roberta Northrup; vice-president, Joyce Jackson; secretary, Mary Parrent; treasurer, Anne Johnson.



THE KEYNOTE

At the regular meeting of the Calkins Music Club, Friday evening, April 1, a most interesting and instructive program was given.

Miss Katherine Van Deusen Sutphen, a faculty member of the School of Music at Alabama College, gave a delightful talk on modern music. The next number on the program was trio of violin, cello and piano—"Reverie," by Strauss—played by Miss Vause, Miss Glover and Miss Gibbs. The last number was "Romance," by Debussy, played by Misses Vanse, Glover and Gibbs.

ALPHA PHI OMEGA

The following spent the holidays in their respective homes: Florence Smith, Roberta Bailey, and Catherine Ortmann in Demopolis; Kathryn Morrison, Carolyn Middleton, and Stella Bowline in Selma; Nina Fay Bonner in Linesville.

Doherty Aycock was the guest of friends in Birmingham.

Annie Crossley is teaching in Columbiana this month.

Catherine Ortmann spent last week-end in Montgomery.

The Alpha Phi Omega's enjoyed a "jolly good" time Sunday evening when they hiked to Big Spring where they cooked supper.

(Continued on Page 4)

P. D. D. Pendleton

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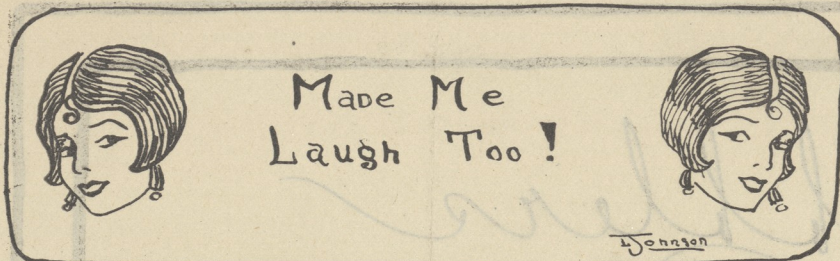
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WISE AND OTHERWISE

Miss Newton: "Who is the author of 'The Lady of the Lake'?"

Florence G.: "I don't know."

Miss Newton: "Don't you remember my telling you the author's name was essential?"

Florence: "Oh yes, Essential, that's it."

The cook upon seeing Lillian Plant's picture in the paper threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Lawdy, I didn't know dat chile was president of dat school down there."

She: "What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirt?"

He: "A magician."

A little worm was flying along a cracker box. A second worm asked what the hurry was, to which the first worm replied, "Don't you see it says tear along this edge."

Now is the time to buy your thermometers. They will be higher in the summer.—Anon.

"What is logic, anyway?"

Why, logic is that stating of things you know in language you don't recognize.—Yale Record.

Cruel Words

"Why so angry?"

"Jack just called me over the phone."

"What did he call you?"—Texas Ranger.

"Rastus, I'm sorry to hear you've buried your wife."

"Boss, ah just had to—she was dead."—Wesleyan Wasp.

"I've sent back your letters, your gifts, your ring. Is there anything else I can do?"

"You might return my love."—Cornell Widow.

Mildred R., looking at the calendar exclaimed, "Oh, Easter comes on Sunday this year, doesn't it?"

Miss Vivian Stone was sewing so rapidly the other day that her sister asked what was the hurry to which she replied, "Oh, I'm just trying to get to the end before my thread gives out."

Love Note of a Vegetarian

Dear Sweet Patootie:

Where have you been? Don't you carrot all for me? My heart beats faster when the sun shines on your radish hair and glints off your turnip nose. If you canteloupe, lettuce marry. We will make a happy pear. Let's orange it that way.

Your Sweet Corn Onna Cobb.

—Anon.

Gertrude: "Miss Cope which of Holmes' poems do you like best?"

Miss Cope: "Oh, I love 'The Boys!'"

Helen: "I thought you took psychology last year."

Mae: "I did, but Miss Vickory gave me an encore."

"Did you have any trouble with black ants in Ireland, Bridget?"

"No, ma'm, but I had some trouble with a white uncle onct."—Anon.

Hints To Parents

If you wish to hear frequently from your children at school, give them a small allowance. That is, if you desire to hear directly. If you prefer to hear from them indirectly, give a large allowance.—Judge.

"Do you know how eats get in here?"

"Naw."

"Yes, that's right."—Penn Punch Bowl.

"Do you remember the story of Rachael looking around and turning to salt?"

"That's nothing, two women were walking down the street the other day and Mr. Kelley turned to rubber."

Pat: "How is your rheumatiz?"

Mike (Village invalid): "Rheumatiz is doin' fine, I'm the fellow that's getting the worst of it."—Anon.

Freshman: "Who was the best track man that ever lived?"

Junior: "William Jennings Bryan. He ran for thirty years without a stop."—The Periscope.

America now has half of the world's gold and about 86 per cent of it's brass.—Duluth Herald.

You can wander in the United States, but you have to go to Italy to Rome.—The Periscope.

"If you are looking for sympathy, you can find it in the dictionary."—Jay Bird.

Marie: "Doctor, will the anesthetic make me sick?"

Doctor: "Not a bit."

Marie: "Well, how long will it be before I know anything?"

Doctor: "Aren't you asking a great deal of an aesthetic?"—The Babbler.

Club Bore: "I say—an awfully funny thing happened to me just as I was on my way here five minutes ago—stop me if you've heard it before, won't you?—Punch.

Harry: "I dreamed I died last night."

John: "What woke you?"

Harry: "The heat."—The Babbler.

Avoid suspicion: When you are walking through your neighbor's melon patch, don't tie your shoe.—Anon.

The other day Miss McMullan asked Miss Vickery to buy some ribbon and thread for her. Since Miss Vickery is very forgetful she tied two strings on her finger, one for the thread and the other for the ribbon. When she reached the store she stood there looking puzzled and when the clerk asked the trouble, she exclaimed, "Oh, one of these strings is for ribbon and one for thread, but I can't remember which is for which."

Katherine O.: "Which had you rather have a man or—"

Mildred Y.: "Oh a man!"

SPRING

(Continued from Page 3.)

When he awoke it was afternoon and he could hardly realize where he was. One stiff chair in the small room was occupied by a broadly grinning Joe holding the newly pressed suit of clothes out on two stiffly extended arms. The hopes of another tip were written largely on his countenance. The other stiff chair held the barber and all of his impediments.

The ceremony of shaving, washing, dressing, and tipping, being over, Lance was at last free to go down and begin the last stage of his journey. Even to his impatient eyes the road he took, as directed by the sign board, was a lovely one. Wild plums trees grew on either side and the road rose and fell slightly and curved around thickets of pine. Finally rounding a clump of cedars he spied the old mill, standing as he remembered it, with a dogwood tree in full blossom by the wheel over which water still ran. As the front of the mill came in view he was dismayed to see five or six cars parked and that a lively party of some kind seemed to be in progress.

He walked rather timidly than otherwise, for such a man of the world as he was, up the path and entered the low Dutch doorway. After taking a seat at the only unoccupied table, Lance began to take note of his surroundings. The sunlight of an April afternoon, sifting through the blooms of the dogwood tree, fell on the darkly polished floor. The walls too, with their tint of cream, almost gave the effect of sunlight. There were many small, dark tables, surrounded by



ONE WAY OF WINNING

Dreams are consoling, to say the least. Day-time defeats may become night-time victories. The other night at some hour, Dr. James and Helen Wills, the tennis champion, came to Elma O'Neill's room to match her in tennis. After a good bit of wrangling the occupants consented to play. "Get your racquet," reminded Helen.

"Oh, my goodness, no," exclaimed Elma. "A racquet—never. I always play with my little hammer." Upon this she drew from the dresser drawer a small tack hammer, with a wobbly head. "You'll have to let me have the head fixed." After an agonizing delay the three players were ready to begin the contest. The spot beneath Alec's bell was chosen. Of course a court, net, etc., were unnecessary to such expert champions. At the end of several hours, Elma came out victor with five love games to her credit.

ALEPH SADHE

During the holidays the club entertained with a supper at the tea room in honor of two of their graduating members, Miss Flossie Orr and Miss Carolyn Thrash. Toasts were given by Miss Leeta Orr, Miss Thelma Holmes, Miss Agnes Grimsley and Miss Carolyn Thrash. Everyone enjoyed the readings given by Miss Ibbie Jones and Miss Sadie Pouncey and the piano solo by Miss Eloise Harmon. The supper was followed by a picture show party.

The next morning the club members and their guests left bright and early for a day's outing at Falling Rocks—chaperoned by Miss Oecher.

quaint high backed chairs in which were seated well dressed men and women who, Lance soon realized, were merely assembled for tea and gossip, and not any particular party. Lance was surprised to see so many men present so early in the afternoon until he raised his eyes to the door in the back of the room—there stood Betty Joe, wrapped in a soft yellow cape—she always seemed to have on a cape when Lance saw her—her blue eyes gleaming with fun, and her masses of black hair wound tightly around her shapely head. She was lovely enough to attract any man and Lance was a very human man at that moment.

The men, with one accord, jumped to their feet as Betty Joe entered the room, and the women called greetings, "Oh, Betty Joe, do give me the recipe for this cake," or, "Betty Joe, don't forget you're coming to my house tomorrow."

From a man whom Lance took to be about his own age, "And where are you going my pretty maid?"

"I'm going home for fresh milk sir," she said, she retorted. At this several men jumped up to relieve her of the bronze jug she carried. Much to his surprise, as well as that of everyone present, Lance ahead of them all coolly took the jug from her hand and said, "You must let me do this in payment of an old debt." Betty Joe, who had not even seen him before, looked at him in astonishment, but she demurely allowed him to tuck her hand beneath his arm and lead her out. When they were outside, however, she removed her hand and said seriously, although a dimple showed for a second at the corner of her mouth, "I'm sure I remember your face but I don't remember your

FREUD MANIFESTED

It seems that no matter how elections go, there are always some who want things to go differently. They even invent new things. What else could have caused Bill Smith to waste a perfectly good night unwinding the following dreams: Bill envisioned Una Franklin as editor of the *Alabamian* rushing madly to her (Bill's) rooms. "Bill," said Una, "I want you to go on my staff as inkler. Begin work immediately." We can all imagine Bill's chagrin over her ignorance concerning her newly acquired position as inkler. The fact is Bill knew no better than we what constituted an inkler's task, for the simple reason that there is no such thing. Of course Bill did not know that there was no such thing and would not admit it. After an embarrassing pause, our heroine found out what inklers did in the dream world. The breakfast bell found Bill raptly tracing an ink line around the margin of our paper.

name nor the debt you're so gallantly paying."

"The same little Betty Joe and yet, not the same," said Lance in a voice a bit more tender than he had intended.

Betty Joe stopped short and turned to give him a freezing look, but when she looked into his grey eyes, in which shone a very tender light, her own fell and she blushed slightly, and they walked on toward the house. Betty Joe took another look, out of the corner of her eye, and found him smiling at her. Then memory came with a rush—she had known that smile in the past and had never forgotten it. "I really believe you're Lancelot Jones, although I stopped believing in fairy tales long ago," she said. Lance continued quietly smiling and Betty Joe, somewhat disconcerted by that smile, hurried on, "But that debt you spoke of owing, just for housing you after you smashed your car in our front yard, you owe that debt to mother and father and they've been gone a long time now."

"But," Lance broke in, "the debt I mentioned, I owe you, and I hope you'll let me pay it with interest. Do you remember that day the doctor said he thought a kiss would go far to mend my broken arm?"

Betty Joe was rosy, "I was nothing but a child then, and I'm almost a spinster now. Everybody in town is worried for fear I will be one." Here she laughed and sat down on the broad old steps. Lance dropped down beside her and they began to fill in the ten long years that each had remembered the other but had heard no word. Betty Joe told Lance how she lived alone in the old home with her old negro mammy's daughter for protection and company and who also helped her run the tea shop. She told him of Bob Stickney who wanted to marry her, "and," she added, a trifle wearily, "I guess I'll take him someday."

Lance was silent for many minutes. Until he had seen Betty Joe as a woman, in all her beauty and charm, and suddenly the thought that she was for somebody else made him realize his love. He had come in search of a Dream Betty Joe and the real Betty Joe clutched at his heart strings as the other had never done. He knew he must say something but his brain seemed numb. Finally he blundered out, "Don't marry this man Stick, or Stickney, or whatever his name is!" "And why not, please?" Betty Joe

inquired rather tartly, but she had to turn away her face for that dimple would persist in showing. "Bob is a good man."

"Because—I because I love you Betty Joe. I know I've waited a long time to tell you but I think I've always lived for this hour. I never forgot those days I spent here, and when that sparrow cheeped at the window I had to come for you. There has been an emptiness in my heart and now there is an ache that only you can stop. I've loved you all these years, and what a fool I was not to know it. I want you, Betty Joe, and I've never wanted anything. Don't you think you might learn to care?"

But Betty Joe jumped up and walked to the end of the porch and leaned against one of the pillars. For a long time the call of a Bob-White was the only sound heard, then Lance said dejectedly, "I was a fool not to know that in all these years some other man had come into your life. He held out his hand in farewell, and said, 'Goodbye, Betty Joe,' but as he did not move he let it drop and turned away."

"Wait a moment, Lance," he heard in a timid voice. "I think I've loved you ever since the time you were here with your arm broken and I think that's the reason I haven't married Bob before now."

Then she was in his arms, the ten years were as if they had never been, the heart of the boy and the girl and the heart of the man and the woman were one.

THE SCANDAL

The little stars twinkled above them. Though it's doubtful that they knew:

The dew fell softly around them while Johnny bade Mary adieu.

What mattered it if he kissed her?

None but they would ever know; She was sure that dear Johnny loved her

He had often told her so.

Nothing would ever have happened

The secret would ne'er gone astray Had it not been for young Martin

Reubin

Who was casually looking that way

Then, there arose such a scandal, As had never gone the counter

rounds,

"That awful daughter of Randal's Had kissed young Johnny Lounds."

"It is terrible," said Mary's Aunt Maggie,

"Surely Master Reuben has lied." Poor little Mary confirmed it,

When in tears the crime she denied Young Reuben may have told

falsehood,

But I believe his story was true—And, perhaps, if I told of the wedding

You might think so too.

IRENE SMITH.

Friends of Miss Alford regret to learn that she was called away last week on account of the death of her brother and niece.

Humble Burmese Women

In Burma the women believe that they must be reborn as men to join the noble of the yellow robe and attain humanity.

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The Alabamian

Vol. 2.

MONTEVALLO, ALA., April 28, 1925

No. 10.

May Festival Is Big Affair

Queen of May to Reign in Splendor

The present bright outlook indicates that the May Day Festival to be held on the front campus on the afternoon of Saturday, May 2, will be a huge success. The festival is being sponsored by the Student Senate of Alabama College and the performance in its details has been worked out and examined under the capable direction of Miss Lucyle Hook, head of the Extension Department. Mr. Frank E. Marsh, Jr., director of the School of Music of Alabama College, and Miss Rebecca Funk, head of the Physical Education Department.

There will be five courts, most beautiful one being that of the Queen. The other four courts are courts of the four Princesses of the classes in school. Each class vies with the others in having the loveliest court, and all indications are that there will be lively rivalry on May Day.

Dances, songs and May-time frolics are included in the program. Costumes are said to be one of the outstanding features of the Festival, and a gala and elaborate event is keenly anticipated.

STUDENT SENATE WORKS OUT DETAILS OF ORGANIZATION

President Announces Plan of Procedure

Hazel Blach, president of the Student Senate of Alabama College, in co-operation with her organization and procedure committee, has been hard at work perfecting the organization for the Senate, and studying just how and in what way it can meet the needs of the students of the college.

A constitution is in the process of being drafted, and a plan for procedure in the meetings has been adopted. It is as follows:

Meeting opened by President repeating College Code.

Roll call by secretary.

Reading of minutes by secretary

Committee reports.

Old business.

New business.

Discussion of problems.

The meetings will be held bi-monthly, and at each meeting some definite step will be undertaken to better student life at Alabama College.

The College Code is the slogan adopted by the student body at a meeting held last week.

A bulletin board will be erected for the Senate, and helpful notices, posters and articles will be posted at all times.

The Student Senate has had only two meetings to date, but already it has asserted its place in Alabama College, and it is organization has proved it to be a coming vital factor in the student life of the college.

Suggested and carried out by the Senate the idea of having some of the College Night songs learned by the whole student body has met with approval. One song of the Purple's and one of the Gold's will be learned, and it is hoped in this way to preserve some of the songs which the students learned to sing for that one night.

B. S. U. PLANS BIG YEAR

The Baptist Student Union, a religious organization in the college, which is for the purpose of directing the religious activities of the Baptist girls of the college, is making plans for a great year for 1925-26.

New officers will be elected next week, and they start out on their duties at once. It is expected that the union will make great progress, and that the organization, already firmly established, will come to mean much in the religious life of the Baptist

Freshman Class To Present Kaleidoscope

Unique Performance Planned by Lowly Rats

The "Kaleidoscope" to be presented by the Freshman class in the College auditorium Saturday evening, May 2, at 8:15 o'clock promises to be one of the cleverest and most unique performances ever attempted at Alabama College.

Miss Lucyle Hook, Miss Vivian Monk, Miss Mae Andrus, Willie Lee Reaves, Bill Smith, Katherine Leath and Una Franklin are directing the various numbers on the program, which is said to be varied, different and very original.

The Kaleidoscope is to represent various departments of Alabama College, and to interpret to a certain degree, college life as it is represented here. A large cast will be used, and the costumes and music will enhance the production.

The following is the program as outlined at the time this paper went to press:

1. Expression—"Band Box Chorus."
2. English—Contrast between Shakespeare's tragedies and Comedies through dance and song.
3. Commercial—"Oh Men! Be Careful!"

4. Science—"Ye Springtime Garden," with Mistress Mary and her pretty maids, Romance, Science, Farmers and Farmerettes ((dance and song.
5. Language—"A B C."
6. Home Economics—Pageant of American Dress.

7. Education—"Dance Teacher" (Modern (?) Methods).
8. Art—Living Pictures.
9. Physical Education—"Visions of '5 and '25."

10. Psychology—"What's Your I. Q.?"
11. Student Activity—"With Dip in Hand."

12. Social—"Tea Room Scene."
13. History—A pageant—"Our Gifts (representing the progress of civilization).

14. Music—Class Song—"Freshmen, All Hail!"

The proceeds will go to the class treasury to meet expenses incurred by the class during the year.

Tickets will be on sale in the assembly hall and by members of the Freshman Class, and there will be reserved seats for the Freshmen not in the cast, and the Juniors, sister class of the Freshmen.

Lucy Stevens and Una Franklin are managing directors.

PRESIDENTS COUNCIL PERFECT ORGANIZATION

At a meeting of Presidents' Council, held Friday, April 17, plans for a more detailed organization were discussed and a committee to draft a constitution was appointed.

This is one of the biggest and most important organizations in school and handles problems of student interest brought to its attention by the executive board, senate, or faculty.

Gertrude Broadway was elected secretary of the council and it will be her position to look after all secretarial work of the council. She does not have a vote in the council, however since it is composed of only the presidents of the various organizations of the school.

Where Modesty Wins

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

students.

Under the auspices of the B. S. U. Council a Baptist study course will be held at the college early in May. Bible reading on all the halls just as lights go out has begun to be habitual on the halls of the dormitory.

Plans Announced By President

Helen Davis, newly inaugurated president of the Student Government Association of Alabama College, announces that the one big aim of her year as president is to strive to realize more co-operation between the Student Government Association and the students, between the Student Government Association and the faculty, and between faculty and students.

While her statement is a broad one, and may be taken in a number of different ways, her policy simplifies matters, and her simple, direct manner of handling problems so far indicates that at least more co-operation will come to exist.

The executive board will meet once each month with the advisory board of five members and will so seek to bring about a closed understanding between faculty and students.

The mass meetings will be made discussion meetings, and Miss Davis has that every girl feel free to express her own opinion there and to be ready to discuss the problems that come up. The meetings will be more open and informal and the president hopes that in this manner there will come to exist a closer harmony between the executive board and the student body.

Under the auspices of the executive board a faculty advisor has been appointed for each girl in school. The purpose of this is to promote understanding, fellowship and harmony between the students and teachers. It is hoped that by this method and organization both the students and teachers will be aided.

At the weekly meetings of the executive board, and at all special meetings the members of the board will wear the robes especially made for them. This adds dignity and form to the meetings.

Student Government, within the last two or three years, has grown at Alabama College and has come into its own. The next president takes over an office whose duties are well defined and outlined, backed by a strong, active and wide-awake organization, and those who are familiar with the plans for '25-'26 believe that Student Government will make further strides.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT PRESIDENTS IN CONFERENCE

Helen Davis and Lillian Praut, incoming and outgoing presidents of the Student Government Association of Alabama College, have returned from Tallahassee, Fla., where they attended the annual conference of the Southern Intercollegiate Association of Student Government.

This is an organization which studies the needs of student and campus problems of the south.

Every college in the south sent her student government president and reports from Miss Davis and Miss Praut indicate that the conference was a success in many ways and that they received many ideas and benefits from attending it.

ALABAMA PLAYERS ELECT OFFICERS

Officers for 1925-26 were elected by the Alabama Players, dramatic club of Alabama College, at a meeting held in the student parlor Thursday night, April 2. Gladys Waldrop, president, will have the co-operation of the following newly elected officers: Alice Mahler, vice president; Joy Cawthon, business manager; Nina Dantzer, property manager; Ruth Jones, advertising manager; and Lucy Holt, entertainment manager.

The Alabama Players is an organization that has been wide-awake during its present and initial year. A number of successful performances have been staged under its auspices, and its present standing insures a successful year for 1925-26.

Capsule Week Being Observed

Beginning Saturday, April 26, and continuing through Saturday, May 2, Capsule Week is being observed at Alabama College, the Student Senate sponsoring the movement.

This is an old custom which is firmly established in many colleges, and which has even been observed here. Within the last three or four years, however, there has been no observation of Capsule Week in Alabama College.

The general custom is that Capsule Week will be held at the beginning of the year, at which time each girl tries to be as nice to and thorough of her "Capsule" as possible.

At a stated time each girl in school draws a capsule. Within it is a name of some other girl. It is to this girl she must pay her attentions during Capsule Week. Flowers, visits, notes, kind words, candy, anything one can give that will make the week pleasant for one's capsule is in vogue and order. Of much importance and stress, however, is the fact that no girl must allow her capsule to find out who she is. There are numerous little things a girl could do to make another happier, and when seven hundred girls banded together are doing the same thing there is no doubt but that a successful Capsule Week could be experienced at Alabama College.

It has been suggested that it may seem singular and out of place to observe Capsule Week during this season of the school year. But it is thought that the students will readily see that it is feasible to hold such observance just prior to May Day. At least, it is hoped that Capsule Week will foster such a spirit that the realization of May Day will be happier, lovelier, and more pleasant than were the most enthusiastic have anticipated.

A looked-forward to feature of Capsule Week is the hanging of May baskets on the door of one's capsule on May Day, and the similar giving of baskets to other loved ones. It is wondered just how much competition, careful planning and thoughtful labor will go into the creation of dainty May baskets for the girls one loves.

Just what a success Capsule Week will be remains to be proved, but the Senate, which is sponsoring it and which has selected Mary Armstrong to see that it goes into effect, believes that the students of Alabama College can make it a great success and can establish it as a permanent customer to be observed before each May Day.

TRIANGULAR DEBATES PROMISED FOR NEXT YEAR

Alabama College, Judson and Woman's College to Debate

By an agreement made between Alabama College, Judson College at Marion, and Woman's College at Montgomery, there will be held some time during the month of April, 1926, intercollegiate debates between the three colleges. The contest is modeled on the same plan as that between Sophie Newcomb at New Orleans, Agnes Scott at Decatur, Georgia, and Randolph Macon at Lynchburg.

The movement or idea was fostered by Judson College and a plan was adopted after an agreement with Alabama College and Woman's College had been made.

The rules for the debate have been carefully made by an advisory committee and have been signed by the president of the Student Government Association of each of the three colleges. Each school this spring submits two subjects for debate, the six subjects to be submitted to the committee and one subject chosen from the six.

Two girls from each college will be selected in some way, as the student body sees fit, to represent the col-

Who Will Be May Queen

Election of Queen by Secret Ballot Adds Excitement to Event

"Who is May Queen?"—such is the question everyone is thinking, hearing, asking. But no one as yet knows who the Queen of May is to be, an understanding to that effect having been made before her election by secret ballot Tuesday, April 14.

Every girl in the Senior Class was eligible for election so that it may be possible that many girls were voted upon.

The Queen will not be known to her attendants until the coronation, Saturday, May 2. The Queen has selected her attendants and they have been informed by the president of the Student Senate, all communication between Her Majesty the Queen and her subjects being made in that manner.

Everyone is wondering who the Queen is. Excitement is running high. And while each girl has her own idea as to who was elected, no one can say for sure; and just who surprised the ones on May Day will be cannot yet be ascertained.

But whoever was elected was the first choice of the majority of the students and there is no doubt but that everyone will be pleased and happy when the coronation occurs.

Each class has a Princess to attend the Queen, the girl so acting having been chosen in recognition of her service to the class. In each case she is supposed to be the girl who has contributed most to the class, to have meant most in the life of her class, and the hearts of her classmates.

The Princesses are: Senior, Mildred Walker; Junior, Hattie Lyman; Sophomore, Ibbie Jones; Freshman, Elizabeth Graves.

SUMMER ENROLLMENT TO BE LARGE

According to announcement made by Dean O. C. Carmichael, director of the Summer School for the 1925 session, the enrollment for both terms this summer will be larger than ever before in the history of the institution.

A large number of inquiries are received daily from students and teachers all over Alabama, and Dean Carmichael is of the opinion that the summer session will be a most successful one.

Announcement to the effect that Summer School bulletins may be secured by applying to the president's office, has been made.

lege, and to debate against the team from each of the other colleges.

The winning team will be proclaimed champion debaters from the three colleges.

At the time the student body of Woman's College sanctioned the contract mention was made of Alabama College, with the result that the roof was almost taken off.

Woman's College and Alabama College have been adversaries for years, on the basket ball court, the balance of championship weighing evenly between them as a rule. Alabama College and Judson have never met in conflict and neither has as yet had an opportunity to taste the powers of the other.

A number of students are already looking to the selection of the team next year and are determined to make it at any cost. The selection of the two girls to represent Alabama College will be determined by ability to debate, speak in public, hold and convince an audience. Plans for the selection of the two debaters have not been formulated but Alabama College expects to put her best girls in the field, and the entire student body be filled with enthusiasm and pep in regard to the event. With the proper backing and support on the part of the student body there should be no doubt as to the ability of Alabama College to bring home the victory.

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Alpha Phi Omega—Stella Bowline.
Pi Kappa Delta—Ruby Foster.

JUNIOR OFFICERS ELECTED

At the annual election of officers for the class, the Sophomores unanimously re-elected Anne Jones to the presidency for the Junior year, and pledged to her their support during the ensuing organization year.

Miss Jones has been president of the class every year since its admission to the college, and her executive ability and success in holding such an office speak for themselves by the very fact that she was the only one considered for chief executive of the class.

The following officers were elected with Miss Jones to assist her in carrying out the policies of the class: Laura Johnson, vice president; Collie Roan, secretary; Mabel Conner, treasurer; Elizabeth Ward, Margaret Grayson, Athletic Board Representatives; Ibbie Jones, Mary Hill and Carolyn Edwards, Executive Board Representatives.

The history of the Sophomore class has been a brilliant one and they hold the distinction of having been the largest Freshman class in the history of the school. The future, it is anticipated, will be even more brilliant and great things are expected next year under the capable leadership of Anne Jones and her staff of co-workers.

HATTIE LYMAN PRESIDENT OF CLASS '26

Senior Class Officers Announced

Hattie Lyman is entering upon her fifth year as president of her class. This is a distinction which rarely comes to an individual and one of which the class mates of Miss Lyman are truly proud.

She is considered by her class mates and school mates as a very efficient and dependable executive. Her class has been one of the best the institution has yet admitted, and they have played a big role in making student life what it is in Alabama College today.

Miss Lyman's co-officers are: Mary Riley, vice president; Bell Smith, secretary; Robbie Andrews, treasurer; Mary Riley, Mary Nette Loplin, Alene LeCroy, and Nina Faye Bonner, Executive Board Representatives.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION CLUB

The girls majoring in Physical Education went on a hike to Davis Falls last month to organize a Physical Education Club. While they cooked supper over a camp fire they discussed the value such a club would have to its members and to the school at large. A president, Margaret Grayson; vice president, Annie Holt Young, and secretary-treasurer, Emma Williams, were elected.

Later in the month a constitution was drawn up and passed by the president's council. Now the Physical Education Club is a real organization, and with the co-operation of its active members and assistance of Miss Funk, Miss Putnam and Miss Cogswell, is beginning a splendid work in this college.

The members of the club are: Myra Bell, Ruby Floyd, Margaret Grayson, Anne Jones, Matilda Lykes, Tad Martin, Tope Martin, Catherine Prentis, Ruby Joe Snellgrove, Skeet Snellgrove, Elizabeth Ward, Gladys Waldrop, Emma Williams and Annie Holt Young.

If one does not eat for seven days—it make one weak.

CELEBRITIES

Yes! This is the surprise column you've all heard about. Its object is to show to the outside world as well as to the ones here a few of the celebrities Montevallo can coast of and be justly proud.

This often said and very true that you may entertain angels unaware. So we have evidently been harboring artists and genius' in disguise and now that we are about to part with them, we begin to realize their true worth and what they have meant to Alabama College. They will soon be leaving us, so we wish to dedicate this column of our paper to extol their praises and virtues 'ere it is too late and they have gone from us forever without ever knowing how much we appreciated them and what they have meant to us.

Marjorie Andrews:
We hail you first not only by virtue of the fact that your name comes first alphabetically but because you have really meant something to us and the Home Economics department is losing a staunch living example of itself.

Jessie Beddingfield.
Yes, she won fame here among us as a practice teacher and we can predict nothing more brilliant for her than a teaching career as successful as hers at Columbiana. If any proof is needed of this I know of a certain lawyer in Arkansas who would gladly defend the case.

Lucile Bell:
Lucile came to us from Washington, D. C., and has certainly been a wonderful addition to our ranks. No more need be said as her works speak for themselves—and she needs no lawyer to defend herself.

Ethyle Brown:
From whence she came no one knew—but we do know there is an angel around when Ethyle is in our midst. Her personality radiates her goodness, graciousness, kindness, friendliness, 'neverything.

Bess has had a double role to play this year. She has had to be both Bess and Eloise to these Montevalians and she has done this successfully and still had room in her heart for other things, "Bum ti ra ta, Bum ti ra ta, Bum.

Lula Hawkins:
Deep down in all our hearts we know what Lula has meant to us. How many freshmen and even down-hearted seniors have had their homesickness and blues driven away by a "capsule," called Lula. Besides her cheerfulness she is one of the most able executors this school has ever known—nuff sed.

Mrs. Hooper:
We're glad Mrs. Hooper saw the need of her place being refilled. It has been vacant since 1918 and not one girl has been found who could take her place successfully, and since she has rejoined us we see it was absurd to think that any but the original ever could take her place.

Elizabeth Horsley:
Well, there just never has been and never will be another "Liz." Anyone who can talk at the rate of 500 per and get by with it in a town as slow as Montevallo, well, they have intelligence at least—and Liz has proven this by the string of A's she sends home at the end of each term.



Secrets



SECRETS

Tell me, tell me quick, if you know, why is it that True Marble likes the music at Hendricks' store.

Why did it take Gladys Waldrop so long to close the class room door when the Auburn Players were here.

We've heard Gertrude Broadway say many times, "I don't understand." Wonder if it's books, teachers,

books or "street" that she's talking about.

Kat Leath isn't dumb, is she? We heard Nat Hall talking for her when the Auburn Players were here.

Sh-h-h. Mary got permission from home not to take a bath, but go to Birmingham.

"Miss Aurora" likes French and everything that goes with it.

Hettye Hinson:

One of Montevallo's rare gifts is what we all think Hettye is—with a wonderful personality and everything else that we would want a real Alabama College girl to be. We predict her to be the kind of girl the world has need of.

Lorene Hughes:

She is efficiency itself when it comes to Home Economics but she has also battled successfully with other things (she seems to be Mr. Kennerley's mainstay in grading). What will the poor freshmen do for grades next year with no Lerene to give them to them?

Madge Jacobs:

We regret that we must lose Madge this year, but since she is soon to have a miniature Home Economics department all her own, we relinquish her to Foy with only one word of advice, "Feed the brute."

Gladys Lumpkin:

We hereby unanimously vote Gladys the most efficient student the "Practice Home" has ever known; for if anyone can enter "Billy's" dominion (where he rules supreme) and share his mistress' affections equally with him—well, there is just no one else who could do it.

Cora Belle Maddox:

We hate to think of what Montevallo would have been without Cora Berre. Where we think of her bright, cheery smile to greet us each time we enter the dining room we don't wonder that Miss Kemp considers her Montevallo's greatest achievement.

Eunice Matthews:

"Speech is silver but silence is golden." This last aptly applies to Eunice. Ke know of many girls here at Montevallo who are always ready to talk. But there is only one Eunice that we can fall back upon to do the things rather than talk about them.

Jessie Hobbs Morrison.

"To know her is to love her" is our motto for Jessie Hobbs. However, more nice things can be said of her; so as a parting tribute to her we voted her our Very Best Cook.

Mary Kay Patterson:

Another one of our girls who won fame at the Practice Home and high laurels from Miss Weiner. Nothing more need be said.

Louise Purefoy:

If you don't love Louise turn around and analyze yourself, because the fault is in you. It just couldn't be in Wegee, 'cause she is all we would have her be, gentle, kind and full of sympathy.

Ethyle Thompson:

Any sononym for wit, fun, jollity, or merriment would apply to Ethyl for this would have been a somber campus without girls or Ethyl's wit to liven up even the drollest. She is also one of Mr. Marsh's "stand-patters" in the Glee Club.

Mary Trammel:

We are never afraid of a question going unanswered in the class when Mary is there; because she never puts off until tomorrow what she can do today. She meets every question with real knowledge and wins the praises of both teachers and students.

Mildred Walker:

Mildred has carried through four years of college the unrivaled distinction of being the only one among us

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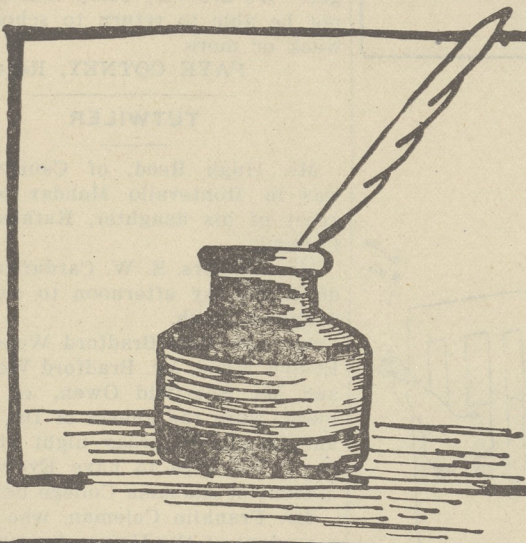
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THE SWIMMING HOLE

"Wal, I dunno as I should," drawled old Joe Bennett. "My crick ain' no public swimmin' hole an' hit ain't no business of mine to furnish a public swimmin' pond for these young hyenas around hyar. There's part of that same srick above my land an' theres' part of hit below my land an' I don't see no use in them boys trampin' across my land an' goin' swimmin' in my part of thet crick," with which declaration he brought the front legs to his chair to the floor with a thump, pulled out a plug of tobacco, and bit of an enormous chunk.

Old Joe was mad, in fact, he was furious. For a week he had fumed and fussed about his grievance to the little boys and it had done no good, so now he had brought his trouble to "the gang" which consisted of Sam Reid, who ran the general store and the post office; Arthur Perkins, who was the blacksmith whenever there was any work of that kind to be done; Jake Sellars, who did nothing in particular unless he was hungry; Ben Moore, the barber, and old Joe, who was the Justice of Peace in this city of Bennett Corners. The gang always gathered on the front porch of Reid's store. And now, as they sat there leaning back in their chairs with their feed propped upon the banisters, they discussed Joe's latest problem. He always had one for them to worry over.

Joe was generally accepted as the leader of the gang. The dignity of his office, the honor of having the town named for his grandfather, and the ownership of so much land, gave to him the right of a leader and he accepted it without reluctance. He was a typical old country man, being tall and thin, with stooped shoulders, having a large tobacco-stained mouth, sharp blue eyes, a long, crooked nose, and a thatch of gray hair that always needed cutting. He believed in getting all he could for himself and naturally worked toward that end. He hated to part with money worse than anyone in Bennett Corners had ever been known to, and consequently the term "stingy" was often applied to his name. His devotion to himself and to his property explains his unwillingness to have the boys on his land.

"There's the hole in Widder Green's part of the crick where they always handered after goin' last summer. Why don't they go back there?" asked Joe. "Says they're tired of hit an' hit ain't no good no more," responded Joe. "I've done tried all the suggestions I could think of and hit moved 'em yet. I could get the low on 'em but their maws wouldn't buy eggs from me when their hens stops a-layin' an' I can't afford to do that because I've been savin' them eggs for four solid months."

"Joe, why don't you paster them boys so much while they're enjoyin' theselves swimmin' that they won't want to come back no more?" demanded Sam.

Joe scratched his head for a moment, then a slow grin spread over his face and he jumped to his feet. "By crackey, Sam, why didn't you tell me that a week ago? Good-bye, boys, the next time you see me, I'll be rid of them pests."

Two days passed and no Joe appeared. "Hm-m, must be still a-workin' on them boys," Sam remarked. But the third day Joe stalked down the road, up the steps and dropped into his chair without a word. There he sat, apparently dumb, and the gang simply stared at him.

Finally Sam ventured to speak,

"Wal, is it yours or theirs?" he asked.

Joe glared at him for a minute and then burst forth with, "Theirs! Now an' forever more! I done all I could to git rid of 'em an' they won't be got shet of so they con jes' stay. They're the slickest little devils ever I seen an' some day Bennett Corners will be proud of the last one of 'em. Yes sir, I fust went down to thet crick an' tied up all their clothes, but they was so used to havin' that did thet it didn't bother 'em nono. Then I stole their clothes but one of 'em hooked my coat from where I'd laid it and I never found it till he come back with enough clothes for each boy to have a garment thet would cover him enough to git home. They told their maws on me an' them women threatened to have me put out of office fer stealin'. Next I caught about five turtles an' put 'em in the crick but them boys didn't do a thing but play with 'em all thet evenin' an' not ope of them darn turtles would bite 'em. I found out thet they could bite if they wanted to, though, because, by heck, if them boys didn't slip one in my fav-rite rocker up at the house an' I ain't got that thing loose yet. Yes, had to change my clothes. An' lastly, I found a wasp nest thet I hung on the tree jes' above the divin' board they'd put up, but they seen it fust thing. Bert Green slipped up easy like an' threw his shirt over it so they could tie it up tight an' carry it to my house. They put it on my bed an' I was afeared to open the thing so I put it in the stove, shirt an' all. Then here come Widder Green over to my house declarin' thet I'd have to buy Bert a new shirt or give him his old one, an' I had to give thet woman some money to get shet of her. Yes sir, them are slick boys. If they wants to swim in my part of thet crick they can, an' aint nobody gonna bother 'em.

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND

I think about you, wonder,
And long to feel your hand,
Yet know that you are gone from me.
Ah! I cannot understand—

Why God gave flowers fragrance,
To be lost in desert night,
Why waters that reflect heaven
Are withheld from human sight.

Why there is so much music
That dies in the soul of man,
Why he gave you but to take you,
Ah! I cannot understand!
—Elma O'Neill.

CAMPWARD HO!

On April 4, the girls of the Physical Education Club spent a glorious week-end at the college camp. In spite of the cloudy weather and frequent showers they kept the camp-house echoing with jolly shouts, and worked up appetites that only food cooked over a big open fire can satisfy. Sunday afternoon brought a reluctant return home, but these girls are planning many more outings just as jolly.

OH, DELIVER US FROM—

Students who take their math exams with pen and ink.

Mothers who broadcast the subtitles to their children at the movies.

Persons who insist on arriving at your seat on the train with cup of water just as the engine winds a curve.

Heavyweights who mistake your feet for the floor.

TRUNKS

Somebody has made a serious mistake. Whoever thought about having trunks of different shapes and sizes should be condemned by the whole world as a person of little consideration for college students. I am going to prove to you that all college women should rise up in arms against our present method of manufacturing trunks. We must fight for a definite size and shape of trunk—say, two feet high, two feet wide, and six feet long. There are three good reasons why trunks should be as above specified.

Reason No. 1

The next time you step into the hall, look at the trunks before you. Some are tall and rectangular, corners protected with bits of scrap brass, whose original dress of gold glint is very tattered and stained; some are low, long, of the hug-the-floor kind with a nice hump on top which might jump off if not held down by three bands of peculiar belting usually crammed full of perforations. Some are of the smashed flat kind; some look like the old wood box with a top tacked on. Who likes to see such a heterogeneous collection? It is hard on the eyes; it offends our sense of the fitness of things.

Reason No. II

There comes a time in every college girls' life when she wants to race down the hall and jump from one trunk to the other. (Maybe she has a new dress—possibly, somebody from home is coming—even a letter will send a ticklish feeling down our spine if it is the first since many days.) Under the present system it is impossible. You go up on one and down on the next. The humpbacked ones are impossible, the confounded wardrobed ones are too high, and some are so weak that their very outsides plead "please don't step on me." The game is spoiled. No fun. No jumps. No good times. Trunks just are not right somehow.

Reason No. III

The trunks we now have are not built right on the inside. Our dresses have to be folded and crumpled. Think how nice it would be to have a trunk long enough to put one's dresses in whole length!

For the six feet in length the dress stands as sufficient reason for four and one-half of it and the other one and one-half is left at one end for hats. Blessed conveniences!

The desire to hop around when one is happy is ample reason for the two feet in height. Two feet inspires just the right spring.

Anybody knows that a solid six by two by two is a very well proportioned solid. What comfort it would be to walk down the hall and see regular sized trunks neatly placed alongside the wall. If one's room was unpleasant, one could seek refuge on such trunks. They could be slept on comfortably, too.

Let's have two by two by six feet trunks. And let's have them all dark reds and blues and soft grays. Such trunks and colors would warm up these cold halls of ours.

THIRD QUARTER BRINGS NEW STUDENTS

With the beginning of the third and last quarter of the present scholastic year thirty new students were admitted to the college. This is said to be the largest number of new students ever entering at any one quarter following the first.

Many of them are education students and are girls who have taught in

SPEAKING OF CONCEIT—

No one appreciates the poetry I write,
I dream it all day,
And go sleepless at night;
Then when it's done and I show it around,
I don't hear a thing
But giggles choked down.

So what can I do but stammer and blus
When over a group
Comes that strangely choked hush?
My face turns red and my ears do the same,
As they so lightly
Forget my near fame.

For young tho I am, and still but a girl,
I dream of far days
When I'll startle the world
With poetry, surpassing in thought and fame,
That of anyone
With poet's fair name.

Even my pal, a usually bright girl,
Forgets intellect,
Joins the rest of the world;
No one appreciates the poetry I write
Tho I dream by day
And go sleepless at night.

LOOKING OVER OLD PHOTO-GRAPHS

The pleasure of reading old love letters has only one equal and that is looking at old photographs. It is with a sigh of contentment that, finding time in this busy age, we settle down for a peaceful hour looking at the pictures in the old-fashioned album bound in red plush, which, by the way, is no longer kept on the parlor table. As we become absorbed in them we turn back the hands of time and again we are living in the happy days of the past.

With our mind full of fond memories we are ready to review with tenderness these reminders of our childhood and early life. Therefore, we experience something of a shock when our memory-inspired gaze first rests upon the picture of a skinny little girl with hair tightly brocaded on either side of her head, who is further adorned with lacy pantalettes peeping coquettishly below a high-necked, long-sleeved dress. Can it be possible, you ask your grown-up sophisticated self, that this is you? As we look still further countless numbers of full-skirted ladies with warp-like waistlines look primly at us and keep company for the bewhiskered gentlemen dressed in their Sunday suits of conventional black. Young girls in trainging skirts and broad-brimmed hats with hands folded precisely remind us of the good old days, which everyone talks about but no one has ever seen. However, turn ankles ppeep in from under ruffled petticoats serve to remind us that the flapper has an ancestor. Here we have a dandy of the old school. A white waistcoat and swallow-tail serve to enhance the skin-tight beauty of his trousers and bring out the shine in his black patent leathers. A wide bow tie, also of the old school, emphasizes the strength of his manly chin. Curly brown hair parted in the middle is rivaled only by sideburns and upturned mustache. Again pure, unadulterated wonder fills your soul and you try to puzzle out how you

small schools during the winter. They are heartily welcomed to Alabama College.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION CLUB ORGANIZED

The Physical Education Club of Alabama College was made a reality when the constitution was adopted by the President's Council at a meeting held March 3. The object of the club is "to create a common interest among the Physical Education students, to keep in touch with the progression of Physical Education and to present the forward strides of women in this field to the student body."

The Physical Education students met some time ago and expressed a desire for the organization of such a club. They conferred with the teachers of Physical Education Department, and the constitution, as accepted by President's Council, was drawn up.

The constitution provides that any student of Alabama College taking either a major or second major in the Physical Education Department is eligible to membership in the Physical Education Club. All teachers in the department shall be honorary members.

The constitution also provides that there shall be a president, vice president and a secretary-treasurer. These officers shall be elected annually in April.

The duties of the officers as outlined, are much the same as those for any other organization on the campus. The club shall meet bi-monthly.

The organization of this club on the campus is another indication of the steady forward strides of Alabama College. It is believed that it will meet a long-felt need in the life and activity of the Physical Education student.

ever admired such an outfit.

So it is with the wisdom of experience that I advise you, if you are ever feeling just a little too proud of yourself just look in the old red album to bring yourself to your proper plane again.

P. D. D. Pendleton

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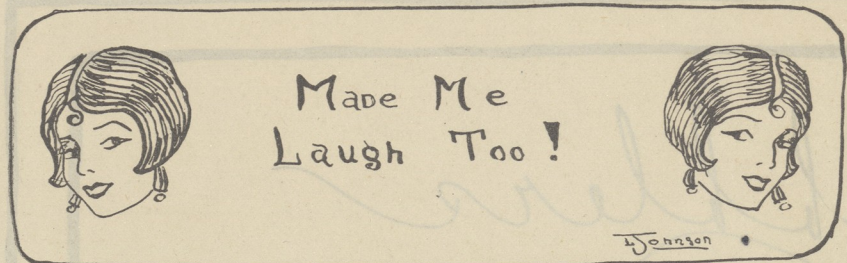
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WISE AND OTHERWISE

Girl in Art Gallery: "My, what a funny looking picture that is over there."
Her bored beau: "Hush up, you hick. That is a mirror."

Usher in church, passing plate to a tight wad.
Tight Wad: "I don't give money for such things."
Usher: "Well, take some out. It's for heathen."

"There is safety in numbers."
"Huh?"
"License plates will soon be getting too many figures to remember."
—Judge.

"Did you ever drill before?" asked the captain of the Irishman.
The Irishman answered: "I worked three years in quarry."—Selected.

Thelma R.: "Miss Monk, do you believe Shakespeare wrote all those plays they say he did?"
Miss Monk: "I don't know, but when I go to heaven I intend to ask him."
Thelma: "But suppose he's not there."
Miss Monk: "Well, you ask him then."

"Do you think the climate where you are going will agree with your wife?"
"It wouldn't dare do otherwise."—Legion Weekly.

A ring on the hand is worth two on the phone.—Wo-Co-Ala. News.

"Hello, is this you, Doctor?"
"Yes," says Doctor.
"My mother-in-law is at death's door, so come up at once and help me pull her through."—Anon.

Teacher: "What are the three words most frequently used in English?"
Mary: "I don't know."
Teacher: "Correct."

Seeing his mother nod pleasantly to the minister who went by, Archie inquired, "Who's that, mamma?"
"That's the man who married me, dear," she replied.
"Then if that's the man who married you," said Archie, "what's Pa doing at our house?"—Boston Transcript.

Customer: "Waiter, there's a splinter in the cottage cheese."
Waiter: "What did you want, the whole cottage?"—Selected.

Old lady (to man who had just had both legs amputated): "How are you today, my good man?"
"Oh, I guess I can't kick."—Wo-Co-Ala.

"The cheek of that conductor! He glared at me as if I hadn't paid my fare!"
"And what did you do?"
"I just glared back at him as if I had!"—Anon.

Winkler: "How can I keep postage stamps from sticking together?"
Blinkler: "Buy 'em one at a time!"
—Judge.

Officer. "Don't you know this is a one-way street?"
Smith: "Well, officer, I'm only going one way, ain't I?"—Babbler.

Help! Help!
What's the matter? The doctor is only going to operate on you for appendicitis.
No sah! No sah! I know dis doctor. He ain't gonna operate on me for no appendicitis. This operation's on me for revenge.

He (bashfully): "I—er—ahem—"
She: "Well, would you like to join our sewing circle?"

My girl is so up-to-date that when she heard about the New Testament she wouldn't even read the old any more.—The Babbler.

It's too late to shut your mouth after your false teeth have dropped out.—Anon.

To be good is noble, but to teach others to be good is nobler—and less trouble.—Selected.

The latest thing in men's clothes is women.

Bob: "How can I cure a sleep-walking habit?"
Doc: "By sprinkling tacks on the floor."

A man never knows his real value until he is sued for breach of promise.

Father to daughter after receiving her report card: "If you had more spunk you would get better grades. Do you know what spunk is?"
Frances L., with tears in her eyes, replies: "Yes, it is the past participle of spank."

He: "Don't you think marriages are made in heaven?"
She: "Well, if all men were as slow as you, they would have to be."

Break, break, break,
On the cold gray stones, O Sea!
If you were to break forty times
You wouldn't be as broke as me.
—Babbler.

Mr. Orr in teaching his elementary education class, told them that he thought "My Country 'Tis of Thee" was a good song to teach.
Susie P.: "Oh, I think America would be much better."

A German boy at school, out west, when called on recite his lesson in history, was asked:
"What is the German diet composed of?"
The boy replied: "Sourkrout, schnapps, and lager beer." The boy was promoted instantly.—Anon.

She: "Speaking of love; isn't it wonderful?"
He: "Have you ever been in love?"
She: "That's why business!"
He: "Well, how's business?"

The Dumdora Thinks
A mascot is something to sleep on.
An itching palm is a tropical plant.
Hyacinth is a French intoxicant.
A mariner is a man who ties matrimonial knots.
—The Purple Tornado.

"Bridget, why did you let that policeman kiss you?"
"It's again th' law to resist an officer, ma'am."—Anon.

COMPETITION

The other night in one of the Ramsey Hall parlors (oh yes, dreams have no regard for time), two couples sat, each attempting to burn a bit more midnight oil than the other. The couples were Alice Barganier and Alvin Lefkowitz, and—Mrs. Heatfield and a wealthy New York banker. To make a long story short, at his departure the wealthy banker's car lights refused to work, but it didn't make any difference—he didn't need them.

She: "A hasty remark sometimes gets a man in trouble."
He: "Yes, especially at an auction."

Old-Time "Handout"

In the older days in England judges were forbidden to wear gloves on the bench for fear of bribes being dropped into them. Hence the custom of presenting a judge with a pair of white gloves when he has no cases to try at assizes.

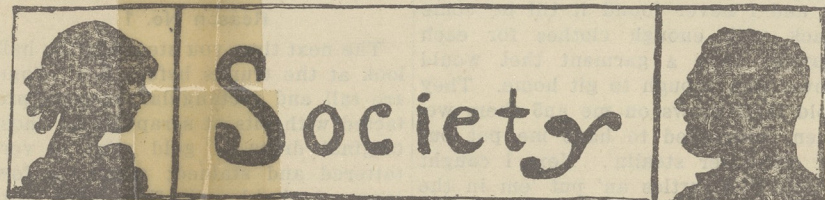
DREAMS!



A VISION

I felt myself sink into the black, ugly earth. I grabbed at the space. Down, down, then a big jar. I opened my eyes on the other side of the world in a very strange city. The first thing my startled eyes caught sight of was the most beautiful girl I ever saw—

she had a form like True's, beautiful coal black hair as curly as Dorothy Bear's, the baby blue eyes of Dorothy Mottley, Helen Grey's well-shaped nose and the doll like mouth of Elizabeth Graves. Just by looking at her I believe she could almost be as sweet as "One Ibbie"—but 'twas a dream.



ALPHA PI OMEGA NEWS

We were all glad to have Annie Crossley with us last Saturday. We have missed her while she has been teaching in Columbiana.

Mariam Ernst will have as her guest this week-end Josephine Davis, of Birmingham.

Martha Woolley, of Selma, was the guest of Stella Bowline last week-end.

Catherine Ortmann entertained us with an Easter egg hunt last Sunday. We all forgot that we were "dignified" college girls and enjoyed the hunt to the fullest extent.

ZETA PI DELTA

The Zeta Pi Delta Club takes pleasure in announcing the following officers: President, Mary Noble; vice president, Gladys Waldrop; secretary, Lucile Snellgrove; treasurer, Irma Reeves.

Miss Edith Rowe, of Birmingham, was the guest of Miss Elizabeth Taylor Easter week.

Miss Julia Riddle, of Gadsden, a former student of this school, spent the week-end with friends here.

Misses Pauline and Ivie Pearl Raye, of Birmingham, were the guests of Miss Laura Johnson this week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Langston McCauley and Mrs. G. T. Wofford were the guests of Miss Lucy McCauley Friday.

Mr. Hugh Reed spent a day at the college last week with his daughter, Miss Kathleen McCormick.

Miss Mildred Vardamer, from Sylacauga, was the guest of Miss Mary Riley last week.

Miss Mable Keller was the guest of her sister, Miss Elizabeth Keller.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Strand and Mrs. Helen Strand motored from Union Springs Saturday to see Miss Julia Strand.

Miss Dorothy Williams spent last week-end with friends in Wilton.

Miss Mildred Gwin is spending the week-end in Gadsden.

PHILODENDROI

Miss Helen Chancellor is looking forward to having her father and mother with her on Sunday, April 19.

Misses Jimmy Nell Branyon, Mabel Mayfield and Gertrude Patterson spent Easter Sunday at their homes in Fayette.

PI KAPPPA DELTA NEWS

Camp Breakfast

Sunday morning the members of the club, with Miss McKnight as their guest and Miss McMichiel and Miss

Newersinger as chaperone, tramped out to Big Springs at five o'clock and cooked breakfast. Everybody can eat bacon and eggs when they are cooked on a camp fire even though they are scorned in the dining room, and so everyone enjoyed the breakfast to the fullest extent.

We also found that we have some very efficient campers in our crowd.

Of course we were back in time for Sunday school with a unanimous vote to go again soon.

We congratulate Gertrude Broadway on having been elected as secretary to the President's Council.

BETA SIGMA DELTA

Miss Kathleen Chester had as her guest for Easter her mother, Mrs. O. J. Chester, of Camp Hill, Ala.

At the regular business meeting Saturday night, April 4, the new officers for the club were elected: President, Vivian Letson; vice-president, Helen Bishop; secretary and treasurer, Vivian Alford.

Miss Vician Alford had as her guest for Easter Mr. Ray Singleton, of Gadsden.

PHILOMATHIC CLUB NOTES

Miss Dorothy Griffith, of Hartselle, and Miss Beatrice Black, of Birmingham, spent Easter with Lillian Prout.

A bunch of jolly girls numbering 27 packed up their troubles in the old kit bags and left for Spring Creek Cottage April 11 to enjoy a camp over Saturday and Sunday. Sports as swimming and hiking were enjoyed immensely, but the sport nearest our hearts and ? was the old favorite sport of eating. This we did to the nth degree of perfection.

The spooky location of the cottage with our keen imagination gave us the desired thrills over the stories of haunted sprites. We reached the dormitory as healthy and as safe as we left it, due to the good care of Misses Newsinger, Glover and Gibbs.

ALEPH SADHE CLUB

The officers of the Aleph Sadhe Club for the coming year are: President, Nellie White; vice-president, Leita Orr; secretary, Eloise Harmon; treasurer, Verdine Strickland; artist, Ibbie Jones.

Our president, Nellie White, will leave Sunday, April 19, for Columbiana where she will do practice teaching. She will be gone all of the following month.

Bernice Green, one of our pledges, left for Birmingham Saturday, April 18, to have an operation on her fin-

ger. We are very sorry that she will not be able to return to school in a week or more.

FAYE COTNEY, Reporter.

TUTWILER

Mr. Hugh Reed, of Center, Ala., was in Montevallo Monday as the guest of his daughter, Kathleen McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Cardur motored down Sunday afternoon to see their daughter, Ruth.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Wood, Miss Evelyn Wood, Mr. Bradford Wood, Jr., and Mr. Sherfield Owen, of Tuscaloosa, were the guests of Dr. Palmer and friends Saturday night and Sunday. We hope to have Evelyn as a student of Alabama College next year.

Mr. Franklin Coleman, who is now a student at the University, spent the week-end with his sister.

Misses Frances Seldon and Winfred Castleman were in Greensboro with their families during Easter week.

Miss Lucille Nelson was in Birmingham the first of the week. This last bit of news might well be put in Secrets.

THE COSTALIAN

The Costalians have been quite blessed with visitors lately.

Sunday, April 12, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Perry and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Morton and Albert Morton, all of Bessemer, came down.

Thursday of the same week, Mrs. Frank Stevens, Mrs. George Wofford, Mr. and Mrs. Tom McCalley and Mr. and Mrs. Langston McCalley, of Birmingham were here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Strand and Miss Helen Strand, of Union Springs, were also visitors here this week.

At a recent meeting the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Rella Rudolph; vice president, Fannie Jo Scott; secretary, Fannie Morton; treasurer, Rosa Perry.

ATHLETIC NEWS

There's no need to say that the pool is at last open for good news travels fast. Most of the talk around the campus this week has been on the same subject, "Come on in, the water's fine!" and it is. Work has already begun on Red Cross Tests. Captain Yates, who comes every spring to give instruction and tests, unluckily has come too early to give us a chance for much practice. We expect to have many new members for the Life Saving Corps.

Also, we have heard it whispered that perhaps there will be a swimming contest this year. There's nothing definite yet, but a little practice will be good for all of us, so let's at least begin to get ready, in case we should have a chance.

Fire-Fighting Aid

During many great fires, fire-fighting equipment from neighboring cities has proved useless because the threads in the hose couplings did not fit the local hydrants. In order to remedy this, the United States bureau of standards has perfected a set of tools enabling new threads to be cut on the spot. Fire departments in many large cities now are being equipped with these.—Popular Science Monthly.



Compliments

of

Strand Theater

The Alabamian

Vol. 2.

MONTEVALLO, ALA., MAY 9, 1925

NO. 11.

IBBIE JONES HONORED BY SCHOOLMATES

Ibbie Jones, member of the Sophomore Class, and one of the best and nest students in Alabama College, was signally honored when the student body voted to back her in the contest being put on by the town merchants. The winner in the contest will be given a trip to New York, Washington, Niagara and other points last during the latter part of July, all expenses to be paid by the merchants entering the contest.

Rules for the contest indicate that any girl can enter and be a candidate for the trip. The winner will be determined by the votes cast, the girl receiving the largest number winning the trip. Votes are given with purchases made from either of the five merchants.

The manner in which the college students should go into the contest was left open to the student body. When it votes to nominate and support one girl for the trip it was considered a signal honor to the girl who should thus be selected. Miss Jones was elected by an overwhelming vote, and the entire student body pledged its support in doing everything possible toward securing the trip for Miss Jones.

SENATE OFFICERS ELECTED

Officers for the Student Senate were elected at their next to the last meeting, at which time details for the complete organization of the Senate were divulged by the committee on organization and procedure.

The following were elected: Vice president, Collie Roan; secretary, Robbie Andrews; treasurer, Lucy Wood Baughman.

The Senate's work has started under auspicious conditions and already several projects have been successfully undertaken—the May Day fete and Capsule Week being probably more outstanding and better known. The Alabama College Senators are expecting to make great strides of progress and advancement under the capable assistance and direction of the officers chosen to assist their president, Hazel Black.

STUDENTS TO SPEND SUMMER AT BLUE RIDGE

Hazel Black, Anne Long and Helen Hagood, students of Alabama College, have been selected by the Employment Bureau of Blue Ridge Association of the Southern Y. M. C. A., to be employed on the conference grounds at Blue Ridge during the summer of 1925.

Each summer a large number of college boys and girls from Southern schools are employed on the conference grounds. A wholesome, enjoyable and profitable summer is assured them and they have the privilege of attending the conferences and hearing nationally known speakers on subjects pertaining to many phases of life.

It comes as a distinct honor to both Alabama College and the students selected that their applications have been accepted and that they will be enabled to spend a summer at Blue Ridge.

Cure of Evil

In the history of man it has been very generally the case that when evils have grown insufferable they have touched the point of cure.—E. H. Chapin.

ERSKINE RAMSAY CLUB

On Saturday evening, April 25, the members of the Beta Sigma Delta Club unanimously and officially renamed their club "The Ramsay Club." The idea has been pending for some time, but it was only after consultations with Dr. Palmer, Dean Carmichael and Mr. Ramsay himself that the decision was reached. The members deem it a glorious privilege to take the name of so generous a benefactor as Erskine Ramsay. It is the earnest desire of the Ramsays to maintain throughout their existence as unblemished a name as his, for whom the club has been named.

KALEIDOSCOPIC WARMLY RECEIVED

The Kaleidoscope presented by the Freshman class for the benefit of the Technala and the class treasury was an eminently successful performance and was witnessed by a large and appreciative audience.

The performance was staged under the direction of members of the class, Miss Hook was official censor.

A large number of students were in the performance and while nothing elaborate was attempted, the members of the class are gratified over the outcome, and they are very appreciative of the support of the student body.

MAY FESTIVAL BRILLIANT SUCCESS

The first annual May Day Festival held in connection with the first annual Music Festival of Alabama College, and observed under the auspices of the Student Senate, working with Miss Lucyle Hook, Miss Rebecca Funk and Mr. Frank E. Marsh, Jr., was a most notable success.

Great and wide-spread interest had centered around the May fete for weeks, and much suspense had been around in the selection for May Queen.

All students of the school were in the processional which was as follows: The queen and her attendants; Princess Senior; Class of 1925; Princess Junior; Class of 1926; Princess Sophomore; Class of 1927; Princess Freshman; Class of 1928; Dancers.

Lucy May, of the class of 1925, was May Queen, she having been chosen by popular ballot. She was regally beautiful in her gown of orchid satin, trimmed with pansies of purple and gold. The crown, emblematic of her supremacy on May Day, and placed on her head by Hazel Black, president of the Student Senate, was of purple and gold pansies.

Mildred, of the House of Walker, was Princess Senior. She was attractive in her gown of rose Georgette. Her throne, typical and emblematic of the dignity of the mighty Senior, was royally attractive with the gorgeously colored gowns of the attendants to the princess.

Hattie, of the House of Lyman, was Princess Junior. Her court with her attractive attendants and artistic throne was resplendent in blue and gold. As leader of the band of Juniors, not only on May Day, but as their president, she is truly beloved. Hattie's dress was a lovely creation of blue and gold changeable taffeta and her train was of gold and lace.

Ibbie, of the House of Jones, was Princess Sophomore, and was as attractive as could be wished for in her gown of rose Georgette. Her attendants were dressed in shades of pink and green. Her throne was likewise decorated in pink and green and was considered one of the most attractive.

The Freshman throne, with Elizabeth, of the House of Graves, as Princess, was a latticed arch over which was twined golden flowers and green vines. The princess was robed in yellow satin.

Every princess had four attendants, and all her subjects who had no special part in the festivities, were in

MAY FESTIVAL TO BE ANNUAL AFFAIR

May Day from now on will be observed annually by the student body of Alabama College, if the success of this year's performance is any indication.

The best of spirit and effort went into the making of the fete this year and the performance was a most enjoyable one from the standpoint of both audience and actors.

The performance for May, 1925, was most elaborate, taken as a whole, but in comparison with many May Day festivals was very simple. It is believed, however, that very few May Day festivals could be more beautiful and picturesque than that produced this year at Alabama College.

Bystanders and the critical observed that every detail was sensible and that as little expense as possible for the greatest beauty and appropriateness was made necessary by the performance.

FIELD ON MAY DAY ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT

The field on which the May Day festivities were held was in itself a thing of beauty on the day of the functions. People on all sides commented on the artistic arrangement and the simple beauty of the courts and thrones. The queen's throne held the center of attraction. It was lofty and beautiful, the many white steps outlined by Dorothy Perkins roses and green vines accenting the regality of the golden chair for the queen. White lattice work on either side of the throne, in which were entwined vines and roses, added a touch of simple beauty to the throne.

Facing the throne of the queen and situated in the corners of the field were the thrones of the princesses.

The Senior throne was Oriental looking with its tapestry-like background, and deep red aisle-way. The throne of the Junior Princess was in blue and above the chair was a huge star, the outer edges of which were outlined with pale pink rosebuds. The Sophomore throne was of dazzling brilliance in its whiteness with pink and green decorations. Pink roses were here also used.

The Freshman throne was a simple latticed archway, covered with honeysuckles, vines and yellow flowers.

There were four May poles on the green, a May Day note added by their presence.

Each class was responsible for the throne of the class princess. Bill Smith was chairman of arrangements for the throne of the queen.

Light Much Cheaper Now

Since the development of electric energy, light has steadily become cheaper with the result that light for household purposes today is only about one-sixteenth as expensive as it was 40 years ago. This is one of the very few commodities, the cost of which has come down in recent years. In 1885 about 1,115 candlepower could be bought for \$1, but by 1923 \$1 would buy 16,200 candlepower.

Shallow-brained people bow to the clothes rather than the wearer.

her court.

The dancers held the center of the stage after the crowning of the May Queen and graciously performed. A large number of college students took part. The dances of the season and the nymphs were the most artistic and most impressive but they were all good, and cleverly arranged. Much credit is due the teachers of Physical Education for their untiring efforts and their willingness in arranging and directing the dances.

A large number of people from the town and cities of Alabama were present to witness the functions, and the ceremonial was enjoyed by both students and visitors.

MAY DAY FEATURE ROTOGRAVURE SECTION

Pictures of the May Festival, taken by Mrs. Yeager, photograph correspondent for the Birmingham News, were a feature of that paper Sunday, a number of attractive groups appearing in the gravure section.

The queen's court was one of the most attractive the paper has ever shown, and appeared to advantage in the great daily paper. The court included the queen, train-bearers, pages, heralds and maids. The photograph of the dance of the nymphs was one of the most artistic on the page, while all the others were exceedingly attractive and held important places on the attractive page the Birmingham News used favoring the Alabama College May Day Festival.

LOVELY BOUQUETS ENHANCE COURTS

The bouquets used by the queen and the princesses on May Day were perhaps the most gorgeous assemblage of flowers seen at Montevallo for any function.

Lucy I, of the House of May, wore a beautiful corsage of sweetheart roses. All her attendants wore dainty corsages of roses and sweet peas.

Mildred, of the House of Walker, senior princess, carried an exquisite bouquet of sweet peas in pastel shades.

Hattie, of the House of Lyman, and princess of the Sophomore tribe, wore a corsage of roses that enhanced the simple dignity of her gown.

Ibbie, of the House of Jones, beloved Princess Sophomore, carried an arm bouquet of gorgeous American Beauty roses.

Princess Freshman, Elizabeth, of the House of Graves, carried a dainty arm bouquet of yellow daisies.

Just which were prettier would be a hard matter to decide, but every one agreed that the flowers were an outstanding feature of the beauty and charm of the affair.

LARGE NUMBER HONOR ROLL STUDENTS

Beginning with the second quarter of the present scholastic year the method of rating the Honor Roll is a little different from that formerly used.

By the new method, adopted by the faculty and approved by the dean, an average of A must be made by a student in order that she may make first honor roll. Second honor roll students must average B in all their work. Heretofore a first honor roll student could not make any grade below A; a second honor roll student could make no grade below B. By the new method a few more names are added to the roll.

Those girls making first honor roll for the second quarter are as follows: Robbie Andrews, Minnie Barnes, Lucile Bell, Mary Bradshaw, Estelle Broadway, Winifred Castleman, Mary Evelyn Clark, Vivian Cobb, Patty Cole, Celia Cumbee, Edith Delchamps, Miriam Gregg, Addie Lee, Alice Mahler, Ina Mae Malone, Lucy May, Katherine Morrison, Katherine Ortman, Alice Quarles, Willie Lee Reeves, Frances Rosenbeum, Mrs. Sharp, Grace Speaks, Helen Townsend, Genevieve Tuberville, Fay Turner, Mary Vinson, Emma Williams.

Those making second honor roll are: Helen Allison, Marjorie Andrews, Mary Armstrong, Doherty Aycock, Ruby Benton, Grace Black, Hazel Black, Jimmie Nell Branyon, Louise Brooks, Nell Browder, Bertha Mae Brumbelev, Mary Bryant, Wanda Burks, Lillou Burns, Laura Carmichael, Aurora Catanzano, Joy Cawthon, Margaret Coleman, Dorothy Crabtree, Frances Crump, Pauline Curry, Helen Davis, Ethel Drake, Phyllis Earle, Miriam Ernest, Lauretta, Fortner, Una Franklin, Gertrude Gaines, Helen George, Mildred Gilchrist, Lauryn Godbold, Mar-

PLAY "PRUNELLA" COMMENCEMENT FEATURE

Commencement week this year will be marked by a number of interesting features and entertainment, the play, "Prunella," staged by the Alabama Players, being one of the headline numbers of the week's program. Miss Lucyle Hook, head of the Department of Expression and Director of the Dramatic Club, has picked the cast and is at work now on the production.

The story is said to be a quaint and clever one, with an old-fashioned setting.

Alice Mahler takes the leading role, that of Prunella, or Pieretta. Anne Jones assumes the role of Pierrot.

A large cast is included, and much good talent has been secured for the action. Great expectations center around the production of "Prunella" by the Alabama Players and there is ample reason to believe that they will eclipse former productions.

The play will be produced in the open air, just in front of the old site of the president's home.

An elaborate production is contemplated by the Alabama Players, and they are enthusiastic over it, and expect to put it over without charge to the audience in the regular Alabama Players style.

LUCY I, OF HOUSE OF MAY, REIGNS SUPREME ON MAY DAY

Lucy I, of the House of May, because of her beauty, her charm, and genuine worth, and because she proved the most beloved of her class, reigned supreme on May Day, and was accordingly crowned by Hazel Black, the president of the senate of Alabama College.

She ruled on her throne, to which she was transported in her chariot of May-time vines, with a poise that befitted one in her place, and all her subjects on the day of her supremacy were loyal to and happy for her in her elaborate position.

It is considered fitting that Lucy I should have been chosen as queen. As a student of Alabama College she is beloved by all who know her, and who come in contact with her.

She is one of the most valued students in the school, takes a high rank in scholarship and student activity, and is a girl with a real purpose and aim.

The queen was selected by the popular vote of the student body.

Her election to the position of queen is one of the highest compliments that could be paid her, since the student senate had urged that the girl selected be one who had meant most to the school, and who was most beloved personally by the student senate.

Children of Hope

In praising or loving a child, we love and praise not that which is, but that which we hope for.—Goethe.

tha Grantham, Margaret Grayson, Melba Griffin, Agnes Grimsley, Allene Le-croy, Frances Lofton, Florence London, Anne Long, Gladys Lumpkin, Gladys Martin, Margaret Neil, Bertha Northrup, Flossie Orr, Mildred Orr, Myrtle Plant, Sadie Pouncey, Susie Powers, Lillian Prout, Frances Rapoport, Inez Ray, Collie Roan, Ernestine Robinson, Ethel Rogers, Ruby Sanders, Fannie Jo Scott, Frances Selden, Evalie Singleton, Lucile Snellgrove, Gertrude Snyder, Mary Ellen Spinks, Joyce Stapler, Lucy Stevens, Agnes Stewart, Verdie Mae Strickland, Katherine Thomas, Carrie B. Thraeton, Julia Tuberville, Margaret Tysinger, Salena Wheat, Dorothy Williams, Annie Laurie Woods.

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—Arthur B. McLean.

ETIQUETTE

Dear —: I have a problem of etiquette to ask you: If there is company in the room and there is no chewing gum to pass around, could I pick up the old wad I had previously stuck on the clock and chew it without breaking a rule of etiquette.—K. V.

Dear little K. V.: Your problem has many answers. I should say if the wad of gum is sufficiently large, you would be correct in dividing it among your friends. If not, advance to the dresser stealthily, as if to powder your nose, and when your visitors are not looking, insert it into your mouth very quickly.

Fixed Her Conscience

"My conscience has been hurting me all day," complained Helen the other evening.

"I was rushing up the elevated steps this morning, already ten minutes late to the office, when I saw ahead of me an old, old woman laden with bundles and dragging a heavy suitcase. She took one step up, then lugged the bag up to the same step. On every step she repeated the performance, groaning and sighing at the effort.

"People were passing to one side of her, but no one offered a lift. I passed callously with the rest of them, but the sound of her groans has been haunting me all day. Tonight I picked up and returned a nickel another old woman had dropped, so the weight on my conscience has lightened somewhat."—Chicago Journal.

TO ERSKINE RAMSAY

'Twas a cloudy day for the Beta Sigs,
They'd traveled hard and long,
But they hadn't worked without a smile
And many a happy song.

Sometimes it seemed that they worked
in vain,
Sometimes they grew tired and weary,
And the sun, when it shone, wouldn't
shine very long,
And some days seemed bare and dreary.

But one day Dame Fate smiled down
on their band,
And set them on the road to fame,
She led ERSKINE RAMSAY across
their path,
Who gave them his widely known name.

No longer do the clouds hang over
their heads,
Nor the days seem bare and cold
But they can face the world and look
it straight in the eye,
Because they have a name that will hold.

Who does not know Erskine Ramsay?
Who has given us "Ramsay Hall,"
Who will ever cease to thank him
For the good he has done for us all.

So the Beta Sigs who have adopted
his name
(And now they're the "Ramsay Club")
They'll try to show him in every way
The extent of their honor and love.

So here's to you, Erskine Ramsay, the
friend of us all,
We are working in every way
To show how proud the Beta Sigs are
To become your namesake today!
—Kathleen Chester.

Dollar Came Back

In 1878 a Confederate veteran named Dobey left South Carolina for Tennessee with his family. Ill fortune went with them for a while, for their home burned down and members of the family became ill, so that when the only money in their possession was an initial silver dollar they parted with it reluctantly. Mr. Dobey goes on with the story: "Not a dollar has since fallen into my hands without my scrutinizing it to discover those initials. A few days ago a man called to me on the street and said, 'Here is the dollar I owe you.' As was my custom for 46 years, I looked for the initials, and to my great joy that dollar had the letters W. E. D. engraved on it."

The Child in the Garden

John Philip Sousa, celebrating his seventieth birthday, said in an interview in Chicago:

"I have seen many changes, many improvements, in the course of my long and busy life. One change that I hope still to see is the abolition of child labor.

"The defenders of child labor haven't a leg to stand on. They only murmur something that sounds like 'unconstitutional.' Really, you know, they're worse than the child in the garden.

"Oh, you bad, wicked, cruel boy," his mother said to the child in the garden. "How could you have the heart to cut that poor caterpillar in two?"

"The child muttered: 'Well, it—it looked so lonesome.'"



Secrets



Found—on the front steps, Sunday morning, one wounded hair net and three lone hair pins. The Saturday night dates were Alice Benton, Helen Gray McNeill and Mary Bradshaw.

Titan's lost color has been at last duplicated. All those desiring red locks, apply to Miss Robbie Mae Allen, room 328.

Robbery! Help! Help! Miss Luke McCalley has recently been convicted

of robbing the cradle. The victim is Billy Gwin.

Dr. Peck has stopped the work on Ramsay Hall to build a new wing on the infirmary, and a score of stretchers from Selma have been ordered to care for Anna Murphree's victims. The casualty is as follows: Robbie Allen, jack-knifed in the eye; Elizabeth Granberry, jelly-glassed in the chin; Rosa Perry, chaired in the cranium.

Opinions May Differ as to Practical Sex

A he-man, as everybody knows, is a stern and hard-boiled creature with one eye on the main chance and a system wholly free of sentimentalism. Hear him as he holds forth concerning matrimony: "I don't care what people say about her, and I don't care what her people may be. The people who criticize her are home-made liars, and she isn't responsible for her family. She is good and sweet, and I'm going to marry her and be good to her." That was the hard-boiled chap signing off.

The women, as everybody knows, are gentle and impractical creatures who yearn for love and nothing more. Give them a promise of devotion and the simple creatures will follow one to the end of the earth.

Hear one of their number speaking in confidence concerning the great adventure:

"I just don't know what to do," says she. "I'm going to get married, because I want a home and somebody to care for me; but I can't decide between Jack and Bob. Jack is a dear, but if I marry him I'll have to live on the ranch, wholly out of touch with civilization. Bob is wonderful, too, and he lives in town and enjoys the things I enjoy. But he's poor, and we'd be cramped in some tiny apartment and I'd feel under obligation to keep my job and help pay expenses.

"If Bob had Jack's money I'd marry him in a minute; and if Jack lived in town, where I could keep in touch with mother and all of my friends, I wouldn't ask for a better husband.

"A girl has an awfully hard time. I'm getting wrinkles about my eyes right now, and I must decide to do something while I have a chance. It's just simply frightful to be in love this way and not know which one to take."

Dear, trusting, unsophisticated creatures; how sorely they need a strong and practical man to lean upon!—Baltimore Sun.

First Woman Jurors

The first grand jury which included members of the "weaker sex" was impaneled at Laramie, Wyo., a little more than fifty-five years ago, March 7, 1870.

The territory of Wyoming was organized in 1868 out of parts of Dakota, Utah and Idaho, and one of the first official acts of the new territorial government was to grant women the right to vote and hold public office. Wyoming thus ranks as the first of the states to give full suffrage upon equal terms with men to the ladies.

Colorado followed in 1893, Utah in 1896 and the same year Idaho. Washington followed in 1910, California, Oregon, Arizona and Kansas in 1912, and New York in 1917.

Ancient Fishponds

Most of us have fished, but usually in streams or in rivers. Years ago people used to fish a great deal in ponds, and very often they made the ponds in question. One of these ponds, made hundreds of years ago by monks, is the last remains of the farm of an old monastery in Berkshire. It is bordered by yew trees (older than the pond itself), the wood of which was excellent for making bows and arrows.

And "indoor" fishpond was an idea used in Arbroath abbey, Scotland, before the Reformation. The monks, to insure their fish being fresh, built a large tank with blue tiles, so that the fish might be kept alive until needed. Traces of this "fishpond" may still be seen.

Understudies Get Chance

Understudies and supers are to have a great chance at the Vienna Burg theater. A performance of Beaumarchais' "Barber of Seville" will be given for charity in which all the leading parts will be taken by persons who ordinarily play very secondary roles in which they seldom have more than a single line to speak, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Figaro, one of the chief parts in the performance, will be taken by an actor who never before has been entrusted with more than one short sentence. Dramatic critics are discussing the performance with great eagerness and predicting that it may result in giving the Vienna stage a new star.

Make Eyeglasses at Home

Grinding lenses for eyeglasses at home without the aid of instruments of scientific precision, is a considerable industry among the Chinese in and around Soochow. It is estimated that in Soochow alone there are 1,000 homes where grinding is done either as a main or part-time industry. It is only recently that glass lenses have become popular in China, and then only in and around Shanghai.

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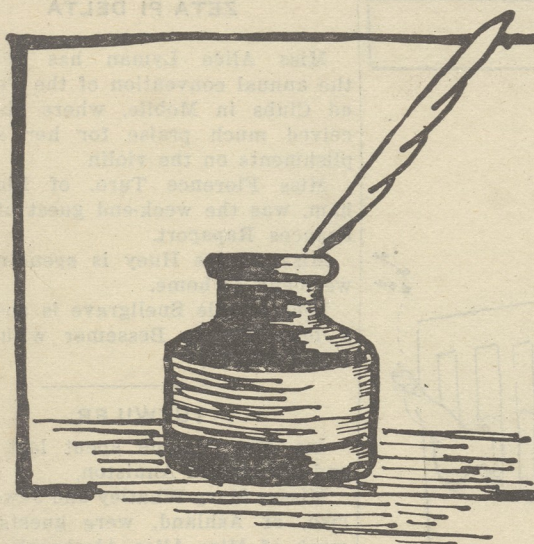
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Service With a Smile

at

Wilson's Drug Co.

The Corner



THE UNBELIEVER

By Ellie Dreyspring

"Well, Ah can' help what folks say!" ejaculated Alfred Malory to his wife, "Ah reckons he ma own daddy! An' Ah reckons we's got to kit to town today! So what per gon' do?"

"I runno, Alf," was the meek reply. "I reckons we might well leave the children wid Uncle Ephrum as anybody else, but it do seem a shame for him to be so unbelievin' lak! Lord knows, Alf, I'm a God fearin' woman, I am, an' it do seem bad to leave us chillun wid a man whut don' believe in NO God, whatsonenever!"

"Well, Ah can' help that, Juliette!" Alf affirmed, "Do whut yer like!"

And so it was that Alf hitched the old gray mule to the wagon and drove down to Ephriam Mallory's cabin in the rived bend. When at length they arrived, the old man greeted them with unusual warmth, and lifted the three shrinking pickaninnies down from the wagon to the ground.

"To be sho, Ah'll keep 'em fer yer, jes' as long as yer laks!" he assured the parents warmly, "Taint no need to worry, none so long's their granddaddy's got 'em!"

"Thank yer, papa!" was the cherry response from Alf, but Juliett said never a word, but kept her eyes on the three children who shrank so visibly from their grandfather.

For years he had lived in the bend, apart from his neighbors who looked upon him with horrified awe because he had never once "had religion" and he knew no God! For years, also, Brother Johnson had preached each Sunday at old Agosta to an eagerly excited congregation, but never once had Ephriam been among them. Once Brother Johnson had ventured down to his cabin to try to bring the black sheep into the fold, but he had soon left in utter dejection, and upon inquiry from one of his fellow gamblers, Ephriam had confided:

"Huh! Ah tol' him Ah ain' never seen no Lord preform no miracals! Not me! Ah says to him, 'Yer know, Samuel Johnson, my Emma tuk sick and all you Christians prayed over her an' whut come of it? She died!' an' then Ah says to him again, 'Now, look at Pete and Alf. Whut yer gon' say 'bout dem? Ain't boff of dem powerful churchgoers? Well, yer see whut come of it, don't yer? They was boff throwed in jail fer corn licker makin' an' ain't Ah tendin' ma still right on?' Yes, sir! Tha's whut Ah said to him!"

They had both laughed heartily, and rolled "the bones" with all the more vigor for their talk.

Therefore it was no small wonder today that, as Alf and Juliett rode away towards town, the three small pickaninnies' big eyes grew even bigger, that they huddled close together and shrank from their grandfather—this notorious unbeliever.

"Well, now yer needn't be so fractious!" the old man announced at length, "Yo granddaddy ain' gon' hurt none o' yer, but if yer don' lak 'ciety, Ah ain' a-hinderin' yer!" And he strode off toward the river, where a tall mulatto stood regarding the rush of the angry, swollen waters.

"Reckon it'll be risin' mo'?" he asked as Ephriam approached.

"Well, now, Ah couldn' say," Ephriam replied. "It do appear to be still risin', but this river is so fractious yer can' never tell."

"Ain't yer scared?" his companion asked. "Yer better git down on them knees ob yourn and ax de Lord to protec' yer."

"Who is you, nigger?" inquired Ephriam savagely, "askin' me to pray! Go' long an' pray an' shout an' holler all you wants to, but do deliver me!" He laughed contemptuously as he turned from his companion and strode back to his cabin, where the three children sat, now more at their ease.

"We ain't scared of no river, is we?" he asked genially, and there was something so mellow in the voice and so kind in the eye that instinctively the children forgot their fear and approached the old man by degrees. He took the two youngest on his knees and the oldest sat beside him while he told long yarns of "Marse Tom" and "Slav'ry days," and soon all distrust was forgotten and implicit confidence took its place.

Toward noon the muddy waters of the river began to increase in volume and violence, and long before night Ephriam's cabin was entirely surrounded by the rising river.

"Well, now, Ah do wonder!" he ejaculated in bewilderment, "Ah ain' never seen dis river rise so powerful fast afore!" he continued to himself. "Ah ain' affeared fo' myself—Ah's stood it afore an' it ain' never done no harm wuth mentionin', but dese po' chillun—honey, is y'all scared?" he added aloud to three pickaninnies who huddled together in a corner of the room.

"Yas, sir," the oldest whimpered.

Ephriam walked to the door. The muddy water was still rising, and little waves washed, now and again, against the doorstep. Ephriam looked in wonder at the water. He did not know that the great dams at Tallassee had broken and so he was puzzled by the rapid rise of the river, but he was calm and unafraid. He turned to the children.

"Ah reckons we best go up in de lof, honey," he announced, "dis here river is a-gainin' fas'!"

So just before nightfall, he helped the three children into the dark loft of the cabin.

Night came and without could be heard nothing but the slash of the water as it struck the house, for now it had reached, and even entered, the little room below. Finally, as the night wore on, the children fell asleep from utter exhaustion and Ephriam was left alone to watch and wait. He was surrounded by the darkness—darkness that seemed to shut him in and render him even more helpless than ever against the mighty waters which he could not see. Was the river rising? Was it falling? Would they be drowned there in the night? He could not tell. He could only sit and listen to the slish of the water around and below him and—wait—for what? He could not tell.

Suddenly the even slish of the waters was broken by the thud of some great object which shook the entire house! A tree, perhaps, or some great timber washed down by the river. Ephriam could hear the walls creak and feel them quiver. Then there came another thud. The house trembled, reeled and was slowly lifted from its foundations and borne downstream. Where would they land? What would become of them?

Ephriam heard the second thud, felt the quiver and lurch and knew that they were being swept down stream to destruction. He glanced at the three sleeping children and for a moment fear gripped his heart.

"Oh! Gawd in Heaben!" he cried aloud, "Save me, Jesus!" and there in the darkness he, who professed to know no God, fell upon his withered knees and implored the Heavenly

Father—the God whom he had denounced so often—to deliver him. Just as he finished his prayer he heard a thud. This time on the down stream side. The house quivered, reeled and, this time, stopped stock there in midstream.

"Gawd be praised!" cried Ephriam as he eagerly tore a small hole in the roof, through which he could see that a great oak, with its head barely visible above the water, had caught and help his house securely there, and then, over the great expanse of water, he saw coming, apparently from out of the rising sun, "Marse Tom's" grandson, in a bateau to rescue them. "Oh! Gawd in Heben!" he cried again, stretching his arms to the clear blue heavens above. "Gawd in Heben! You sho saved me dis day!" And then, as the eldest of the children awoke from a troubled sleep, he saw the "unbeliever" fall upon his worn knees and pour forth a thanksgiving to God, which even Brother Johnson might have envied.

THE ROOM THAT TREMBLED

Elma O'Neill

"Oh! Kat, we're nearly there!" Blanche Tremont screamed as the train whistle blew for Ellwood Station near the country home of the Tremonts. Katherine Esterbrooke's heart began to beat madly. She had never seen Blanche so excited unless it was over some new experiment in industrial chemistry at Trenton College. Yet her friend's thrill over going home for Easter could not lend itself to the visitor. Katherine was frightened and the pulse beat fiercely in her throat. She had heard so many tales about the trembling North Room of the old Tremont house. Not this terrible pang of fear struck her almost dumb. Forty minutes later in the family car driven by a negro boy, they came in sight of the antique Tremont home. It seemed at once a beautiful home became dilapidated through years of neglect, and from all Blanche had said she realized that lack of funds must have caused it.

Blanche's fears were almost dispelled by the truly Southern hospitality which greeted her in the once-rich household.

"Katherine, my dear, I am going to put you in the North Room, because it has the prettiest view," declared Mrs. Tremont sweetly.

"I—I am sure I shall like it," stammered Katherine, benumbed in every limb with fright.

The mystery room was discovered to be very beautifully furnished and draped. Katherine saw nothing in its exquisite softness to arouse dread. Turning out the light at 10:30 that night she dived into the clean, snug bed and drew the covers protectively about her head. The mantle clock chimed twelve, and Katherine sleeping restlessly found herself staring wakefully into the darkness. She thought she heard a sound in the hallway; as a minute passed she discerned the swish of a skirt in front of her room. The owner paused and leaned heavily on her door. Katherine was by this time wide awake and she sat up in bed ready to go to the door to see if she was wanted; then the person moved down the hall. Two minutes, or about, later the North Room began to vibrate faintly; it increased until every article in the room trembled like a great cold monster. Katherine petrified into silence sat up bold in bed gripping her pillow. She was hardly conscious when the trembling ceased. She came to

herself only to hear the swish again in the hallway.

The next morning she resolved to disclose her night's experience to the family, but on seeing their smiling faces at the breakfast table she could not speak of it.

The day was pleasantly spent on the tennis court, and only with the descending sun did Katherine remember the night before. First she thought she would ask for another room, but on second thought she resolved to solve the mystery herself.

Katherine did not sleep that night when she put out her light. She waited. The clock struck 12 but the silence remained unbroken. The succeeding minutes seemed like years to the young college girl. Suddenly she became alert. She heard a skirt rustling. Someone stopped in front of her door, paused and proceeded down the corridor. Katherine crept to the door, opened it softly and looked out. At the extremity of the hall she saw a trap door just coming into place. She walked down the hall silently but rapidly and after a search of several moments found the button. Slowly she let herself down into a dark, clammy channel. Grasping in the dark she came suddenly on a door. A fear rose in her breast. Should she open the door? Almost unconsciously she found herself opening the door. The strange light at first blinded her. The objects revealed themselves slowly. In the corner of the room stood—Blanche Tremont operating a peculiar electrical vibrator. When she saw Katherine she screamed.

"Kat, how did you—what are you doing down here!"

Katherine was too astonished to speak. She had expected to find a gang of rogues ready to strangle her and not Blanche. The stupefied Katherine allowed Blanche to lead her to a window seat.

"Kat, it's been my secret for a long long time. I have told no one but mother. Everybody would have laughed at me. You see, it has been my one passion since studying industrial chemistry to perfect an electrical vibrator which if perfected will restore the heart beat of persons near the door of death."

Blanche, you are noble. Can you ever forgive my moment's doubt?" "I have nothing to forgive, Kat. You could not help questioning men. The North Room vibrates only because it is just above this room. I did not know the current was strong enough last night to make the room you occupied tremble."

Blanche's face drooped. "Money alone prevents my completing it."

"Blanche, darling, listen; would you let me lend you the money? You can repay me any time. You can't refuse!" It will always remain your secret."

"You darling!" thrilled Blanche as the girls clasped each other.

Helium Used as Starter

Helium, the non-combustible gas used in filling the lighter-than-air craft, has found another use. It has always been impossible on the Los Angeles to carry enough compressed air intact for the purpose of "kicking over" the engines in starting. Experiments conducted at Lakehurst, the naval air station, have developed the fact that this gas can be used successfully in starting the big motors of the craft.

RAIN OF THOUGHT

I cannot control my weary eyes
As rain falls slowly by my window pane,
With a tired brain I lie and think
That my life is all a failure—not a single gain.

Oh! Rain, keep coming down, I like the sound,
My soul with thought is crowded,
I cannot sleep.
If there were only some outlet for my thoughts,
But my eyes are hot and dry—I cannot even weep.

Just the soft falling of that constant rain
Has made me think as I have not thought in years.
Each drop that falls by my window pane
Sounds like an echo from my heart
—a fallin' tear

—Mabel Evans.

A FRIEND

Dedicated to Lula Hawkins and Mildred Walker

If I were a lovely flower,
The queen of a garden fair,
I would give it up in gladness
To adorn your pretty hair.

If I were a bird of the heavens
The freest of all the free,
I would give up all my freedom
To sing in a cage for thee.

If I were a high-born maiden,
The haughtiest in the land,
I know that my heart would be melted
By the touch of your guiding hand.

If I were a queen of the nations,
I would share my glory with thee,
For the greatest need of my people
Would be your love and purity.

—Irene Smith.

P. D. D. Pendleton

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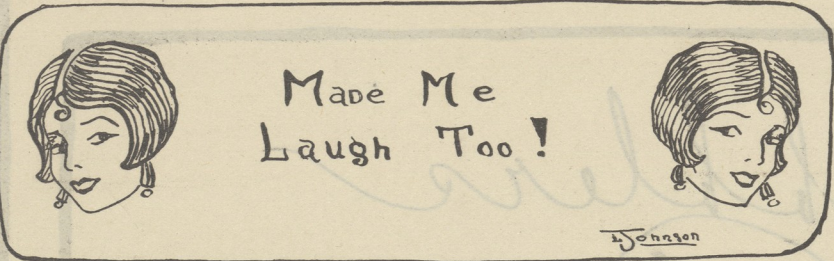
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WISE AND OTHERWISE

Miss Stone (in Sociology class): "Why do you suppose there are so many divorces today?"
Edith Arnold: "Because there are so many marriages."

I'd like to be a could-be
If I couldn't be an are,
For a could-be is a maybe
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a has-been
That a might-have-been by far,
For a might-have-been has never been
But a has-been was an are.
—Exchange.

Gladys H.: "I have such terrible shooting pains in my face."
Dr. Peck: "I told you not to use so much powder."

Country Boy (fresh from college): "Yes, dad, I broke my leg fighting for my Alma Mater."
Dad: "Didn't I warn you not to play with the coeds?"—Rammer-Jammer.

Pearls come from oysters, but some girls get diamonds from nuts.—Judge.

She: "What do you call it when two people are thinking of the same thing at the same time; mental telepathy?"
He: "Sometimes. Other times it's just plain embarrassment."—Yale Record.

"You know, every time I get on a ferry boat it makes me cross."—Selected.

Dr. Bacot: "Since we are rushed for time, I won't call the roll, but those absent please write your name on a slip of paper and give it to me when you pass out."

"Well, I guess it's time for me to leave," said the tree as the Spring set in.—John's Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

"Woe is me," said the horse as he stopped. — Washington University Dirge.

True: "Did Lucile Nelson go out for athletics?"
Margaret C.: "No; for athletes."

Helen D.: "Lillian and Mary played parlor tennis awhile ago."
Ellen H.: "Why, what's that?"
Helen: "Mary raised a racket when Lillian tore her hair net."

She: "I love that little soda clerk. He can always raise a laugh."
He: "Yes, he actually made a banana split the other day."—Periscope.

It's a wonderful thing for the women,
The popular permanent wave,
Now it's up to some struggling inventor
To get out a permanent shave.—Penn State Feath.

Elizabeth E.: "Is Miss Tillman a trained nurse?"
Majorie A.: "Yes, why?"
Elizabeth: "Well, I'd like to see some of her tricks."

Elma O.: "How old are you, Phoebe Anne?"
Phoebe Ann: "Five years old."
Elma: "When will you be six?"
Phoebe Anne: "My next birthday."

Mr. Ward: "Why is it that you are always late to my class?"
Edith E. (breathlessly): "I sprained my ankle this morning and couldn't walk fast."
Mr. Ward: "That's a lame excuse."

She powders not,
Neither does she paint;
She is the gal
Known as what ain't! — Rammer-Jammer.

Miss Lamar (to her History class): "Tomorrow we will take the life of

the author."

Prof.: "You barely passed last term."
Mae: "I'm so glad—I love tight squeezes."—Anon.

Mabel got her hair cut,
Bob got sore;
Now Mabel doesn't like her
Bob any more.—DePaw Yellow Crab.

"Mamma, what is an angel?"
"An angel is one that flies."
"Why, dad says his stenographer is an angel."
"Yes, and she's going to fly, too."

"Did you find good cooking in France, Ted?"
"My dear girl, simply rippin'—best meals I ever drank."—Wampus.

ODE TO THE BUG

Here's to the little bug
Who is now in a jug;
He was once free
But now you can see
The girls in Biology eleven
Each must have twenty-seven.

The girls used to almost die
When a bug they heard nigh;
Now they jump for glee
If a little bug they see,
For it is each one's duty
To find the bug of beauty.

It was once a great delight
To stay at town until night;
But now one begins to frown
If she is asked to go to town,
And says she must have a bug
To put in her Biology jug.
—Marie Ham.

Farmer Well Called
"Indispensable Man"

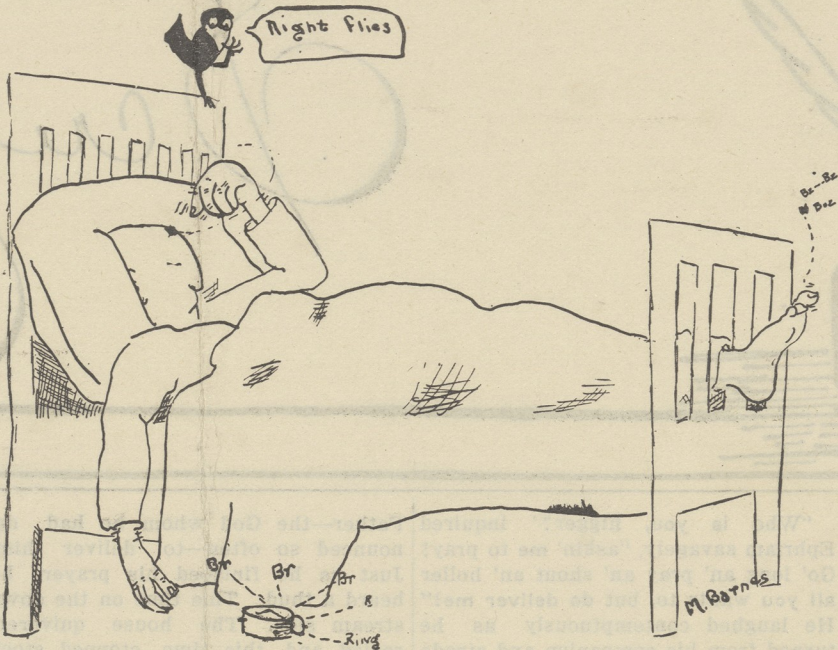
Now goes the husbandman forth in the chill dawn with renewed vigor in his gait. All winter he has labored, but not hurriedly, fixing his barns, cutting wood, pruning fruit trees and caring for his animals. On bad days he sat by the fire and turned things over in his mind—so many acres of wheat and so many acres of oats, this field for roots and that for corn. And you may be sure that he has also turned over the pages of many a catalogue longingly, wishing he could buy twice as many things as he can afford—the better to do his complicated job of feeding the urban multitudes.

When the sun passes the meridian the farmer knows that his dawdling days are done; henceforth, for eight months he will be racing with the calendar, with frost, rain, hail, flood and the everlasting weed. Old Sol sends to the husbandman a challenge along with his blessing of fructifying heat. Giddap!

Ye city dwellers, reflect upon the manifold activities of this unknown friend of yours as he proceeds with the preparation of your next winter's dinners. Sap bucket in hand, he makes the rounds of his maple trees. Bringing the most progressive of his hens into a warm corner, he dusts her with antilouse powder and leaves her to her devotions. Then he sees to it that she has water and food during her setting-up exercises. Next, he gets the brooder ready for the day-old chicks he has ordered. Presently, in a mad rush to finish a mean job before the ground thaws, he returns to Mother Earth the last of the accumulated fertilizer from the barnyard. Any number of things must be done before plowing, because thereafter every day will demand its meed of seeding, planting, harvesting, and animal tending.

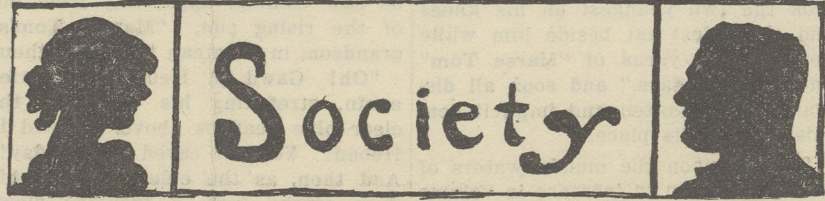
All this labor, all these chances of life and death, intervene between All Fools' day and Harvest Home. The farmer, facing the chill spring wind and the challenge of the climbing sun, is the very embodiment of human persistence—the utterly indispensable man.—Boston Independent.

DREAMS!



Gladys Huey was aroused Saturday night by the sound of an airplane, which she heard in her dream. Wrapping her negligee about her she rushed out to see it, only to discover that it was Lucy McCalley snooring with her

head caught between the bed posts. The other night Theresa Conaway was married to George Eliot's Adam Bede. The happy couple have sailed for Aldrich for their honeymoon.



RAMSEY CLUB

B. E. D.
On April 25, the Beta Sigma Delta Club officially adopted the name "Ramsey Club" in honor of Mr. Erskine Ramsey.

Mr. and Mrs. Long were the guests of their daughter, Mable Jean, last week-end.

On the night of April 19 the club had a Japanese Tea for the honorary members, pledges and a few guests. The room was decorated in Japanese lanterns, umbrellas, crepe paper, pillows and flowers. For favors the guests were presented with chop sticks and miniature fans.

Mr. Brownie Brown was the guest Sunday of Miss Margaret Gay.

Miss Grace Chester is here visiting her sister, Katherine.

The friends of Mrs. Lyn Williams (nee Julia Chester) will be glad to hear that she is doing nicely after her operation Tuesday for appendicitis.

PHILODENDROI

Misses Annie Holt and Mary Young spent last week-end at their home.

Misses Grace, Hazel and Mildred Black had as their guest during the May festival, their aunt, Mrs. Price, and two pretty little cousins.

The members and pledges had a most delightful time on their camping trip last week-end. Seventeen of them accompanied by Miss Stone and Miss Tabor went out Saturday evening on the bus. After the delightful task of cooking supper was over, the rest of the evening was passed merrily away by games and stories. The next morning, after being joined by Miss Decker, Miss Nancy Savage and several other members, the jolly crowd hiked to a nearby creek, where they spent a most delightful day cooking dinner, wading, swimming and exploring the woods. Late that evening all made their way back, very tired, but declaring that they had never had a more pleasant outing.

CASTALIAN

Miss Florence Stevens was the guest of Lucy Stevens last week-end.

Miss Rosa Perry and Anna Murphree will spend this week-end in Bessemer.

Mrs. Hawkins, of Birmingham, was the guest of her daughter, Lulu Hawkins, last week-end.

When Happy Faces Please

It's not till one is over fifty that one thanks heaven for every happy face one sees.

ALPHA PI OMEGA NEWS

The Alpha Pi Omega officers for the coming year are: President, Minnie Barnes; vice-president, Catheryne Morrison; secretary, Mildred Young; treasurer, Catherine Ortmann.

Miss Nina Fay Bonner is leaving this week for Columbiana, where she will teach this month.

Miss Florence Smith will have her family for her guests this week-end.

We are all glad to have Miss Annie Crossley back with us. She has been teaching in Columbiana.

We had our most thrilling hike last Saturday when we hiked about two miles back of the Log Cabin. The evening was spent in wading, cooking supper and trying to decide on a name for our camp spot. "Struggle With the Dope" was at last decided on. What does this mean? Well, just ask one of us! After losing our way several times we arrived back at the college, tired and happy. Our guests on the hike were Miss Ross, Miss Helen Davis and Miss Mary Kate Derby.

PERSONALS

The student body congratulates Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kennedy on the arrival of their first heir, a daughter.

Mr. Hambaugh and Miss Madara Hambaugh, Helen Wright, Ninna Stovall and Florence Stevens motored from Birmingham Saturday to spend the day with Miss Lucy Stevens.

Mrs. W. L. Wood, from Norwood, spent last week-end with her daughter, Miss Oudia Wood.

Mrs. N. I. Givin, Billy Givin, Miss Rosemary Sitz, Miss Martha Murphree and Mr. Roy Jacobs were guests of Miss Anna Murphree and Miss Mildred Givin last week-end.

Mrs. Hugh Reed and children from Center spent last week-end with Miss Kathleen McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith and Miss Anne Louise Smith, from Demopolis, were guests of Miss Florence Smith last week.

Miss Una Franklin had as her guest from April 26 through May 4, Miss Christine Bomar, of Judson.

Miss Verdice Gunn was pleasantly surprised Sunday by a visit from her brother Mr. Homer Gunn and friend, Mr. Ross Thomas, of Alexander City.

Miss Nelle Tyus spent last week-end in Birmingham.

The many friends of Miss Monk deeply sympathize with her because of her father's death.

But They Never Do

A literary critic may frequently spend considerable time writing on a new book, when he might better say, "It won't be worth while to read this."

ZETA PI DELTA

Miss Alice Lyman has returned the annual convention of the Federated Clubs in Mobile, where she received much praise for her accomplishments on the violin.

Miss Florence Turo, of Birmingham, was the week-end guest of Miss Frances Rapaport.

Miss Gladys Huey is spending the week-end at home.

Miss Lucille Snellgrave is spending a few days in Bessemer with Miss Helen Vietch.

TUTWILER

Ina Mae Malone spent last week-end at home in Anniston.

Misses Mary Whatley and Jewel Parrish, of Ashland, were guests last week of Miss Alice Alsobrooke. The visitors were delightfully entertained by their hostess at an elaborate feast.

Mrs. M. T. Moody and small son, Mart, Jr. (Babe Ruth) pleasantly surprised their daughter and sister Elizabeth Moody, with a visit, which extended over several days.

Mrs. P. M. Mahler, of Loxley, fulfilled last week her two long-promised visits to her daughter, Alice.

Miss Margaret Coleman visited Miss Elizabeth Donovan at the Tri Delta House of University from April 25 through the 28th.

CAMPAIGN ANNIVERSARY

Million Dollar Campaign One Year Old, This Month

April 15 marked the first anniversary of the Montevallo Equipment Fund Campaign. At the end of the first year of the campaign approximately \$470,000 has been raised, with the result that two buildings, a dormitory and president's home, are under construction.

These facts are a source of pride not only to Alabama College students but to all Alabama College supporters over the state. This is the first time in history that a state college for women has launched such a campaign, and there have been few colleges anywhere realizing more immediate and gratifying results.

Dean Carmichael, director of the campaign, and his committee, have expressed their belief that the unusual success of the campaign to date has been made possible by the part the Alabama College students played. Dean made the statement that had it not been for their enthusiasm and interest the whole project would have been a complete failure. He further said:

"The college of the future will be grateful to the students of the present for their aid, but the work has only just begun. Other funds must be forthcoming, and every student of Alabama College should keep on the watch-out for those who can and those who would like to give to the cause of the young womanhood of Alabama. Not only may we assist in this way, but the great interest of thousands of citizens of Alabama in the college and in its future should bring to the minds and hearts of each student, faculty member and officer of the college the responsibility that he or she has of showing that the trust was well placed; that the faith of the people of Alabama has not been misplaced."



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MONTEVALLO, ALA., MAY 25, 1925

No. 12

MARSH RESIGNS AS HEAD SCHOOL MUSIC

Frank E. Marsh, Jr., has tendered his resignation as director of the school of music of Alabama College, and with his resignation comes a great disappointment to the student body. Mr. Marsh has resigned in order to pursue his musical studies in New York next year, and to be able to be with his father there.

He has been affiliated with Alabama College as head of the School of Music for several years, and has contributed much to the upbuilding of Alabama College.

He will be greatly missed in the institution next year if his resignation is accepted by the authorities, and the school will assuredly feel his loss most keenly. He has ever been an aggressive and progressive member of the faculty and has had the best interests of the college at heart.

The music school has grown rapidly and steadily under his direction and has taken its place as one of the best in the South. His plans for its future are ever developing and he has put more into the growth of the department than most of the people connected with the college have yet realized.

He has been chiefly instrumental in bringing here the best performances that have been here, and has sought to bring the best entertainments, performers and lecturers available.

He has directed a number of student performances, his operettas every year being one of the most eagerly looked-forward to entertainments of the entire year. The things he puts on are always of the very highest standard, truly artistic, well directed, well-staged and well-received.

He has been loyal in assisting with other performances than those in which he has a direct musical interest, and has proved a constant friend to those who try to "do" things here.

Mr. Marsh will be sadly missed at Montevallo, but the entire student body wishes him the best of good fortune in his new locality, and his work, and wishes to assure him that they all realize and appreciate what he has meant to Alabama College. He has accomplished here what few anywhere have done, and the hearts of all are with him.

SENATE POSTERS ATTRACT NOTICE

The posters appearing from time to time on the Student Senate bulletin board have attracted considerable notice, as it is hoped they should. A number of interesting ones have appeared and every few days clippings that are full of good thought and suggestions for the upbuilding of the spirit of a student body have been pinned up. The board is really an interesting one, and at most any time students may be found reading the notices appearing there. The only criticism offered is that not all the students are interested in the board, and the notices which are pinned there. Projects attempted by the Senate are given notice there by means of posters, and the board constantly reminds the student body of what the Senate is attempting and trying to put over, and ever seeks to establish a firmer and sounder relationship between the student body and the student government association.

Miss Josephine Davies, of Central Park, spent several days at the college last week as the guest of Miss Miream Earnst.

Miss Alice Darwin spent last Saturday in Birmingham shopping.

CLUB WILL PREPARE MAGAZINE

SCRIBBLERS' CLUB TO PREPARE MAGAZINE; ANNUAL RECORD PROGRAMS TO BE KEPT

The Scribblers' Club of Alabama College, an organization by, for and of young literateurs of Alabama College, has taken a forward step in making plans for the publication of a magazine at the end of the '25-'26 session. In the magazine will appear all worth-while literature attempts of the members of the club, and probably of leading literary students of the college who may not have membership in the Scribblers Club. Plans as yet have not been definitely worked out, but the above is a fond dream of the club and they hope to put it over with the assurance that it will be an annual affair.

The club plans a great year for 1925-26, and is already formulating plans for forward strides. A number of interesting movements will be initiated and the members of the club are fervently enthusiastic that it will do much more during next year than it ever hoped to do in the past.

Elma O'Neill has been appointed chairman of the program committee, Patty Cole and Bobbie Allen to serve with her. It will be their duty to see that some original work of a student is presented at each program. The best submitted in this way will be kept on file by the secretary of the club, and at the end of the year will be published in the Scribblers Club magazine.

Plans for a tryout to be held next fall are also being considered, but they will probably be more definitely worked out in September. At present the club plans to extend membership to only about five students next fall. They, so far as is presently known, may submit any production which his supposed to represent their best.

Announcements to these effects are hailed with delight by these students who are interested in things literary at Alabama College. It is a sure sign that someone is thinking creatively and that some students are interested in things which will eventually mean much to Alabama College in a literary way.

ABOUT YOUR LITTLE SISTER

Wonder what being a big sister to some Freshman next year means to you? Does it mean anything now, or is it a thing you rather wait and think over after you see her in September? When you think of how utterly lost you were during your first few days do you feel any desire to help a Freshman just as lost, to find herself? There will not be enough new girls for every old one to be given a little sister, and through mistake, some of the new girls may not be given big sisters, so we are hoping that instead of feeling neglected yourselves, you will look for the Freshmen who seem deserted and do what you can to make them keep smiling.

We are trying a new plan this year. Each big sister is to have a little sister of her own denomination. We hope that this will give all of us a good start on Sunday School and church attendance and help the little sisters begin to feel at home the first Sunday. It will be impossible to give everyone exactly the little sister she would choose for herself, but no matter what she is like, it will be impossible for you not to find something lovable about her. So if you are humane enough and know how to be a sympathetic big sister, please show it in September.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. High and family, from Bessemer, were the guests of Miss Nell Browder.

Miss Sarah Griffin is ill at the infirmary with mumps.

SENATE ACTS AS FRESHMAN COMMISSION

The Freshman Class coming in next year will be taken into custody by the Student Senate, by which organization it will be trained into the real college atmosphere. The Student Senate in acting next year as Freshman Commission hopes to reach each incoming student and place her on a footing such as will insure her safety in entering into the activities of college life.

Each member of the Senate will be delegated five Freshmen, or such a number that every Freshman will have a Senate advisor. A week of intensive training will be undertaken and the Senator in charge of the small number of Freshmen will have as her duty the training of the new student in the regulations, precepts, and traditions of the school. It is hoped in this way to give a more personal and vital training to the new girls than they could gain by being taught in mass meeting. One of the big items in the week's training will be the careful study of the hand-book. The Freshman examination which gives them membership in the Student Government Association will probably be held in the same manner as formerly.

This will be the first time in the history of the school that such a movement as the Freshman Commission will be undertaken. It has been a long-felt need and there is no reason but to believe that it is a need which will be adequately filled by the student senate next fall.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The tennis tournament has been a great success and though some classes would have liked a different outcome, almost all are satisfied.

The most surprising event of the singles was the final game. Two sisters, Tad and Tope Martin, so well known by every Montevallo girl, played in the finals, and Tad won. Sighs for the Sophs and cheers for Tad, because it seemed a fit reward for her four years of work and play here.

In the doubles, the Sophomores came out ahead, with Tope Martin and Estelle Broadway winning over Helen Townsend and Hattie Lyman, their Junior opponents in the finals.

As a result of this tournament, the Sophomore class stands one-half point ahead in the contest for the inter-class loving cup.

ALABAMIAN TO REST DURING SUMMER MONTHS

The Alabamian, as the other organizations, biological and otherwise, will take a three-months' vacation this summer, and will enjoy itself to the fullest, taking a real and much-needed rest. The best thing at all about it is the fact that that vacation begins sooner than does that of the student body. In fact, today is the last day the Alabamian will function for three long months.

The Alabamian wishes each and every one of you a full and happy summer's vacation, and assures you that next September, when it comes back, it will be just as 'n'ewsy' and interesting as a college paper ever dared to be, and that it and the student body will work hand in hand for lots of wonderful things that have probably not yet ever been thought of. It's not "30," but "goodbye."

Mrs. Sumpter Cogswell, Mr. Annesley De Garis, Mrs. C. B. Alverson and Mrs. W. C. Wheaty were the guests of Misses Mary and Elizabeth Cogswell for several days last week.

Misses Ruby Belcher, Julie Word, Mary Crews, Ruth Hielman and Olivia Latham spent last week-end in Centerville.

SCHOOL MOTTO TO BE SELECTED

Motto suggestions for Alabama College are being daily received by the Student Senate, and a number of good ones are receiving careful consideration on the part of the Senate members before they are submitted to the student body for a final consideration and vote.

The matter of the selection of a motto for Alabama College was taken up by the Senate at the very beginning of the organization, and both the president of the Senate and Dean Carmichael have given the matter careful thought and consideration. It was first planned to select the motto some time ago, but a number of pressing matters have come up from time to time, hindering the progress of so important a movement as the selection of a motto which should fully represent Alabama College at its very best. When the matter was first taken into consideration and discussion, it was urged that it be not too hastily gone into, for once a motto is chosen it is a lasting watchword of the college. Dean Carmichael is expressing his views of the proposed project of selecting a motto, urged that something be adopted which might be attained as an ideal. He expressed the opinion that it should be more than words, and should be a phrase which would become so vital in the lives of Alabama College students that it would affect their college lives, that they would come to strive to live by and up to it to the extent that an Alabama College girl would be known wherever she went. A motto which stands for the best, which will develop the best in the students of the institution, and which will reflect the true spirit of Alabama College girls, is the motto sought for.

Though quite a number of suggestions are coming in, the Senate is very eager that everyone contribute some suggestion. If one is not already in mind, it would not be a bad idea to originate one. It would really be best after all if the motto selected be one that springs from the hearts and minds of Alabama College students, instead of being one borrowed from another school or concern of any kind.

The mottoes submitted by the students will be taken under consideration by the Senate Committee, and, after discussion in the regular meeting of the Senate, will be submitted to the student body, when the one best liked will be adopted as the motto for Alabama College, not only for next year, but for all time to come.

SWIMMING MEET A SUCCESS

Perhaps it was beginner's luck, but however that may be, our first contest in swimming and diving has more than fulfilled expectations. We are all satisfied that the results will go down as school records.

Aside from the inter-class contests there were various games, a tub race, an egg race and an illustration of Red Cross life-saving.

The final points and the results of the different contests will be given in the next issue. It is known that the Sophomores won, with the Freshmen second. This means that the Sophomore will win the class loving cup.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Jordan, from Highland Home, visited their daughter, Miss Sophie Jordan, Sunday.

Mr. Hugh Reed, from Center, was the guest of Miss Kathleen McCormick, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Weishmiele and family were guests of Miss Louise Underwood, Sunday.

Mrs. R. A. Gray and Miss Florence Deavers of Birmingham are the guests of Miss Mary Dudley Grey.

MRS. PALMER HEADS STATE U. D. C.

Mrs. T. W. Palmer, wife of the president of Alabama College, at a recent meeting held by the state United Daughters of the Confederacy, was elected president of the state organization for the ensuing year. The honor comes in due recognition of the services Mrs. Palmer has rendered the organization and of her ability as a real leader. She is valued as one of Alabama's leading club women, and she has long been identified with Women's Club work in Alabama. She has been president of the local chapter of the U. D. C. for 18 years, and at her resignation to accept the responsibilities of her new and greater office, was elected honorary life president.

She has already entered upon the duties of her office as active president of the State U. D. C. One of her first acts was to call upon every loyal member of the U. D. C. in Alabama to pledge her support to the building of the monument being erected at Stone Mountain by the U. D. C. in memory of the valor of southern soldiers.

Mrs. Palmer's photograph appeared in the Sunday, May 16, edition of the Birmingham Age-Herald, and warm press reports have been received as to her ability as a leader and her fitness for the office she has just assumed.

It is with pride that students of Alabama College learn of the good fortune of Mrs. Palmer. They are pleased at her wonderful success, and they are sure that the State U. D. C. will be proud of having elected her to the presidency.

CLOSE O' YEAR Y. W. C. A. PROGRAMS LED BY CLASSES

Beginning Sunday night, May 16, the programs at Y. W. C. A. are being led by the various classes of the school, the Freshman class having the first program on that night. Last night the Sophomores had charge. Next Sunday the Juniors, while the last Sunday of the year will be given over to the Seniors.

The programs so far have been of the highest type, unusually interesting and well planned, and have been drawing good crowds.

The ones which are to follow are eagerly anticipated and it is expected that they will be eagerly and enthusiastically received by the members of the Young Women's Christian Association of Alabama College.

BEAUTIFUL FASHION SHOW SUCCESS

The Fashion Show held in the Chapel Wednesday night by New Williams of Birmingham was a successful affair, both from a financial standpoint and a standpoint of interest on the part of the students.

Many beautiful dresses were displayed and the affair was quite a pleasing one to those interested in beautiful clothes.

The famous Band Box Chorus of the Freshman Class, organized and popularized by the Kaleidoscope, was a big "hit" of the affair. They sang a number of clever songs and as thoroughly delighted their audience as they did on the night of their initial appearance.

The Fashion Show was held for the benefit of the Technala, College Annual. It was one of the most successful affairs of its kind put on here, and New Williams received much praise on behalf of their beautiful selections.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Vietch were guests of Miss Helen Vieth, Sunday.

THE ALABAMIAN

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SENATE SCRAPBOOK IDEA
HAILED WITH DELIGHT

Senate Archives Interesting Note

The Student Senate of Alabama College has formulated plans for the keeping of a Senate Scrapbook in which all press notices and photographs relating in anyway to the Senate will be preserved.

The book used will be one on the order of the Alabama College Scrapbook, black with the Alabama seal in purple and gold, and with the word Senate in gold letters. So far the Senate has kept track through the secretary, of the notices of its work and organization, as they have appeared from time to time in daily newspapers of Alabama and in the Alabamian. A big contribution for the beginning of the scrapbook are the pictures concerning May Day appearing in the gravure section of the Birmingham News.

In this way a real record of the activities of the organization can be kept and students may keep in direct touch with what is going on. The activities of the college today will be of interest to the students of the college years hence, and they can know just exactly what is being done today. If in the future another May Queen whose name is Lucy is elected, she will be called Lucy II. Then if later another by the same name is elected the record kept will show just what her title is to be. In just the same way, if one named Mildred is elected Princess Senior, she will be titled Mildred II, but should a freshman named Mildred be elected her title would be Mildred I, because none of her predecessors have been so named.

The Senate has professed a great interest in the planning of the scrap book, and it is felt sure that they will hail with delight every privilege of adding interesting material to the scrap book. It may not mean so much to the students of Montevallo at the present time, but is believed it will be a Senate treasure in years to come.

THE PLEASURE OF CUTTING THINGS

Olivia Brock

The pleasure of cutting things may be truly expressed in the superlative degree. A pair of scissors or a knife is necessary for everyone's happiness. These tools, of art as well as pleasure, summon up the traits in a child that will develop and show genius. What man is not happy when he has reached his goal through pure outbursts of genius?

You first experience the pleasure as a baby. Such indescribable joy you have had cutting out the large, bright colored ladies from mother's latest fashion books! The scissors were very large and hard to manage, but, oh, that feeling of accomplishment, when you first cut a paper lady without slicing her. Then, too, you enjoyed just cutting the paper into different shapes.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure came at the "age of chipping." You either got the knife on your birthday or slipped it from the kitchen when cook was not looking. The first victim of your earnest endeavors was father's old arm chair. At the corners of this old chair the wood did not look very smooth. Maybe the people at the factory forgot about those corners. Anyway, it would not do any harm to smooth them down. Very

EDUCATIONAL IDEALS

By Mabel Evans

(Dedicated to Dr. T. W. Palmer)

The whole philosophy of education is founded on three ideals: that is, the past, present and future. The achievement of the human race in its laborious march toward a more perfect civilization has been through the development of one, two or perhaps all three of the ideals.

By far the greatest time has been spent on emphasizing past ideals. The past achievements of the human race have been revered to such an extent that our educational system is in many respects a relic of the past. They results of such a condition is obvious; sure our whole civilization, with its face toward the past, is out of sympathy and cannot function in the even turing and fast advancing present.

In a similar manner a just criticism may be offered on a system which places its emphases on the present alone. In this age of rapid reconstruction and development, following the great World War, the improvement of national and social welfare and the application of mechanical appliances to our unlimited national resources demand a flexible system of education which not only takes into consideration present and past ideals but places its emphasis on the future. For this reason I think vocational education is justified.

A system of training which prepares one for improving the individual, social or national welfare will stand the test of time since it is conducive to harmony and efficiency in the ever increasing demand of a highly complex and specialized commonwealth.

The time is at hand when we must not only educate but we must educate for something we cannot value too highly the practiced and industrial arts and the structure upon which it is built. It is through these avenues that the future will reap the rewards that will improve, enrich and enable mankind.

Along the Lonely Road

By ALDEN BROOKS

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

GEORGE had an almost unnatural sympathy for the weaknesses of

soon the smoothing down would become a huge chipped out place. Next the piano was attacked, then the table, mantlepiece and any other object on which it was possible to try some smoothing down. From undivided attention to sticks and boards, awe inspiring pieces that showed unspeakable art, ability, were produced. Oh, that satisfaction of having done something by yourself. Show me the boy, girl, man or woman who has experienced it without cutting out or on something.

Many a rushed business man may be seen whittling away a perfectly good pencil. Many a busy cook will take time to cut fancy pasty strips. What is all this due to? Merely the love of that deadly passion, the pleasure of cutting. All great sculptors are overruled by it the instant they step from the cradle. It is one of the enjoyments of life that can be either expensive or inexpensive. It is the common pleasure of the world.



Secrets



"I must be in love, for the fit is on me now." For further information, ask True.

Some celebrity is being robbed of her first publicity. I know it, I know it, I know it! Who told me? One of the ladies told it herself. It seems that she isn't properly represented in the paper. Now, keeping a personal column is no small matter. It is hard to keep track of the comings and goings of so many girls. If hereafter you do anything or know any news, please send it to Rosa Perry. She says she will appreciate it greatly.

Ina Mae Malone is going to get a good grade in practice teaching, I

just know.

Early one morning a man's hat was found in Nina Weaver's room. Horrors! It had been used in a play the night before.

"A butterfly flits on wings of gold, a fire bug wings of flame, the bed bug has no wings at all but it gets there just the same." Ask Elma O'Neill, she prefers sleeping out of doors on a camp.

"I'm not that kind of a girl," says Nelle Tyus, when asked if she didn't want to take a bath.

Ask True Marble what her favorite chewing gum is. Don't forget!

Err on the Other Side

Many people are so busy telling the world what is wrong with it they haven't time to improve it.—Toledo Blade

cost the company a great deal more than it has, and we want nothing more of the kind from you. Another accident, and you're fired."

"Yes," answered George, bowing his head, tears almost in his eyes.

"And let me remind you of several things. First, you're there to start on time.

"Second, you're to remain always at your post and attend to your job. Third, there is a sign over your head. Have you read it?"

"Yes, sir."
"Well, see that it's obeyed. Just you mind your own business in future and let the people behind you mind theirs. You're the motorman and nothing else. And a good motorman travels on time, says nothing, listens to nobody, and keeps his eyes always fixed on the road ahead. He's an integral part of the mechanism, as it were . . ."

George is back at work, though it's another line, and he's not the same man. Everything is changed. No boys, no friends, never a turn of the head, never a moment's hesitation all along the road. "Ah, old cow, trot if you like and wave your umbrella! If I get fired, a lot you'd care. Get there on time."

All this is as it should be. How could it be otherwise? We can't go back now to leisurely old-fashioned ways. Still, I have found George's case a sad one, and I haven't been able to prevent myself from writing about it.

C. L. Meroney

It isn't merely "Price," but "Quality" at a price

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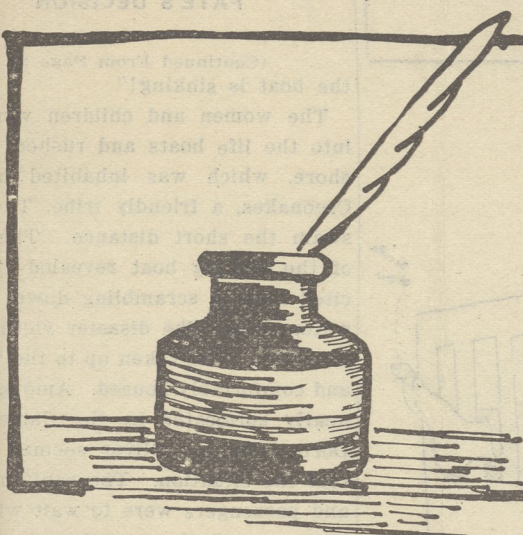
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Service With a Smile

at

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The Corner



Scrubbers
Page

MAKING A'S

There is a peculiar art in the making of a good grade and after one has attained that art the rest is perfectly simple. Should a student develop that early, say in her Freshman year, the rest of her college career is a cinch.

But knowing how is the thing. Of course there are various and sundry ways of gaining proficiency in the matter of making A's, and different students have developed different methods. But to them the method is of secondary importance. To get the grade is their aim. But it seems to me, after thinking over the matter seriously, that there is one simple impound which is in general followed by all of them. The thing uppermost in their minds is to get by. The average student studies his teacher more than he does his book. Getting on the good side of the teacher is of great importance. And thus the student flatters the teacher and seeks to win her students, individually and as classes, over.

Study has its place, of course, and the wise student occasionally indulges in it. But there is system in her study and study in her system. In the art of making A's there is little place for cramming. Steady, regular study, though of small amounts, is the requisite.

The big item, however, is bluffing. The gift of gab is an asset; beating around the bush helps a lot. In summing up, I might give this recipe for making A's: Mix 25 per cent of courtship with the teacher, 25 per cent of study and 50 per cent of bluff. They must be mixed alternately and with tact and discretion; else it won't work at all. You can't pull all bluff and you can't pull all study by courting; but the two mixed together with a moderate portion of study form an ideal foundation for an A in high school.

DECISION AND INDECISION

"I now pronounce you man and wife." John awoke with a start. Only a dream! But how realistic it had been! He and Claire had stood before a minister and solemnly repeated after him the marriage vows. Why did he have to wake?

"Gee! I know I love her if I even dreamed of going through the ceremony," he soliloquized. "I wish she'd settle down and be serious for once at every time I try to talk to her she pretends that she thinks I'm joking. I wonder if she'd be more reasonable this morning. I'd get to see her without having that everlasting Billy Roper in the way, too. Believe I'll go over there before I start to Ennis."

Meanwhile in her aunt's home across the street, Claire had finished breakfast, run quietly up to her room, and unlocked the door. She now stood beside the bed on which lay a packed suitcase. "I believe that's all," she said to herself, and she walked over to a mirror and put on a hat. Giving her watch a glance she went back to the bed and fastened the suitcase while her thoughts went back to the night before. Billy Roper had said, laughingly, "I'll bet you a thousand dollars you won't run away with me this morning to be married."

And Claire, being Claire, had answered in the same gay mood, "Oh! Les I will! When do we start?" Plans were recklessly made and now as she heard the horn of his car she picked up the suitcase, ran noiselessly down the steps and was fortunate enough to be unseen.

"All right, Claire, let's be off,"

laughed Billy, and in a few moments they had left Wilburne and were speeding out the road to Ennis, which was seventy-five miles away. Claire was as thrilled as only an irresponsible girl can be, and so happy in the thought of this new adventure that she had room left in her brain to think of whether or not she loved Billy.

And while she was running away John was running across the street to inquire for her and on learning that she wasn't to be found, he ran back, got out his car and instead of starting to Ennis, as he had planned, he headed for Edgewater, in the opposite direction.

Things were happening to Billy's car. The engine sputtered and sputtered, sounded weaker and weaker, the car rolled more and more slowly and finally stopped. "Whew! Out of gas!" gasped Billy. "I didn't think of it once! You'll have to wait here for me while I go for some. Won't be long. Don't get lonesome."

Claire settled down in the car to wait and it was then that she began to think. "Hm—m. Some elopement! This isn't so very much fun." She so engrossed in her thoughts that she failed to notice an approaching car that slowed up and stopped when it reached her. Its driver leaned over to inquire if he could be of assistance. "Why, hello, Claire. Who left you stranded here, and why the suitcase?" and she looked up to see Jerry Bush, an old chum.

"Well, Jerry; I certainly am glad to see you. That horrid Billy Roper left me here while he went after gas. The suitcase is the result of a bet. He bet me a thousand dollars that I wouldn't run away to marry him and I was foolish enough to do it, but I think I've about changed my mind now."

"Look here, Claire, why not marry me? You like me more than you do Billy and you know he isn't taking this seriously or he would at least have thought of gas. And if the bet that you wouldn't run away to marry him, then you win anyway because you did run away to marry him."

"Jerry, you must have been sent. Open the door for me and get this suitcase out of here. If you'll just get me away from Billy, we'll go straight to the nearest church."

Jerry gave her car as much gas as he could for fear of being overtaken by Billy, drove him. Claire's mind was so busy with thoughts of this second elopement that she scarcely noticed their terrific speed. Suddenly the car seemed to give a leap and the next thought that came to Claire told her that the car was in a ditch and almost overturned. They were both unharmed and very cautiously Jerry climbed up and helped Claire out. She was too dazed to notice the crowd that was gathering until a familiar red car drove up and then she turned to Jerry and said: "I'm sorry, but you must not have cared any more than Billy, if you could be that careless and I know now that I don't care, but thank you, Jerry. Will you please go back and explain things to Billy? Good-bye!"

She walked over to the red car and started talking to John. "I'm a great deal older than I was when I talked to you yesterday, Johnny, but if you still want me—"

"Get in," was all he said, but he thankfully of the change of mind which had caused him to turn around and go toward Ennis after he had already started to Edgewater.

And in a few moments he saw his dream again—a big blonde man and

THE MOON

The God who could make a moon
Like that moon I've seen tonight,
Must surely be the son of God
Who leads one toward the right.

The clouds around seemed drawn toward
Heaven, instead of nearing earth.
The golden light from moon itself,
Shed on all below, its worth.

Oh, God in Heaven! How can man
Ever doubt that thou dost hide
Behind that glistening, lustrous moon
Over which soft clouds e'er glide?

Can't thou not show to many,
As thou has shown to me,
That beams aren't shining down to
Earth, but heavenward, to thee?

Gage Morton

SHOES

See a man's shoes and know his character. Should a man wear neatly polished slippers, we at once label him as a man of strong will and regular habits. But should we see a man with dirty boots and runover heels we decide that he is indifferent, untidy and possesses weak characteristics.

A country advances with its shoes. The demure little Japanese maid is greatly affected by her shoes. We see her timidly walk forward very self-conscious because she knows we are watching her tiny steps. Then the little Dutch boy, who is very conservative, wears shoes of wood. He knows that when those are gone with a piece of wood and a knife he may in a short time have a new pair. Thus he is taught the economic value of clothes by his shoes.

Shoes as well as dresses have a changing style. One year the debutante walks forward in airy satins with several straps and high heels, while the next year she emerges in heavy sport oxfords. But for all the changes in style there are many kinds of shoes. These range from the comfortable bedroom slippers to the ballet pumps.

Lastly, shoes serve as a guide post not only to character, as I have shown, but also as a means by which we may recognize our friends. Take the case of Cowper, for instance. He was so retiring and shrinking that he went everywhere with his head bowed and knew his friends, when he met them, only by the buckles on their shoes.

—Mary Hill.

FATE'S DECISION

My conclusion to a "wit sharpener."
Elma O'Neill

For months after Oliver was reported "missing," Doris waited. Her mother and father wondered why Doris looked for the postman so eagerly every morning and evening. By the spring of 1919, probably all the waiting mothers, wives and sweethearts in the little town where Doris lived had ceased their vigilance, but Doris' hope died only with the autumn. Surely, if some mistake had been made concerning Oliver's death, he would have been found ere this. This conclusion seemed to descend on Doris one night in November. It was cold and raining. The patter of the rain made her think of Oliver's footsteps. Running to the window she looked out; it was only the rain; Oliver

a small brunette girl standing before a minister who was saying, "I now pronounce you man and wife.

would never come.

Soon after Christmas Doris enlisted for brief training as a war nurse in a home for crippled soldiers. She worked and studied hard. Her burning hops was to fit herself for service to others.

April came and with it Doris' commission to administer aid to the fever-stricken blacks of Central Africa. Seven nurses and ten other assistants under her charge were to sail in May. The bulk of supplies was to follow later.

The end of May brought the wonderful voyage. For the first four days Doris and Miss Haynes, her assistant, remained in their stateroom. The weather was damp and consequently the deck was unpleasant. Toward evening of the fourth day Doris ventured out on deck for a stroll before dinner. The night was misty, and such weather made her think of Oliver. Perhaps he had perished on such a dismal night.

Her walk brought her to the opposite side of the deck. Deep in meditation she almost ran into a figure leaning over the rail. Before she could utter an apology the figure straightened up and said, "I beg your pardon."

Doris stood back aghast; a knife seemed to pierce her heart. It was Oliver's voice. Doris drew herself toward the wall.

"I suppose it's dinner time. Maybe we'd better go in," the man said, and as he opened the dining room door, the light fell on his face. It was Oliver.

"Oliver! Oliver! We thought you were dead! Where have you been? I am happy, oh so happy!"

The man drew back in apology. He seemed embarrassed.

"I hope you'll pardon me, but you have made an error. My name is Graham Ellington, and to my knowledge I have never seen you before."

Doris was stunned. This man was Oliver. There was the tiny scar on his left temple. His body was thin and his voice weak, but it was Oliver. How could he deny it? Then she thought of the Great War and the horrors it inflicted—of the unbalanced minds and maimed bodies. Oliver's memory had gone.

Some time after dinner Oliver walked around the deck looking for the beautiful nurse, Doris Holmes. He had found out from the steward that the lovely nurse was on her way to aid the heathen sick in Africa. For her he had no recognition but toward her he felt a strange allurements. He found her where she had found him in the early evening, leaning over the rail.

"Would you like to go up to the observation room?" he asked.

"Oliver, don't you remember me—Doris—your sweetheart?" she inquired, half in despair, half in hope.

"Miss Holmes, I am afraid you are laboring under a false impression. I do not remember having ever met you before, though your face seems strangely familiar."

Doris resigned herself to fate. Oliver's past life was a blank. She must help him, but she could not help him by trying to convince him of his mistake.

In the days that followed, a wonderful new love grew between the two. Added to the old love was the great protecting passion of a mother. She must guide Oliver back to his old self, if it were possible. Then to Doris came the great problem. Every minute they were drawing nearer the plague center of Africa. In Oliver's condition of health she could not al-

low him to go with her as he wished. His slender hold on life would soon be lost. Yet in his mental state, to desert him would probably lead to suicide on his part. To go with him would be desertion toward Christianity in Africa. What would she do?

Three days before the end of her journey she ascended the steps to the captain's office. An hour and a half later she descended the steps with a look of relief on her face. The captain had been so understanding. He had promised to board Oliver with his sister in London. Doris' next problem was to convince Oliver that after a month's preparation for activity in Africa by the medical staff he would be allowed to sail for the plague country and lend his assistance utterly impossible.

Oliver was by no means easy to convince.

"But Doris, I can help you put things in working order."

"No, Graham, (as he called himself), you are not a legal member of our board and until I can procure papers to that effect you cannot come." There being nothing else to do, Oliver reluctantly agreed.

It was midnight of the following night that the alarm was sounded. The vessel was being attacked by savage Africans while anchored for a few engine repairs. A score or more had crept up the sides of the vessel before they were detected. The women ran to their staterooms while the men fought off the deadly blacks. The leader disappeared into the cabin and when he reappeared the entire cabin was in flames.

"Down the current, quick, while we fight the fire," screamed the captain to the pilot. Not a native was to be seen. They had disappeared into the water. The big steamer sped down the coast as the flames rose higher and higher. When the boat had gone a few miles down the captain yelled, "The life boats, the life boats, quick,"

(Continued On Page 4)

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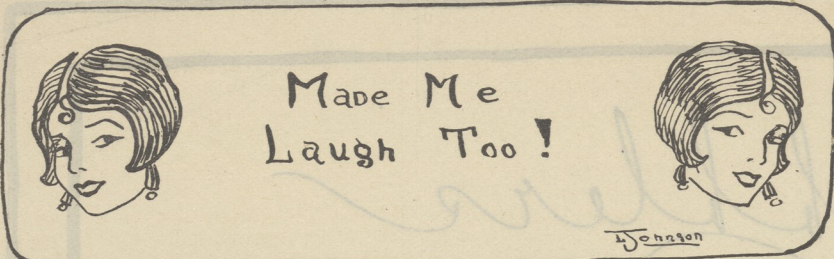
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WISE AND OTHERWISE

She: "I would like to try on that dress in the window."
Clerk: "Sorry, madam, but you'll have to use the dressing room."

George: "There are a lot of girls that don't want to get married."
Father: "How do you know, son?"
George: "I've asked them."—Bab- bler.

We owe our blondes to chemistry,
We owe our marcelles to electricity,
We owe our money to the landlady.
—Michigan Gargoyle.

"You had no business to kiss me, Senior Don Juan."
"But it was not a business, Margue- ta. It was a pleasure."

"I'll never take another drop," re- marked the aviator as he fell out of the balloon.—Brown Jug.

Frances L.: "What is the longest word in the dictionary?"
Nina: "Rubber; you can stretch it."

Judge: "Do you sell liquor?"
Indignant Prisoner: "That's my business."
Judge: "I thought it was, but I didn't think you would admit it."— Cougar's Paw.

Ethel D.: "I've got to make a speech in my English class tomorrow. What I'll talk about I don't know."

Mary B.: "Talk about two minutes, that's all."

We know a man so stingy that he talks through his nose to save wearing out his false teeth.—Michigay Gar- goyle.

"He who laughs last, laughs best."
"Yeah, and he who laughs first sees the point."—Chicago Phoenix.

Mickey, who was hurrying to Ina Mae's class, stopped to inquire: "Has Block Hall begun yet?"

Joy C: "Have you 'Lamb's Tales'?"
Mary: "This is a library, not a butcher shop."

Some girls use dumb-bells to get col- or in their cheeks while others use color in their cheeks to get dumb- bells.

Dr. Pack: "Well, how did you find yourself this morning?"
Joyce J.: "I just waked up and ther I wuz."

Patent Fertilizer

Mr. Suburb: "Yes, I planted some bulbs the other week and they came up three days afterwards."
Mr. Nayher: "Great! Good patent fertilizer, I suppose?"
Mr. Suburb: "No, your dog!"— Boys' Life.

Mary R.: "Lillian, will you please show me how to work this problem?"
Lillian P.: "If I work your algebra for you do you suppose it would be right?"
Mary: "No, I don't s'pose it would; but you might try it and see."

"Who was that bum I saw you down town with last night?"
"That was mu husband."—Georgia Cracker.

New Love, Old Ring

He took her hand in his and gazed proudly at the engagement ring he had placed on her finger only three days before.
"Did your friends admire it?" he in- quired, tenderly.
"They did more than that," she re- plied, coldly. "Two of them recog- nized it."—Good Hardware.

Protecting Poll's Speech

"Mary—Mary! Come quickly and take the parrot away—the master's

lost his collar stud."—Birmingham Ga- zette.

Dr. Bacot: "What nation owns Sa- moa?"
Florence S.: "Some more what?"

"Many a woman is born to blush un- seen"—a colored woman.—The Bab- bler.

Mr. Kennerly: "What is the best conductor of electricity?"
Anne J.: "Why—er."
Mr. Kennerly: "Correct."

Doctor: "Have you taken every pre- caution to prevent contagion in the family?"

Rastus: "Yas, sah, doctah, we've eben bought a sanitary cup and we all dring from it."—Anon.

"Say, you can't smoke in this build- ing."

"Who's smoking?"
"Well, you got your pipe in your mouth."
"Yes, and you got your pants on, but you ain't panting."—Hogan's Al- ley.

"Tell me about the fire at the ho- tel. I hear you barely escaped."
"It's a lie. I had my pajamas on."
—Yale Record.

Wifey: "Did you know that this beautiful silk dress came from a poor little insignificant worm?"
Friend Husband: "Yes, I'm that worm."

An old flame has put an end to many a match.—Middlebury Blue Ba- boon.

Clerk: "Did the umbrella you are looking for have a hooked handle?"
Owner: "The entire umbrellas was hooked."—Boy Life.

"I took the cover off my radio last night and got Cuba."
"Huh; I took the covers off my bed and got Chile."—Stanford Chaparral.

"Why are you leaving, Bridget, something private?"
"No, mum; a sergeant."—N. Y. Med- ley.

She: "Do you like Shakespeare's work?"
He: "Where does he work?"—Minn. Shi-U-Mah.

GETTING OUT A PAPER

Getting out a paper is no joke.
If we print jokes people say we are silly.
If we don't they say we are too serious.
If we publish original matter they say we lack variety.
If we publish things from other pa- pers, we are too lazy to write.
If we stay on the job we ought to be out rustling news.
If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own de- partment.
If we don't print contributions, we don't show the proper appreciation.
If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.
Like as not some fellows will say we swiped this from an exchange.
That's just what we did.
—The Enterprise.

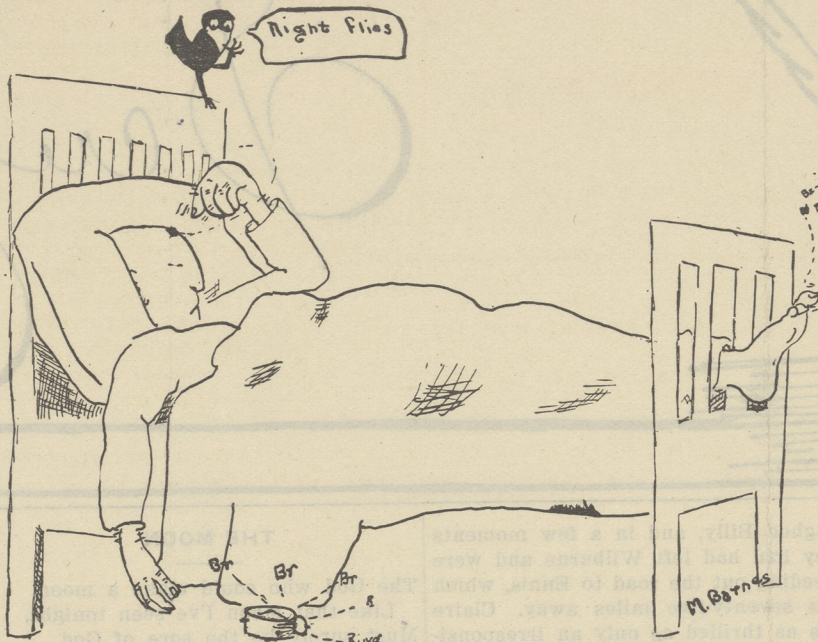
MY PHILOSOPHY

Snow or roses let it be
You're all right old world for me,
I wasn't here in time to make you
And I'm in no hurry to forsake you;
As you come I'm glad to take you,
You're all right old world for me.

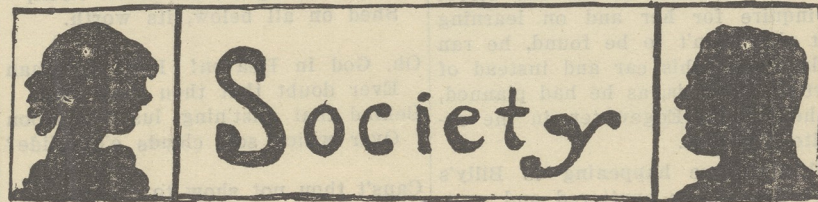
CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Helen Hagood not making an an- nouncement about a Baptist meeting?
Miss Irvin urging the girls to en- joy a long morning sleep and throw- ing open the breakfast doors to the late arrivals?
Anna Murphree in a hurry?

DREAMS!



Because of a super-abundance of tests there has been no sleep; and, consequently, no dreams this week. It is hoped that when tests subside and indigestion again sets in, this column will be filled to overflowing.



CASTALIAN

Lula Hawkins is spending a few days in Birmingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Langston McCalley, Mrs. Tom McCalley, Mrs. Geo. Wof- ford and Miss Mary Winston Wofford were the guests of Lucy McCalley last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Morton and Albert Morton, of Bessemer, were in Monte- vallo Sunday.

Miss Mae Carmichael has been the guest of Laura Carmichael.

PHILOMATHIC NOTES

Mrs. J. T. Frederick, Misses Jamie and Nina Frederick and Mrs. W. A. Parrent, of Opelika, were the week- end guests of Misses Nan Nell Fred- erick and Mary Parrent.

Miss Mary Hoover, of Demopolis, was the attractive guest of Miss Lil- ian Prout May 2.

Miss Edith Edmondson spent the past week-end with her mother, Mrs. J. K. Edmondson, at their home in Littleton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Northrup and Miss Marin Northrup, of Greensboro, were the recent guests of Miss Ro- berta Northrup.

Mrs. A. P. Hill motored over from Benton Sunday to be the guest of her daughter, Mary Hill.

Miss Mary C. Hungerford was at home last week to be with her sister, who was seriously ill, following an operation at the Baptist Hospital at Selma.

ZETA PI DELTA

Miss Margaret Butler attended the graduation exercises at Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Sartain were the guests of their daughter, Jesse, on Sunday.

Miss Marion Franks, of Woman's College, was the guest of Miss Nina Weaver last week-end.

TUTWILER

Elizabeth Moody spent last week- end in Birmingham, visiting Mary Catherine Willingham.

Lucille Nelson spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Birmingham. Girlie Holland visited Irene Denson last week-end in Bessemer.

We are indeed happy to have Kath- leen McCormick out of the infirmary, where she has been ill for more than a week.

Dr. Bacot talking to fewer than five girls at one time?
Christine Mitchell not composed?
Marion Grant not having a date?
Elma O'Neill without her knowl- edge of English?
Miss Weamer existing without her

FATE'S DECISION

(Continued From Page 3)
the boat is sinking!"

The women and children were into the life boats and rushed to shore, which was inhabited by Croonakes, a friendly tribe. The swam the short distance. The of the sinking boat revealed the cited natives scrambling down to water edge. The disaster victims, jured and some taken up to the vill and comfortably housed. Among th nearly suffocated by the flames Doris Holmes. Oliver seemed to rect the situation. The captain, c and passengers were to wait with natives until the next Liverpool passed. The waiting would not ex five days. Doris corps of helpers to be conducted inland to the f district.

On the journey inland Oliver Doris every care possible. When finally gained enough strength to test, she pleaded with Oliver to back with one of the guides and tinue his journey as planned. Her testation fell on deaf ears—Ol would not leave her.

After the journey of six days, little company arrived at the inte post. The missionaries who had ho and despaired so long received th with every expression of hospita Doris, who was still weak and un to take part in the preparations made comfortable in an anteroom a small church. Several days pas and Doris did not improve. On fifth day she had high tempera and in a few hours the physic pronounced it the dreaded fever.

In the days that followed Ol hardly left Doris' bedside. He wat her every movement, day and ni After the crisis had passed and Doris was pronounced out of danger, ver went to his shanty, fatigued every muscle of his body. When Doris called for him the next day he still asleep and her nurse thoug best not to disturb him.

Toward evening Oliver had not m his appearance and the doctor his attendants thought it singu They went to his shanty and fou him in a raging fever. Every eff was made to keep it from Doris, his continued absence aroused suspicion. In spite of all that was do to prevent it Doris went to attend him. For days Oliver's life hung on t merest thread. In his delirium he co tinually referred to his life center around the Great War. He call continually for Doris, whom he c not recognize. "I was coming ba Doris," he repeated numbers of tim "His memory has returned but I life may not last," was the docto comment.

Oliver fought for life and Dor fought equally hard. Providence sm on them and in a short while Ol ver was the old Oliver again, in mi and body.

Thanksgiving was chosen for the nuptials, and with thankful hearts a strong young bodies they began the service for Christianity and civiliza- tion.

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THE ALABAMIAN

THE ALABAMIAN, ALABAMA COLLEGE, SEPT. 15, 1925.

MANY NEW TEACHERS FOR COMING YEAR

Alabama College feels particularly fortunate in being able to secure such a splendid personnel in the new teachers who will serve in the session 1925-26. The students and former members of the faculty join in welcoming these to our college. Below is given the names of the new teachers at Alabama College during the present session and a brief summary of their training and experience:

Miss Margaret Batjer of Arkansas will take the place of Miss Allene Bell in the high school Home Economics work. She has the bachelor of science degree, majoring in Home Economics from the University of Arkansas. She has had several years' successful experience as a teacher.

Miss Allene Bell, who was supervisor of the high school Home Economics practice teachers has been promoted to the position of Itinerant Teacher-Trainer, taking the place of Miss Corinne Neely, who resigned during the past summer.

Miss Lillou Burns, who graduated with the A. B. degree in 1925, has been studying in Chicago during the summer months and will be instructor in the English Department.

Miss Carlton Clare, who has been added to the Music Department as teacher of Voice, has had a wide experience in teaching and most excellent training in voice work in New York and London.

Miss Winifred Castleman, who graduated with the A. B. degree at Alabama College in 1925, has been a student at Peabody College during the summer doing post-graduate work. She returns to Alabama College as instructor in Psychology.

Miss Mary Davies comes to us from Fort Worth, Texas. She holds the bachelor of science degree from the College of Industrial Arts at Denton. Her wide experience as a teacher and her splendid training in Home Economics fits her splendidly for the work of supervising the Home Economics practice teachers in Columbiana. She takes the place of Miss Laura Winters.

Miss Dorothy Early, who has been added to the Physical Education Department, holds the bach-

EARLY REGISTRATION IS NECESSARY

New students at Alabama College will find it advisable to register as early as possible, as is the wont of students here. The problem will be simplified as the student gets into it. The long line extending from east wing to west, through the assembly hall will indicate to any freshman what she is expected to do—fall into line, and follow the one in front.

Fees are payable at the college bookkeeper's office. Her receipt entitles one to entrance into the office of the Dean where cards and necessary information may be secured. The cards may properly be filled out in Bloch Hall under the supervision and with the aid of any teacher head of department or student, designated for the purpose.

Upon the completion of the outlining of a course of study, and the making out of a schedule, each teacher must okay the special course to be studied under him or her. As soon as the schedule and course of study has been okayed by the head of the department and by the individual teachers under whom a student studies, cards are to be deposited at the registrar's office on the lower floor of the chapel building.

and the master of arts degree from gum College, New Concord, Ohio Columbia University.

In the Biology Department taking the place of Miss Margaret Bratten, will be Miss Dora Garrett of Waco, Texas. She holds the bachelor of arts degree from Baylor elor of arts degree from Muskin-

(Continued on third page)

THE COMPLETION OF RAMSAY HALL

Ramsay Hall has been completed and is filled with girls who have reached the ranks of Junior and Senior-dom

This magnificent building, which was made possible by the generous gift of Mr. Erskine Ramsay, is a fitting memorial to his mother whose name it bears—Janet Erskine Ramsay Hall.

Alabama College has two of the most distinguished buildings to be found on any campus in the south. The dormitory just completed is one of the most modern structures and the main dormitory is the largest building on any college campus in the South.

Class Treasuries Have Let Down

Owing to financial conditions of the Alabamian, school paper of Alabama College, authorities in charge, after consultation with the president's council last May voted to assign all class money to the Alabamian during the session of 1925-26. The consequences of such a move, while most gratifying to the treasury of the Alabamian, are such as produce quite a set back for the class treasuries. As a result class fees are in order during the current session.

Many judge it as probably the best stimulus to class activities that could under the circumstances be given. Just how much money is in the class treasury now, depends on just how much initiative that class has. The classes are being watched closely this year and it is predicted by those who should know that there will be more class spirit this year than ever before in the life of Alabama College.

RATS SWARM ABOUT IN GREAT NUMBERS

Alabama College Overcome By Verdant Pests

The celebrated and mythological Pied Piper of Hamelin has evidently been at work in modern times. Great hordes of rats have swarmed lately onto the stately campus of Alabama College, the State school for women, situated in the exact center of the sunny state of Alabama.

For some unknown reason the Piper's call was not heard by many older college students, but for the same reason or another the ears of many rats were keenly attuned to his pleading tones, and they flashed from all parts of the state to Monte.

Whence the Piper went from here is a much argued question. Not even a trace of his foot can be found. His shrill, becoming notes have died out in the air, and even the rats who scampered so freely after him have quelled their race, and at Alabama College have found themselves almost outnumbered by the other inhabitants of the campus.

Authorities and upper classmen are at a loss as to what may be done for their extermination. It is feared that any and all efforts may prove futile.

The Student Government Association has taken the matter into hand, and it is current gossip that the Sophomores will have the privilege of converting them by some process of evolution into an orderly, admired species, and that after a certain period of time during which the Sophs have jurisdiction they may be permitted to be full-fledged members of the campus family.

DON'TS FOR FRESHMEN

Don't go to breakfast before the bell rings. Standing in the crowded hall might cause suffocation.

Don't go to bed before seven o'clock as you did all summer (?) This is a night school.

Don't study too much. Half the old students have spent vacation recuperating from over work.

Don't cut more than seven classes in each subject every quarter. It might lower your A to a B.

Don't rush to chapel. The confusion thus caused might result in disaster.

HOW TO REGISTER

First make payment to the bookkeeper, whose office is next to that of the President, and get Matriculation card.

Take Matriculation card to the Instruction Committee in Bloch Hall where you will have your course of study made out, your schedule arranged, and where you will receive class cards.

Take Schedule and Class cards to the Registrar's office in the Chapel Building to be checked and stamped.

Be sure to report to classes on Wednesday and hand in the class cards to your instructors.

DO NOT LOSE CLASS CARDS AS INSTRUCTORS WILL NOT ENROLL STUDENTS WITHOUT THEM.

Music Students

All Music Students will go to the Director of Music, in the Music Hall, to get Music Cards before going to the bookkeeper's office to make payment.

THE ALABAMIAN**ALABAMA COLLEGE**

Published at Montevallo, Alabama.

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Caroline Middleton, Art Editor.
Katherine Miller, Joke Editor.

WELCOME

Old—Glad you're back again.
New—Glad you're here!

Well, the Alabamian got here before you did, and is mighty proud to shake your hand as you step out of the taxi or stand in line to register. Read it as you stand in line five hours from the place you're headed for. It will help pass the time away. Don't forget to read your college paper. It is you and for you. Enjoy its short stories, relish its gossip and giggle over its jokes—because they're so old; that's being a real college student.

THE SENATE GIVES A CORDIAL GREETING

The Student Senate, the "Voice of the students," bids you welcome. Already you are a part of the senate. It is yours! In accepting our greeting you are "Keeping Faith," you are believing in us for we are happy to welcome you to your college home. We are happy to give to you the college motto, "Keep Faith," and may it always inspire you to uphold the highest ideals for which our college stands:

What does it mean to Keep Faith? Those two words mean that from the time you enter the gates of Alabama College to the time you leave and even after you leave that you are given a trust; the standards and principles and ideals of a mighty institution. Your college life and the happiness which it shall mean to you depends on the way you "Keep Faith". Temptations will come to you, "don't care moods" will often try to seize you and there will be times when you will have to use all your will power to do as you feel you should. Others have gone before you and they have had the same temptations. The greatness of our college today depends largely on the way they have kept Faith. The future is now in your hands and we believe that you will help to make that future even more successful than the past.

Do you realize that you are now a part of Alabama College? The thrill you felt when you drove in

the gate shows that you already have the old college spirit and we are eager to give you more. Would you know how to get the most out of your college life? Then here is the way: Start now! Stand by the Y. W. C. A., the Student Government, the Senate, your teachers, your school mates and above all, be true to your own self! All these things make your college and you are a part of everything in the school, a great part. Think of this when you are tempted—say, "I will 'Keep Faith' and you will!"

Once more, the Senate greets you and may you feel from the start that it is "your voice," and that at any time your suggestions will be greatly appreciated. With your help we can keep the right attitude towards every organization in our college. We are anxious to help you but we are also anxious for your help. Working together there is nothing we can not do for our college. "Keep Faith"

COME ON OVER TO YOUR LIBRARY

Freshmen, we acknowledge the fact that we have one of the great libraries in captivity and the building is rather imposing but it's open for your pleasure and convenience. Besides, the many books to which you will be referred in your course of study we have an excellent fiction room to the right of the desk when you are facing the librarian. Go in, look over the fiction and decide on the book or books you want. Then come out to the librarian and give her the books and your name.

They register it and give it to you. Fiction may be kept out two weeks but it must be returned promptly to prevent your paying a fine of two cents each day it is over due. As you enter the large reading room you will see in the right end of the library two magazine racks. Here you will find an almost inexhaustable variety of magazines. These may be picked at random and read in the library without being registered. They cannot be taken from the library, except at closing time and they must be returned when the library reopens.

Plays may be taken out for three days. Be sure and return your plays on time because a fine of five cents is imposed every day the book is over due.

The reserve books given out at the desk are books left at the desk by the faculty for the exclusive use of his or her class. These books are to be taken out for one hour only, or when the library closes.

In the latter case they must be returned when the library reopens.

Come on over and make yourself at home in your library; enjoy our books and magazines but do not forget to be silent when you are there.

HOW THE FRESHMEN MAY KEEP FRESH

Poor, insignificant, pestiferous, green, fresh rats! What ever on earth can be done to and with them! How can their freshness and greenness ever be knocked out of them?

Students of Alabama College, that's not the question today. Freshness is a positive indication of alertness, the possibility of a keen insight, and is a proof of vitality, energy, cool allurements. Of course there are some on the campus who will say that's stretching things some, but these very same ones will come to the conclusion upon proper and authentic reasoning, that freshness is a synonym of the other terms listed. Who wants a student on the campus of Alabama College who lacks vitality and the other qualities mentioned? Surely, one must be convinced, we want our Freshmen to remain fresh.

Now as to the next part—that problem of being green. Since the matter is being discussed, it might as well be settled that green things are growing things. But who needs anything like that settled for her? That's not a hypothesis, no axiom or proverb. It's a fact.

So Freshmen, of you want to you may stay green, but for your sake and that of every one about you don't confuse the terms "green" and "ignorant." Ignorance cannot for long be tolerated. But as long as there is about you a real freshness and greenness you'll be loved and respected by your upper classmen.

The following serious suggestions may prove helpful.

1. Make all the friends you can but have at least one good friend in an upper class and one in the faculty. Go to them for advice and information, after you have the satisfaction that they are real friends, true to the core.

2 Don't "check your religion." Keep in touch with your denominational activities going on in the college, attend Sunday School, preaching service, Y. W. C. A., morning watch and any other service of a religious nature in which you may be interested. Read your Bible and pray. Services are held five minutes before "lights out" on each hall every night in the week. Bring your

church letter to the local church of your choice. It will give you contact, personal relationship and satisfaction nothing else will.

3. Study. It's fine to be popular beautiful and all the other things girls delight in, but when the final test comes, there's nothing that helps like a fine bunch of grades. Don't wait till the middle of the quarter to begin work. Grading starts the first week. Do your best now.

4 Indulge in proper recreational activities. Be a good sport. Get out and have fun. But let it be wholesome fun. Use the pool, tennis courts, basket ball courts, hockey field: they are yours. Dance hike and take advantage of the camping opportunities offered.

5. Take part in student activities. Find your field and do your best in it. There is an activity here for each one. Let your natural talents and your ambitions judge as to where you belong. But do something.

6. KEEP FAITH! Realize now that your success depends largely on your beliefs and your adaptation. Steer clear. Take a straight path. Be honorable. Be clean. Be strong. Trust in God, the other fellow and yourself.

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NEW TEACHERS

University and has had several years of successful experience as a teacher.

Miss Ellen H. Gould comes to Alabama College as head of the Expression Department. She holds the following degrees: B. A. Coe College, B. O. North Western University; also the M. A. degree. She has had wide experience as a teacher and as a reader.

Dr. Esther Marguerite Hall comes to us as Head of the History Department. She holds the A. B. degree from Franklin College, the master of arts from the University of Wisconsin, and the Ph. D. from the University of Wisconsin. She held the Adams fellowship in Modern History at the University of Wisconsin which is awarded only to the strongest of the post-graduate students.

Miss Marion Hall holds the bachelor of science degree from North Western University, has traveled widely in Spanish and French speaking countries. She was in Cuba, during the summer of 1924, and in France during the summer of 1925. She comes as an instructor in the Modern Languages Department.

Miss Augusta Hardin of Eclectic, Alabama is a graduate from the Cincinnati Conservatory and holds the Artists' diploma in Voice. She has had several years of successful teaching experience in the Mississippi State College for Women, Florida State College for Women, and other institutions of similar rank. She comes as a teacher of Voice.

Miss Nellie Kent holds the bachelor of science degree from Mississippi State College for Women. She has taught physical education work in public schools, has been director of physical education in the Birmingham Y. W. C. A. She comes with splendid training and experience for the position of instructor in the Physical Education Department.

Miss Olivia Lawson, former rural supervisor of Walker County, has been added to the Education Department. She will give courses in Education in the College and will spend half her time supervising and directing the supervisors of rural school work in Shelby county. She holds the bachelor of arts degree and has most of her work off for the master of arts at Columbia University.

Miss Alta Patterson, formerly teacher in the Troy Normal School, more recently a graduate student at Columbia University, has been added to the Home Economics faculty. She holds the master of arts degree from Teachers College and

has a very successful teaching career.

Miss Lorainne Peter takes the place of Miss Lamar as instructor of History. Miss Lamar is pursuing graduate study this year. Miss Peter holds the A. B. degree from Ripon College, Wisconsin and has had several years of experience as teacher of History.

The new director of the school of music-Mr. Colin B. Richmond-comes to us from Pennsylvania State College. He was formerly director of the School of Music at Tennessee Polytechnic Institute has also had wide experience as an organist and choirmaster and general director of musical activities of various organizations. He is a graduate and post-graduate of the New England Conservatory.

Miss Alberta Potter of Eugene, Oregon holds the bachelor of music degree from the University of Oregon and in addition to this has studied violin with a number of well known artists, among them Rex Underwood of the University of Ohio and Franz Kneisel in New York. She has been teacher of Violin at the University of Ohio School of Music for the past three years.

Miss Ina Sessions of Texas comes as an instructor in the English Department. She holds the master of arts degree from Vanderbilt University and has been traveling in Europe during the past summer.

Dr. Marion Studley comes to take charge of the English work at Alabama College. She holds the bachelor of arts degree from Wellesley College, M. A. and Ph. D. from the University of Michigan. She has been professor of English in Middlebury College in Vermont for the past two years. She has also traveled in Europe, particularly in England and Scotland. Her wide experience as a teacher and thorough training fit her particularly well for the responsible position as head of the English Department.

Miss Hazel Swisshelm, assistant professor of Piano, holds the bachelor of music degree from Ohio Wesleyan College. She has taught piano and pipe organ for several years at Limestone College, South Carolina.

Miss Marguerite Scroggins, a three-year graduate of Alabama College in 1923, returns to us as a part time assistant in the English Department.

Miss Mary G. Stallworth, who has been away from Alabama College on a year's leave of absence, returns as head of the Art Department of the college. She has just

received her master of arts degree (Cum Laude) majoring in art, from the University of Chicago. She will be warmly greeted by her many friends, both students and faculty of Alabama College.

Mr. J. S. Word has spent the entire summer in Germany doing special research work and getting a first hand knowledge of the language from his contact with the people.

Mr. E. H. Wills, Business Manager and Registrar, received his master of arts degree from Cornell University during the past summer. His major subject was History.

Many other teachers of Alabama College have been doing special study during the past summer.

BOOST ADVERTISERS

Montevallo Merchants Are Alabamian Supporters

Merchants of Montevallo Liberal Alabamian Supporters
The success of any newspaper depends not alone on the circulation and the material that makes reading, but to a larger extent the advertising, for it is thru advertisements appearing in an edition that finances are secured whereby the paper may be set on a proper footing.

There may be many things to which the anticipated success of the Alabamian may this year be attributed, but it is certain that the staff office would have to be closed were it not for the liberal support of the advertisers. Merchants of Montevallo deserve special mention. They have been most

Pioneer Tea Shop

heartly in upholding any movement for the good of the student body and the subsequent growth of the college. This year before the manuscript for the initial edition of the school paper was ready for press ninety percent of the Montevallo merchants and business men had pledged a helping hand. Their ads appear in this issue of your paper. Look them over and when you go to town give them your trade; show them that you appreciate their interest and loyalty.

When in Birmingham, Montgomery and other cities whose business men shall from time to time advertise with us, boost them. It pays them to advertise. It'll pay you to boost by trading with them.

Miss Nina Dantzler returns after spending the summer in a manner peculiar to Nina.

VISIT

KENDRICK'S Barber Shop

KANTER'S CASH STORE

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, MILLINERY AND READY-TO-WEAR

H. E. LATHAM

FRUITS, CANDIES, CAKES AND BUTTER KIST POP CORN

WOOLEY & HORN

Groceries, Candies and Fruits

Hendrick Drug Company

THE REXALL STORE

PHONE 58

Try Our Drug Store First

Alabama College Students,

You are always welcome at

PAT'S PLACE

The largest store in Shelby county.

PERSONALS

Miss Mildred Gwin and Miss Anna Murphree, both of Gadsden, are not returning this session. Florida State College for Women, at Tallahassee calls them. Their many friends at Alabama College wish them much success in the Land of Flowers.

Friends of Miss Margaret Gay will be interested in learning of her recent marriage to Mr. Alphas Brown.

Miss Louise Brooks goes this year, to Brenau, in Gainesville, Georgia. An occasional letter from a Monte girl may help some.

Miss Lillian Prout was a successful co-conductress of a Tea Room at the Demopolis Country Club this summer. She is being heartily welcomed back to Montevallo by her friends.

Misses Hazel Black, Anne Long, and Helen Haygood report a most delightful summer spent at Blue Ridge.

Misses Elma O'Neill and Una Franklin arrived on the campus Tuesday, in order to publish an edition of the Alabamian.

Miss Alma Baldwin of Enterprise is recuperating after a tonsillar operation.

Miss Lucy May of the class of '25 and historian of the Alumnae Association is teacher of English and History in the Clay County High School at Ashland.

Friends of Miss Julia Stroud will be interested in knowing that her sister, Helen, is a member of this year's Freshman class.

Miss Bill Bridges class of '22, the first degree student of Alabama College, has abandoned teaching and is now selling real estate in Florida.

Miss Martha Fuquay will continue her studies this year at the American University Washington D. C.

Miss Robbie Allen has moved with her family to Montevallo, and will be a town girl this year. Her sister Martha will be a member of the Freshman class.

Miss Florence Guyton has also moved her home to Montevallo. She will continue her studies at the college this year.

Miss Eva Hargett reports a most enjoyable vacation spent in Mississippi.

Miss Ruth Harrison of Enterprise is not returning to the college this year.

Miss Sallie Mae Dalton of Opp, will be back this year after having taught a year at Slocum.

Miss "Skeet" Snellgrove had an enjoyable summer as counselor in a girls camp in the North Carolina mountains.

Miss Annie Jones spent a profitable summer as counselor at a girls camp near Montgomery.

Miss Rella Rudolph goes this year to the University of Colorado. Her many friends here wish her success in her western studies.

Miss Helen Gray McNeill of Ladega enters as a junior this year.

Miss Ina Mae Malone of Arton goes to Peabody this year where she intends specializing in kindergarten work.

Miss Susie Marshall has answered the call to Florida.

Miss Frances Rosenblum of Gadsden, is studying this year in Chicago.

Miss Mary Dudley Gray will not enter Montevallo this fall. She goes instead to Columbia in New York.

Miss Agnes Hardy is teaching in the Ramar High School, Montgomery county, this session.

Miss Doherty Aycock of Selma, is at present in training preparatory to becoming a nurse. This comes as the realization of a life-long dream.

Miss Lenora Holloway who was president of the Freshman class at Judson last year, will be a student at Montevallo this session.

Shadows and Sunshine

by O. Lawrence Hawthorne

Winter days are often dreary
But when springtime comes along
We're a heap more interested
In the robin's cheery song!
Mornin' always seems most welcome
When you spend a restless night.
After clouds 're black an' heavy,
That's the time the sun looks bright!

Seems to me there's somethin' like it
In the way life deals with men:
Prospects always seem the darkest
Just before things boom again.
And I'm thinkin' that the worries
An' hard-knocks he gets before.
Help a fellow prize his blessings
And good fortune all the more!



© O. LAWRENCE HAWTHORNE

WALTER EARLE

COLLEGE TRY OUT

Tryout! Tryout! Tryout!

The way for the Freshmen to show the college their abilities in various lines of activities is to try out in a public performance. Tryout night for membership in the Dramatic Club of Alabama College, known as the Alabama Players, comes early in October. Each contestant is allowed three minutes on the stage, but by working in groups of two or three a play of six or nine minutes may be presented.

The Dramatic Club was organized in 1921 and has steadily grown in strength and recognition. The teachers of Expression and English serve as directors. Public performances

are frequently given at the college, and at least one road trip is made during the year. The membership is growing stronger each year, and the judges will select thirteen lucky girls as new members for the Alabama Players this year.

CITIZENSHIP SCHOOL GIVEN FOR FRESHMEN

Announcement has been made to the effect that the Freshmen Commission with the assistance of Hazel Black, president of the Student Senate, Helen Davis, president of Student Government, and O. C. Carmichael, Dean of Alabama College, is to conduct a citizenship school during the first two weeks of the fall term, at which time all Freshmen are required to acquaint themselves with the essentials that make up for good citizenship, and well rounded student life.

The commission is hard at work on the preliminaries, and indications are that every effort will be made that it may prove practical, beneficial and successful.

Plans have been almost completed but will not be made known by the chairman until Tuesday night September 15, at which time all Freshmen and other girls in Alabama College for the first time will meet in the Chapel for the purpose of enrolling in and beginning this much needed program.

PLEASE USE THE FORM SHOWN BELOW IN FILLING OUT CHECKS

Write Name of Town

Write Date

Write Name of Bank

Pay to the
Order of

\$

Dollars

Compliments

Merchants & Planters Bank
Montevallo, Alabama

Write Your Name Here

THE ALABAMIAN

ALABAMA COLLEGE, MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA, OCTOBER 3, 1925.

SOPHOMORE COURT ADJOURNS AFTER A STRENUOUS SESSION

Judge Lucy Stevens, who was presiding officer at the session of Sophomore Court which just adjourned, announced today that the session just gone through with was one of the most strenuous in the history of the judicial system of Alabama. It is said that never before in history has a court of its kind had such a full docket, nearly three hundred cases having been disposed of.

States Attorney, Una Franklin, did some severe grueling, and after many heated cross disputes and examining won her point in most instances, proving the guilt of nearly every offender of the law brought before Judge Stevens and her jury composed of students from every rank of college life.

Attorney for the defense, Laura Johnson, made a brave effort to uphold the integrity of those whom she defended. Her absolute resolute respect for the court procedure won for her unusual emendence, and her clear reasoning, and earnest cross examining of witnesses for the state (i. e. Sophomores) gained for her much applause.

The speeches delivered by both attorneys were said to be most masterful, and in keeping with the dignity and solemnity of the occasion.

While very few arraigned before the magistrate were acquitted, no life sentences and no death sentences were passed, the most severe punishment given being four years of hard labor on the highway to knowledge.

Mr. Varner Sutherland and Mr. Gerald O'Bannon of Gadsden were the guests of Miss Velma Taylor and Miss Helen Stroud.

Miss Ann Jones spent the week end in Birmingham.

RAMSAY HALL

BILL SMITH

Oh, mansion, there so tall and grand,
You reign supreme through all the land;
Each daughter who's within your wall
Is proud to call you "Ramsay Hall"

We know you stand for loyalty
Or love, hope, faith, democracy;
We reverence you, both one and all

The grand old name of Ramsay Hall.

Long may you live, O Ramsay Hall
And service give to every call;
We'll ever love you as our own,
The first to call you Ramsay Hall.

Whose Daughter?



Francis Atta Miller is looking for her mother—who left her a week old babe with a Miller family in Wichita, Kas., 24 years ago. She is married now—but she has the diamond necklace her mother left—when disinherited from her wealthy St. Louis family was threatened.

Runs Farm at 12



The year old Vivian, daughter of Rye Beach, N. H., ran a 25-acre farm this summer, milking six cows a day; putting up hay and raising corn and vegetables. She made money to go to school this winter.

INTENSIVE TRAINING GIVEN FRESHMEN

The Freshmen Commission, working in coordination with the senate, is this week conducting a citizenship school, for the benefit of the new students on the campus. A number of group meetings have been held at which time the Freshmen have been taught college songs, yells, traditions, the motto, code, and regulations of the college. Talks have been made to them by the president of the student body, and senate, the chairman of the commission and Dean Carmichael.

The importance of the motto, "Keep Faith," has been especially stressed, and the commission has endeavored to alleviate some of the disorder, homesickness, and general "un-understanding" that is usually prevalent on a college campus during the first few weeks of school.

It is believed that the commission has accomplished some good, and has made itself a permanent thing at Alabama College.

BULLETIN BOARD TO BE ATTRACTIVE FEATURE

"The Voice of the Students," and the Y. W. Bulletin Boards are two conspicuous information bureaus in the main dormitory, the Y. W. board standing in the lobby, and the Senate, or "Voice of the Students" board just outside the door to the office of the Dean. Others even as important and prominent are the boards used by the student government association.

On these boards appear, from time to time announcements, and information concerning some or all of the students. It is therefore necessary that these boards be observed daily.

The Y. W. C. A. gives permission for students to use their board. A request has been made, however, that no announcement be unofficially pinned on any bulletin board.

Within a short time it is hoped that another board may be secured for religious announcements and information concerning the church services, students conferences, student religious organizations, and magazines.

Philomatic Notes

Mr. Carlton Perdue of Birmingham Southern, spent last Tuesday with his sister, Pearl Perdue.

Mrs. Dorsey Young, nee Mary McKenzie, was the attractive guest of Miss Joyce Jackson Tuesday.

We are very glad indeed to have with us again this year, Miss Marguerite Scroggins, who for the last two years has been teaching in Gadsden and Miss Helen Boykin, who spent last winter in Eugene, Oregon.

Miss Martha Orr, spent the week end in Birmingham, attending the Auburn Birmingham Southern game.

MIDNIGHT TOLLS THE BELL FOR RATS

Friday night at one o'clock terminated "Rat Week," the grand final ratting occurring at that time. Never before in the history of the institution had there been an observance of such a week, dedicated to the presence of the vermin of Hamelin. This year, however, the Sophomores, conscious of their superiority to the newcomers, decided that with the permission of the president of the student body, and the Advisory Board, "Rat Week" should be observed in a most elaborate and ostentatious manner. The week ending Friday September 25, was the outcome of their deep thinking and reasoning.

The following were the rules which those who claimed admittance to the Freshman class were subjected:

RULES FOR RATS

1. Caps may be removed only at bed time, when going to church and at meals. They must be worn until inside the dining room door. Said caps must be worn straight and on top of head.

2. No paint, powder, or other cosmetics may be used during "Rat Week."

3. Hair must be worn straight and behind ears.

4. No "Rat" may use the front gate to the campus. The side gate near the postoffice must be used instead.

5. Extreme deference must be paid all upper classmen.

a. No rat may enter the dining room until all upper classmen are within the doors.

b. No rat may go in the postoffice for mail until after lunch and after all afternoon classes are over.

c. When in crowded circumstances precedence must be shown upper classmen.

d. The back door to Bloch Hall is the only one by which rats may enter that building.

e. Strict and willing obedience must be paid commands of all upper classmen.

6. All freshmen must perambulate expeditiously, promulgating propitiously, and prognosticating psychologically.

Note. Punishment for the infraction of any above regulation shall be left to the discretion of Sophomore Court.

In addition to the above rules the Sophs exacted the following requirements:

Monday. General ratting. Any mild form of ratting was permissible, and the rats were subject to the desires and commands of upper classmen.

Tuesday. Rainy day. Although the sun was shining brightly the freshmen were compelled to carry umbrellas with them as though it were raining. It was a source of amusement to upper classmen and officers to see the rats running from building to building, umbrellas over head, in order to keep from getting rained on.

Wednesday. Backward day. All Freshmen were ordered to make all entrances and exits walking backwards.

Thursday. Silent day. The Sophomores having unanimously consented that the freshmen had been talking too much enacted a regulation to the effect that Freshmen be absolutely silent on Thursday.

Friday. Grand Final Ratting. One o'clock was set as the hour of doom. Freshmen were frightened beyond expectations. Having been warned that they must be fully dressed at the appointed time, nearly all rats retired in their dresses, some of them keeping on even their shoes. Those not regularly dressed were in gym clothes in anticipation of a "rough time."

ELABORATE PLANS FOR FOUNDERS' DAY

Founders Day will be observed October the twelfth this year at Alabama College, the Senate sponsoring the occasion. The chief event of the day will be the dedication of Ramsay Hall, the recently completed dormitory, made possible by the gift of Erskine Ramsay.

A full and elaborate program has been prepared. Governor William W. Brandon will be the chief speaker, and representatives from all colleges, and big organizations in the state will be present.

Two toasts, the same which were given college night last year, both of which were to the memory of Janet Ramsay, mother of the great benefactor, and for whom the dormitory is named will be given. The toast used by the Golds will be given by Hazel Black, president of the Senate, and the one used by the Purples by Helen Davis, president of the Student Government association of the college.

One event to which the student body is also looking forward is the barbecue at noon.

Martha Young's Recital at eight o'clock that night closes the day's program. This recital is for the benefit of a scholarship to be given the niece of the performer.

Several hundred people from over the state are expected to be present, and the entire student body is expected to participate in the activities of the day, and to help make it the greatest Founders Day yet held at Alabama College.

New Grading Requirement Adhered to for Year

The Honor Point system of grading will this year be a basis upon which depends the classification of any student. Heretofore only hours were considered, a certain number of hours being necessary before one could be classified as a Sophomore, Junior, or Senior, as the case might be. Under the new system being put in now by Dean Carmichael and his co-workers, the number of hours still has weight, but a certain number of honor points, based upon the grade secured for each hour's work must also be attained. A grade of A on one hour's work indicates three honor points, B, two, and C, one. F, counts as minus one honor point. The number of hours secured for two quarters of work is correspondingly the means six honor points. The requirement for graduation is two hundred honor points.

Any student who has completed four year's course with at least five hundred honor points may be graduated with high honors, and any student graduated with four hundred honor points may be graduated with high honors.

The new system, a practical one was instigated at Alabama College several years ago, but little attention was paid to it until the latter part of the session, at which time Dean Carmichael made provision for its strict enactment and during the coming session.

Ralph Laserby was elected president, Miss Irma Reeves, vice-president.

When one o'clock came the freshmen made their way through the corridors to the assembly hall where they waited for the speaker whom they believed would come to the center of the hall. After a night's sleep and growth the humbled freshmen made their way back to the dormitory feeling free until Monday when Sophomore Court convened.

Air Defense



Maj. Gen. James C. Harbord, U. S. A., retired, who is to head President Coolidge's new committee, named to study our aviation defense needs. The committee met the President before going into session.

WATCH THIS COLUMN

It belongs to the Y. W. C. A., and the Y. W. belongs to you. Since it belongs to you it should interest you and help you. And if it does interest you, if you work with it, enjoy it, and do what you can to make it grow, you will have grasped one phase of college life that will broaden you as nothing else can. Don't forget God while you're getting an education, for He is wisdom, and knowledge without wisdom is hardly worthwhile. If you feel that the Y. W. can help you keep closer to God, then please try to become more familiar with it. This column will be full of Y. W. in every issue.

ADVISORY BOARD OF THE Y. W. C. A.

Rev. P. H. Carmichael, Miss Carlton Chase, Miss Nellie Stone, and Dr. Hall.

STUDENT OFFICERS OF Y. W.

Anne Long, president.
Louise Ward, vice-president.
Ruth Little, Secretary.
Laura Johnson, Treasurer.
Alice Quarles, Under-graduate Representative.

Y. W. CABINET OFFICERS

Tea Room, Louise Ward.
Social Committee, Fannie Morton.
Publicity Committee, Ruth Jones.
Home Service Committee, Elmore Ingram.
World Fellowship, Ruth Griffin.
Programs, Ruby Benton.
Big Sister Committee, Gage Morton.
Morning Watch, Eva Hargett.
Morning Watch (Ramsay), Miss Helen Boykin.

RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS ACTIVE THIS YR.

Religious activities at the college this year are believed to be on the brink of great success. The Y. W. C. A., headed by Anne Long, is said to have perhaps the most capable cabinet it could secure, and to be looking forward to being able to solve many student problems during the year, and create a closer harmony among the students.

Prayer circles have been organized on each hall, so that in addition to the regular Y. W. services and morning watch there will be held each night just as the lights go out, a group meeting for Bible reading and prayer.

Denominational activities have received a stimulus, also and the girls of the various churches represented in Montevallo have planned great programs for the year.

The Baptists were the first to take definite action. Ibbie Jones, president of the Baptist student union has announced that girls here may find opportunity for work in any Baptist organization they may have been connected with at home. Six college classes have been provided for at the Sunday school, and it is hoped that by interesting all the Baptist girls in Sunday school work a need for more and better classes will be felt.

An active Y. W. C. A. is now existing as many girls as it can. The work is carried on in circles this year, four circles having been organized at the beginning of the year.

A number of B. Y. P. U.'s are also to be organized, and the director is looking forward to some good work here.

The Catholic girls were the next to make definite plans for the year's work. Though the number of Catholics in the college is small, they are most enthusiastic over the anticipation of a successful year.

The Presbyterian church of Montevallo, of which Mr. P. H. Carmichael, head of the Bible department of the college is pastor, feels quite fortunate in being able to secure the services of Helen Boykin as student pastor. Boykin's aim is to give the Presbyterian girls some phase of their religious activities during the year.

Shadows of the City

By EDWIN BALMER and GENE MARKEY

CASH BAIL

V. N. U. SERVICE

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman)

HE change in the police attitude toward Kitty Hewitt came with shocking suddenness. At ten o'clock she was a guest in the Fraley mansion on the Lake Shore drive, breakfasting with Mrs. Fraley and with Dr. Bertram Darand in the quaint, Delft-blue tile breakfast-room of the Fraleys.

Cannel-coal fire was snapping and singing cozily in a black iron basket on the blue-tile hearth; upon the table, actively set with breakfast things, coffee percolator was steaming with pleasant aroma. Mrs. Fraley sat facing the fire; with her back to it sat Kitty Hewitt and between them Doctor Darand.

To one was to disturb them. This was the order given to the servants. Mrs. Fraley; and certainly it was necessary order, if the three in the breakfast-room were to procure any of peace this morning. For the telephone bell was ringing almost incessantly.

The reason, of course, was the presence of Kitty Hewitt. This morning thousands—literally millions—of people wanted to know about her. What was a truth underlying her amazing situation?

What they already knew was certainly provocative of interest. This very girl, whose delicacy of feature and figure and whose natural manner were proof of gentle birth and early bringing, had been discovered to be friend of gunmen. The most notorious youth in Chicago—a handsome young man of many aliases, best known as Edward Pellen or by the nickname of "Eddie the Immune"—had been her friend. She had known him the members of an underworld gang who grouped themselves about a crook known to the police as Grame.

Let it appear that she had not been actually a member of the gang, in the sense that she lived by its activities. She had supported herself, recently at least, by teaching mah-jongg to fashionable people. Further and more dramatic proof of her separation from Grame's gang arose from the fact that a couple of days ago when she learned that Grame was holding Dr. Bertram Darand in his power she had immediately called the police and brought them in time to save Darand.

This was the spectacular incident which turned public attention to her; and immediately it was followed by another—a more unpleasant affair—when Grame sent a gunman, one Gervey, to punish her for informing the police. Last night, as she sat at supper in a cafe, Pellen, protecting her, had shot down his co-gangster.

For this act Pellen now was in jail, charged with murder; and Kitty Hewitt was safe in this big home on the drive. Ostensibly she was here as a guest of Doctor Darand's good friends, the Fraleys; actually she was here for protection against the gang and under a sort of informal parole.

For this, Doctor Darand and his friends had taken responsibility; so her physical situation this morning was comfortable.

"What are they doing with him now?" she asked curiously, glancing from Mrs. Fraley to Bertram. "Him," of course, referred to the youth who had put his own life at stake last night for the sake of defending her; he was Pellen, Eddie, the once "immune."

"The grand jury is in session," Bertram replied. "One of the Tribune reporters just told me that the state's attorney takes Pellen before the grand jury at ten o'clock."

"I must be there with him!" And Kitty Hewitt arose, trembling.

Young Darand caught her hand and held her. "Don't you see," he told her gently, "that you must stay here? Besides, even if you went to the criminal courts building, you could do no good."

"Oh, I know it!" Wearily she sank again into her chair. "Today is their day; they'll indict him—for murder. There's no use fighting against that—there's no stopping that, I suppose."

Mrs. Fraley poured clear brown coffee from her steaming percolator. "You must eat something now, my dear," she urged.

But Kitty Hewitt had no appetite. "I'm spoiling your breakfast," she said. "I'm sorry. If you'll excuse me, I'll go up to my room."

"Of course I'll excuse you," smiled Mrs. Fraley. Bertram followed Kitty Hewitt to the stairs and escorted her up to her room on the second floor, where a maid met her and he was dismissed.

He started downtown almost immediately afterward, or as soon as he got past the cordon of reporters before the house. Being barely twenty-seven years of age, he possessed a most modest list of patients; yet it was long enough to provide, usually, an hour or two of actual work for him each morning.

Bertram drove on and with a troubled mind took up the routine of his work. It was one o'clock and he was on the west side of the city, following a visit to the county hospital, when the front page of an early afternoon paper caught his eye. There it was in bold headlines:

PELLEN INDICTED FOR MURDER
Eddie the Immune Held for Trial Without Bail

A definite and undeniable step had been taken, bringing Pellen nearer to doom. If Bertram felt it, how much more would Kitty Hewitt be affected by it! She had told him that the bond between Pellen and herself was not love; at least, not love on her part, she had said, though it was true Pellen loved her. They had grown up as girl and boy together, Pellen and she; when disaster had met her mother, Pellen's mother had taken little Kitty Hewitt into her own home and brought her up to the best of her ability. Eddie Pellen had been like a brother to her; and when he went "bad," Kitty had refused to forsake him. He loved her—above everything else in the world.

Doctor Darand also was in love with her. Of course this was a far more recent fact and one to which she paid little or no heed. It was overshadowed today by Pellen's trouble—Pellen who, protecting her, had put his life to forfeit. Bertram longed to telephone to her when the news of the indictment was being spread through the streets; but what could he say? So, having no professional calls to make this afternoon, he took recourse to the resort of an idle physician, and absorbed himself with watching others work at a clinic.

Later when Bertram stepped from the hospital doors into the lamp-lit dusk of the early evening a shock awaited him. New headlines screamed from the newspapers. Kitty Hewitt! they proclaimed. Something had happened during the afternoon while he had been shut up in the clinic rooms, something which surpassed the sensation of the formal indictment of Pellen; something involving the girl herself, who was the actual heart of the case. Kitty Hewitt arrested! That was it.

But she was not being held without bond, as was Pellen, who had fired the shot. The judge, who had ordered her held, had fixed her bail at ten thousand dollars. "As no one offered bond, she was taken to the jail." That was what the paper said.

He drove at once through the dark streets to the jail. It was not the hour for visitors, but his situation and condition were exceptional, and he was let in. He had to see for himself that Kitty Hewitt actually was in jail; and from the corridor outside the women's section he caught a glimpse of her. About forty women were grouped about small tables within a barred and steel-bound enclosure known as the women's "bull pen."

At the fourth table behind the bars through which Bertram Darand stared, a patch of lovely color showed. He caught his breath. It was corn-color hair—Kitty Hewitt's hair!

The guard who had piloted Bertram discovered her at once. "There's your girl," he said, jerking his thumb toward her table.

He could see her eyes now; she gazed at him steadily—until he lowered his head. It seemed to him not so much her shame as his that she sat there.

As he followed the guard away, barely noticing where he was led, he found himself again stirred by the question which so many others asked this morning, but which no one yet had answered: "Who was this girl?"

He drove first to the Fraleys'. Bertram knew that when she was taken away by the police the Fraleys had forsaken her; but he thought it possible that they did not fully understand what it meant for a girl to be in jail. So he went to them and told them.

They were very sorry; they felt extremely distressed. Indeed, for she had seemed such a lovely girl; but—ten thousand dollars was ten thousand dollars, and it could not be offered to penniless Doctor Darand for the freedom of a girl whom nobody knew. There was a chill finality in their tone; it was no use arguing. Bertram hurried on to the home of the friend next upon his list.

Half an hour later he was hastening to the door of the third. By ten o'clock he had ceased to try to raise ten thousand dollars in one sum; he begged for half of it; for a quarter of it; then for a tenth of it only.

At one o'clock in the morning, when even the mansions of the drive and Astor street had become dark, Bertram turned wearily toward his boarding-house room with experience and much bitter learning for his night's begging. He had learned that the friends of his father and the sons of the friends of his grandfather had maintained their fortunes through the preservation of a marvellously rigid attitude toward sums such as ten thousand dollars, or even five or one,

which required them to see clearly the return to themselves before risking any such sum.

He went to bed but did not sleep; and as he lay, reviewing bitterly his beggings of this night, he thought of Kitty Hewitt on a cot in one of those steel-walled cells of the pen. The women prisoners shared cells.

On the street a newsboy was crying her name. Shakily Bertram bought a paper, and saw the story on the first page, beneath staring headlines. Kitty Hewitt had been freed from jail. Below was the astonishing report that a lawyer named Klegson had appeared with thirty thousand dollars in cash and obtained the release of Kitty Hewitt from jail.

Cash! Anonymous, unidentified cash that had been put up for her! Who had put it up?

A reporter encountered Bertram on the walk. "Just looking for your rich friends put up that cash bail?"

"Not any friends of mine," denied Bertram with emphasis. "I can swear to that. I've seen them all. But look here—" he caught at the reporter's sleeve. "She's really out of jail? You've seen her—out?"

"She went off with Klegson, the lawyer," the newspaper man assured him.

"Whose lawyer?" Bertram demanded.

"Why, doctor, I was after you to ask that."

"If I could tell you, I would," said Bertram. "But I don't know; I don't know. Where did Klegson go with her?"

"He wasn't going with her; she was going with him—to his office, it looked like. I don't know, though; I had to come to find you."

And, having found him, the reporter insisted on accompanying him; but Bertram did not care. The reporter

"Tell the driver Addison street," and she gave a number. "That's where I've been living," she said. "I'll show you all I know about myself and who—who might put up thirty thousand dollars cash for me and send me word to 'jump' it."

The house on Addison street proved to be a small frame building which must have been built thirty or forty years ago and which antedated by at least a generation the tall new flats which waited it on both sides.

It was the last sort of place which Bertram would have imagined to be Kitty Hewitt's home. "You live here?" he asked, as she showed him into the parlor.

"I've other addresses, as you know," she answered. "But here's my refuge when I need it. No man has ever come here with me or for me before. Two friends of mine own the house—two old maids, one of them bedridden now. She's upstairs; her sister works in the library. They gave me a key so that I could come here to read to the invalid and for my own sake whenever I needed to. They keep all the personal possessions of Kitty Hewitt. I'll show you." And she hastened upstairs.

It was evident that she stopped first in the room of the bedridden sister; for Bertram heard exclamations of delight from a gentle voice. Then the light, quick tread moved overhead toward the rear of the house and soon Kitty came downstairs. She came slowly, and Bertram, looking up, saw that she was carrying a heavy wooden box. He took it from her and bore it to the parlor, where he placed it upon the floor. They sat down beside it and opened it.

"Everything my mother left me is in here," said Kitty. "She died, I told you, when I was five. Then Ed's mother took me."



She Left These for Me," Kitty Went On. "From These I Learned Everything I Know About Myself."

knew where Klegson's office was; and together they walked away.

He sent in his name to Klegson; and the girl who took his card brought out word that the attorney could not see him; but a minute later Kitty Hewitt came out.

She closed the door behind her and stood with her back to it, clinging to the knob as though for support.

She asked him, before the reporters who crowded around her: "It wasn't a friend of yours who put up that bail?"

Bertram shook his head. "No." Bertram took her arm and led her out to the elevator. The reporters crowded close, filling the car which stopped for her and Bertram, and surrounding them on their way to the street, where Bertram hailed a taxi.

"Get us away!" he called to the driver. "Then I'll tell you where to go."

He took Kitty in his arms as the cab sped off. "Now what is it?" he asked her.

"The bail! The cash bail! Some one put up thirty thousand dollars cash for me!"

"Yes," said Bertram. "Yes." "Mr. Klegson won't tell you who it was. It was cash; there's no way to trace it. But he gave me a message."

"From whom?"

"From the one who put up the bail. He sent me word: 'Get out. Go abroad anywhere you want where you'll be safe. Never mind the thirty thousand dollars. Jump the bail. Let it go to forfeit.' And he sent two thousand dollars, cash, to me with word that I'll have more when I need it."

"What?" cried Bertram. He understood now why she had known, before she saw him, that this cash bail could not be the result of any effort of his with his friends. Some one with a tremendous and a vital interest in her had done this for her. "Who could it be?" he asked her.

She drew up in his arms and with a little shudder gazed about. "Did we get away from them?"

Bertram looked out. "Seems so."

"What do you think?" Bertram fenced.

His fingers played with a locket which Kitty had opened. One side held a small circular photograph of her mother; in the other side was the girl herself as a child.

He felt both sides of the locket and the side with the child's picture seemed the slightest bit thicker. The thought which leaped up seemed at any rate worth trying. "Get some hot water and a cloth," he bade Kitty.

How he wished not to destroy the picture of her; yet to try his idea he had to. So he sponged and soaked, losing forever the likeness of the child's face but revealing another picture below it. Carefully, tremblingly he softened the old, dried paste and drew away the ruined picture disclosing a man's likeness.

Bertram Darand whistled. Could it be possible that that man had been the one cut from the picture?

Bertram gazed at Kitty, who was looking for the first time at the likeness of the man she had wondered about all her life; she looked up at Bertram and gasped: "You know him?"

"I think," Bertram could barely speak, "I think I do. Anyway, I'll go out and make sure. But you must stay here. Promise—promise me you'll stay here and wait for me."

When he set off alone, Bertram was thrilled with a tremendous excitement and bold with his purpose. "Carfax," he repeated to himself, "Henry Carfax is the man. There's no mistaking the face in that picture."

Ahead, as Bertram's taxi entered a canyon between the tall skyscrapers of the city, loomed the white tower of the Carfax building, where Carfax had his offices from which he directed the destinies of half a dozen corporations.

The office in which he found himself now was spacious and softly carpeted. It was empty save for a tall, well-set-up man dressed in gray, standing at the window. His back was toward Bertram—and the back of a well-shaped blond head—with hair the color of Kitty Hewitt's, barely touched with gray at the temples. He was lighting a cigar with an intensity of preoccupation which did not deceive Doctor Darand; nor was he deceived by the attempt at a casual greeting.

"Well, Darand, what can I do for you?"

"Today," began Bertram quietly, "you provided cash bail, to the sum of thirty thousand dollars, to gain the release of a certain girl from jail." He leaned forward, speaking more boldly than he had ever spoken in his life. "That girl's resemblance to you, now that the matter of the bail has called attention to it, is very striking. More than striking—I think you know what I mean. Well, she is out of jail—that girl we're both thinking of—and she's safe at an address in town which I know."

"It occurred to me that you might prefer to go to her—rather than have me bring her here or to your apartment, where Mrs. Carfax and your other daughter live."

"You mean—"

"I mean that there are some affairs to be settled. Am I right?"

"Where is she?" he demanded in a husky voice, and passed a shaky hand over his hair.

"I'll show you," said Bertram, "if you'll come with me."

"You and I," muttered Carfax, "nobody else. Can you arrange that?" It seemed his only condition for surrender.

Bertram nodded. "That's exactly what I want."

Carfax's big gray limousine was below, and in it they drove to Addison street. Kitty was at the door of the prim little old-fashioned house as Doctor Darand, with Carfax at his side, came up the walk.

"Come in," she invited Bertram. Carfax halted, confused as to which should pass first through the narrow door; but with a gesture Bertram bade him enter, and then followed.

"Kitty," began Bertram, feeling that this was the most difficult situation he had ever been in, "Kitty, this is the man who put up bail for you today."

"Yes?" murmured Kitty, her eyes never leaving Carfax's gray face.

"What is his name?"

Bertram waited for Carfax to answer for himself; but he seemed incapable of speech, and his head dropped. So Bertram spoke: "This is Henry Carfax, Kitty. You may have heard of him."

With an apparent effort her lips parted, but still her eyes never wavered. "Oh, yes," she said, "I—I've heard of him. But why did he put up bail for me, Bertram?" Now, at last, her quiet manner broke. "You—you—why did you put up that money for me?"

And with a choking cry Carfax stammered: "Because you are my daughter." His eyes were piteous in their appeal.

Kitty Hewitt put a slender white hand to her throat. "I—I never knew you. Do you know what you've been to me? A hole in a picture—that's all! Do you see this picture? My mother did that. She blotted over your name—she wanted me never to know who you were!" Her voice rose with scorn. "Why did my mother feel that way?"

Carfax's square chin quivered. "I—I—"

"Well?"

"I never meant to," he muttered hoarsely. "Oh, Kitty—my—my little baby!"

"Then my name was Kitty to you," she controlled herself superbly. "Tell me, was my name Hewitt, or did my mother change it?"

"I—I changed my name," the financier confessed.

"Why?"

"I was trying to—to make a new start."

"When? After you left mother and me?"

Carfax brushed a hand across his eyes and went on in a strained voice: "It all started with my ambition—to get somewhere in the world—to make a better living for us all. I—I worked hard, but I never seemed to get ahead. Then—the thing happened. I met a girl who had money and what I needed—influence. Oh, I don't know how it all happened, but I never let her know I was already married. And I used her influence to help myself along. She—she was interested in me; and I got involved with her. I only intended to use her as a means of getting on in the business, but—" his head dropped again. "Your mother discovered it."

"She left me then, Kitty. She took you, and went away. Oh, God knows, she had reason—I admit that I wronged her. I suppose she had to do what she did. But we—we had been so happy once." He paused, then continued: "She divorced me not to free me, but to keep you, Kitty—so I might never claim you. Then she went away, and search as I did, I never could find you. I looked everywhere—"

"For mother and me?" Kitty asked. "Or just for me?"

"Both. I wanted—I needed—you both."

"Were you sorry? Did you want mother to take you back?"

"It was too late then. I—I had married another woman."

"Oh! The rich girl, of course. In a way I can see now why I've always despised people with money."

"But I tried to find you, Kitty. I searched everywhere—three or four years—for you and your mother. I wanted to provide for you. Your mother went away without taking a cent from me. And she never was strong, Kitty—"

"Except in soul!" The girl's eyes blazed like sapphires. "But soul meant nothing to you!"

"Oh, but it did! I never could forget her. I did everything, I tell you, to find her—searched and advertised for years. But I never found a trace until after she was dead. And then I couldn't locate you. It was years before I learned where you had been, and when I went there nobody knew where you had gone. I found out that a widow named Pellen had brought you up as one of her own. But I couldn't find you, Kitty. The widow had died and the Pellen home was broken up. Eddie Pellen was a fugitive from the police, and so I never knew where you were. Then, the other night, he did that murder."

"It wasn't murder! He shot in self-defense—and for me."

"Whatever it was, my child—he was caught. And you were with him. I knew at once when I saw the picture in the papers; besides, I knew you had been brought up with Pellen. I—I can't tell you what I felt. But I sent money, as soon as I could, to get you free."

"You sent money," said she coldly, "but did you come to the jail to see me—when I hadn't any one? Oh, you expect me to believe this story of how heartbroken you were and how you searched everywhere for me! But see how you kept under cover. How like you to send money by a lawyer, so that nobody would know you were putting up my bail! Oh, I don't want your money! You can take it back. I'd rather be in jail!"

"Kitty," pleaded Carfax brokenly, "I don't deserve this."

"No? And what do you think you deserve? Perhaps you want to take me home—where your new family live?"

"You know I can't do that. Please try to understand. I want to help you. There are charges against you—that—that—oh, you've got to get out of the country! You can't stay and face that trial. You've got to get away. Never mind the bail—I sent word to you to jump it. I don't care about the money, but for your own sake I beg of you to leave the country. I'll give you all the money you need and I'll send you more."

"No!" Kitty Hewitt drew herself erect, her head with its crown of fair hair held high. And watching her, Bertram Darand loved her more than he had ever loved her before. "No," she said quietly, and with a dignity that amazed both men, "you'll not give me one cent. I shall not cost you a dollar. I was wrong about going back to jail—that would be foolish, for I must be free to help Ed, to save his life. Do you suppose I could run away and leave him—after what he's done for me? I'll be in court when they call my name; but don't worry—it's not your name now; you've a new one. No, don't worry for a second that I'll tell. You can stay under cover." She turned away. "That's all. You can go now."

"But Kitty—"

"Please go."

"You are my daughter."

"I want to forget that. Go, now. I didn't send Doctor Darand to fetch you. He went himself. I don't want to see you again. Go!"

The financier turned a face gray with suffering toward the door and walked unsteadily out of the room. Neither Bertram nor Kitty moved. Then there was a sound of the front door closing, and with that sound Kitty Hewitt's bravery crumpled. She wavered and would have fallen but that Bertram stepped forward and caught her in his arms and held her close to him.

SOCIETY

Mrs. J. C. Little of Birmingham spent last Thursday with her daughter Alvis.

Miss Alma Alman spent the week end in Birmingham.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Alman spent Sunday with their daughter, Miss Alma Alman.

Mr. Lewis Sims of Birmingham spent Sunday as the guest of Miss Mary Noble.

Mr. Wilbur De Van and Mr. Eugene Malone of Mobile, were the guests of Miss Margaret Coleman and Miss Kat Leath on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Davis of Birmingham spent Sunday with their daughter, Miss Helen Davis.

We are always very glad to have Miss Althea Hughes back with us this year.

Miss Ruth Freeman of Alexander City spent the week end with Miss Antonio Tolbert.

Tutwiler

Hattie McLeod spent Sunday with us on her return from Birmingham where she was sole delegate for the Ku Klux Klan from Camden. She will leave soon for Sarasota, Fla., where she has accepted a position.

We are very glad indeed to have Winnie back with us as "Miss Castleman" a member of the faculty this year.

Miss Mary Wiley spent the week end in Birmingham where she attended the Auburn Southern game.

Miss Iva Mae Malone has moved to Miami and will attend the Fla. State college at Tallahassee.

We are looking forward for the return of Miss Kathleen McCormick at beginning of second quarter.

Judge and Mrs. Grayson and family while on their way to Mobile from Dillard, Ga., were the guests of Miss Margaret Grayson.

Pi Kappa Delta

After spending the summer in various ways the members of the Pi Kappa Delta club have returned to Alabama College with their same old peppy spirits ready for a year of work and fun.

Those who returned are Katherine Prentiss, Ruby Foster, Alleen Johnson, Frands Freeland, Ruth Griffin, Rubie Joe Snellgrove, Lois Reynolds, Hazel Jackson, and two pledges Pauline Day and Sara Etheridge.

Frances Seay will be with us again next term. She did not return on account of the illness and death of her grand mother.

Green and Gertrude Broadway will spend the winter in Selma and Sophia and Georgia Jordan will also remain at home.

That Letter Home

ALABAMA COLLEGE
Montevallo, Alabama
Sept. 14, 1925

Dear Mother:

Well, I arrived last night and I thought I was safe and sound until as I stood on the steps with my suit case I felt what I took to be the taxi rolling over my feet. I turned around as soon as I recovered myself and saw it was a big fat Junior standing on my new cantiever's. She was mighty sweet she grabbed my suit case and took me to my room. You don't know how glad I was to get behind closed doors. Every body on the front seemed to know everybody else and I just stood there feeling like I'd come to the jumping off place until that taxi—I mean that Junior stepped on my new shoes and then acted so sweet to me.

Mother, I took out your picture and Bob's too, and talked to them a long time. I was crying all over then when my room mate came in. It was the first time I'd ever seen her but she's right cute and I think I'm going to like her fine.

This morning I got up about five thirty and wanted to take a bath, but there wasn't a bowl or pitcher anywhere. I lay down again and pretended to sleep. About five or ten minutes to seven my room mate got up and grabbed a towel and a rag and I grabbed mine and followed her. I was in the tub (one of these long white ones like Aunt Jane has) when the breakfast bell rang. Sara, my roommate was ready before I got my shoes laced up and mother my new cantievers hurt my feet. What must I do?

After breakfast I lined up in front of Botch Hall, or what ever they call it, on my way to register. I stood in line four hours and twenty six minutes and was second to the door when the bell rang for dinner and the office closed.

I noticed the Juniors and Seniors looked mighty fresh and pretty. I know they were upper classmen because they had that knowing look. I heard them laughing about the grand rush the Freshmen made; said they (the wise ones), always gossiped and visited the first day and half, and then registered when the rush was over.

Well mother, please write to me often. I'll write you more about Alabama College next time.

Devotedly,

Mary.

P. S. Tell Aunt Florence the gingham dress is too long. None of the girls here wear their dresses to the ankles.

Diner (with menu)—Chicken croquettes, eh? I say, waiter, what part of a chicken is the croquette?

Waiter—The part that's left over from the day before, sir.—Boston Transcript.

"How can I drive a nail without hitting my finger?"

"Get your husband to hold it." selected.

IN THE RING OF A JEST

Judy Rayburn, clever negro impersonator, clown, wit, artist, and "Pickup," staged his one-man minstrel in the airy auditorium at Montone, on top of Lookout Mountain. Six hundred young people about his own age were there to see and hear the clever actor—and to laugh at him. No one ever took Judy seriously, never at all. But then, one couldn't blame them. No wonder they laughed at him. He was Judy. And didn't Judy glory in making people laugh? It seemed so, at least. And if Judy did glory in making people laugh, he was at the height of his glory at Montone, the fashionable summer resort of Alabama—that is, a resort that is fashionable when people of fashion flock there. That's logical isn't it? As it happens, however, the place is termed a little differently during June of every year. That month it is quite a sanctified, religious, inspirational place, for church people from every corner of the state congregate there. Of course it was just a happen so that it was a religious assembly. It could just as easily and just as well have been anything else. But it happens to have been a gathering of religious workers. Judy's performance in the auditorium was also a happen-so. But it happened, or rather at the opening of our story which is also a happen-so, was about to happen.

The curtains parted, Judy stood on the platform in all his glory (people were laughing at him). He spoke a few words in negro dialect (an introduction which might have been necessary had he never before been in his glory at Montone.) And if laughing at one glorifies one, Julian Lee Rayburn, Judy the clown, was about the most glorified person in Alabama.

Judy's minstrel was a success— from the stand point of five hundred ninety nine. But then, Judy hadn't expected to have the approval of every one. For five hundred ninety nine, his hour of glory had glorified the whole afternoon. What need he care for the other one especially if he knew not of the disapproval?

Bettie Warner sat in the lobby of the hotel at a desk. She wrote hurriedly, yet putting her very self into it. So intent would she become on the writing of her letter, almost a volume now, her head would bend nearer her work. Then as though realizing her surroundings, and becoming suddenly conscious, she would sit, elbow propped, chewing the end of the pen, which had not been in use by more than six hundred—or so it seemed from its writing qualities—and gazing into space, as though entering upon a new line of thought.

"There is a pesky boy here," she dashed it off, "who has so completely charmed everyone except me that I'm wondering what's wrong with me. He's the veritable life of the party. He is enjoying a reputation of being exceedingly witty, clever, and original. But somehow I can force myself to do no better than to abhor him. I've mentioned this to a few of the crowd and each one is puzzled that I have taken him as I do. You know how I've always been—such a giggler. It seems always that my entire laughing apparatus is opened up. I'm so different from my old self up here. I laugh continually; but I do not for one minute think of the gallant scion of an entertainer of King Edward's Court (for such he is supposed to be) one white and clever. He sounds stereotyped to me. This afternoon he gave a minstrel, under what auspices I do not know—but he gave it. And since he is one of these people who enjoy being laughed at, I think he must have been supremely happy. He even showed it, to what I thought a disgusting degree. I really believe if I had actually been tickled and amused by his antics, the performance would have been spoiled for me by his

starched looks of self-satisfaction. "Yes, everyone here is supremely interested in him. He is gaining distinction and popularity on every hand—I can't understand it. He is actually spoiling my stay up here. Everything else is very refined and wholesome. The atmosphere is truly invigorating, and the inspiration—there are loads of it. For me! If the right man would come along I'm sure I'd fall desperately in love in such a place as this. As things stand, though, I guess I'll write the stories I've got names for up here. Yes, the place is good for that too! Really, it's enough to give anyone a new lease on life. The place is so majestic, so beautiful, nature has been especially kind here. Even as I write you know I can imagine myself sitting on Sunset Rock or Inspiration Point, writing my heart and life away. I'd be happy in doing so. It hurts me beyond words that I cannot remain here next week—if only that infernal clown were not here!"

A tap on her shoulder caused her to look around "Bettie, a crowd of us are going to Sunset. We want you to come along. Put up your writing; that's all you do." The sight of Judy paralyzed her.

"Sorry, Judy, but I simply can't go. This is quite an important letter. I must get it off on the afternoon mail." She felt guilty as she spoke.

"This is the last chance you'll have. You're forgetting this is the last afternoon you'll be here. Better come along with us."

"Oh, I could curse," she muttered with gritted teeth, "I hate you," and with her eyes she seemed to tell him, "I could stamp you, yes, delight in grinding you to pieces."

Two hours later as the sun sank behind Sand Mountain a small group of happy young people were on Sunset Rock, watching the sky change color, and counting the minutes as the sun, burning in its glory, slowly slipped behind the mountains in the west. Even Bettie was quiet, impressed, reverent. Not that he never was. Those who knew him fully believed him sincere. It was Bettie, who not knowing him, didn't like him.

The occasion was too great and happy to share with just one. For while Montone was tingling with the electric power and force that sends the arrow deepest into vigorous hearts, it at the same time was a place where fellowship, congeniality and association meant so much, that for the last sunset they, without having planned it at all grouped together.

"It's terrible to be poor," Bettie's eyes were intent on the western horizon. Her solemn words were as fuel for a big fire.

"POOR!" It was Judy who dared feed the fire. "Poor here, when you can look at that!"

"Oh, really, that's not what I mean, Judy. I mean I'd give anything to have money to stay here another week, just to see that. I'd like to stay."

"Stay then."

"But I told you I didn't have the money."

"Humph, stay anyway, like me!"

"Would if I could you know that!"

"Yes, Bettie told me today the stories she's going to write about Montone. Her week here has been well spent in other ways than ours!" Ruth's firm voice struck an interesting note.

"Do you write?—I mean anything besides letters?" Judy was eagerly inquisitive.

"Try to."

"So we have an authoress in our midst! All hail to Miss Bettie Warner." Judy bowed in profound salute.

"Well, stop that silly, and please leave off the 'ess'. I'm an author if you please."

"And so you think you're going to author—ize Montone?"

"Part of it," she shot daggers at him, if eyes can hurl weapons.

"Oh, I wish he'd go on. Now he has

ruined my last sunset here." This last was not spoken.

The few of them paired off in going back to the hotel, and subsequently to the auditorium, where the last service of the week would be rendered. Murray was Bettie's escort. In a measure he made up to her the break of the spell at Sunset. She was happy.

"Bettie, can't you possibly stay? Is there no way?"

She turned her head a moment more toward the West. The colors were dying out of the sky. The fast deepening twilight engulfed them.

"Stay—just a moment Murray," and clutching his arm she said, "Oh, I can't leave it—I can't, I can't."

"I'll stay as long as you wish. And Bettie dear, you don't have to leave. Can't you borrow the money? Is there any way I can help you?"

"No, I must go. But I'll come back next year—that'll be a dream to live this year."

"Bettie, I've never seen you this way before. You're more serious tonight than I've ever known you. Could you be serious about something else?"

"Murray!" She looked at the dying colors in the West. Then slowly, softly, almost as a whisper came, "I don't know."

The break of another day, a day that meant departure from a beloved, even a sacred spot, found Bettie lying awake in her room in the Montone Springs Hotel.

"Oh, I'm so foolish, positively disgusting. I despise myself. I act as though I'd never left a place in my life. Why, I can come back next year. What's the use of making such a do over leaving?"

Then turning over as in resignation to peaceful sleep she closed her eyes. Then, "Murray, Murray, why can't I get him out of my mind. I believe I love him. I'm afraid I do."

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear. Into the dining room there hurried and scurried the six hundred young people, who for one week has feasted on top of Lookout Mountain. Breakfast was served an hour earlier to accommodate those who left on early trains. Bettie was in the company.

"Well, at any rate, I won't have to tolerate that pest of a jester." She heaved a sigh almost of relief. Then turning to a bystander she said, "Oh, I hate to leave. I just can't leave. Montone is the grandest place in the world."

"You don't have to leave if you don't want to, Miss Warner. What about staying and working in the dining room, The Pickup Family is quite eager to have you join the ranks." The bystander proved the manager.

"Oh, do you mean it? Do you?" Eagerly, imploringly, Bettie looked into his face.

"Yes, I mean it."

"You've got to be my working partner," Bettie stood aghast as she heard Judy's voice.

"All right, we can arrange for Miss Warner to be your partner if she wants to."

"Oh, I'd love to stay—dearly love it, but—but—" and to herself, the charm of the offer ruined.

"That clown."

"But—you can!" Murray's voice was firm, but the message in his eyes—

"I'll stay."

Another happen-so had happened. Bettie thought.

Nearly six hundred left, sixteen remained over. They who remained were the "Pickups," envied waiters and waitresses in the dining room of the Montone Springs Hotel. The "Pickup Family," as they had named themselves, was the most exclusive and aristocratic family on the mountain top—in the eyes of those not fortunate enough to have the necessary qualifications—not a password, or evident need, for it was not charity work, but college credentials, for they were all college students.

To be continued

"Does your husband do anything to improve his deafness?"

"No—he has postponed it until the children have finished the piano lessons."—Jugend.

Mistress—I saw the milkmaid kiss you this morning. I'll take the milk in myself after this.

The maid—It won't do any good, mum. He promised to kiss nobody but me. —Ourselves.

Willie had been naughty and his father was going to whip him. "My son," he said sternly, whip in hand, he confronted the lad, "Do you know why I'm whipping you?"

"Yes dad, because you're bigger than I am."

He took her out for an ice-cream treat

His pretty blue eyed Sal, But fainted when he read the sign "Cream, ninety cents a gal."—Jesse

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THE ALABAMIAN

ALABAMA COLLEGE, MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA, COLLEGE, OCTOBER 31, 1925

WATER SPORTS SAFER FOR RED CROSS WORK

Expert Life-Savers and Many Thousand Swimmers Reduce Annual Water Toll.

Water sports in the United States have never been so safe as they are today, a survey of the work done by Life-Saving experts of the American Red Cross in the past year indicates. Thousands of adults and young people were taught to swim proficiently by these experts during this period. In addition, 5,681 men, 4,187 women, and 13,024 juniors successfully passed the rigid tests of the Life Saving Service of the Red Cross. The total thus trained during the year—22,892—is 5,041 more than last year's results. The total membership of the Life Saving Corps of the Red Cross on June 30 was 72,810 persons.

Meeting the demand for qualified instructors and counsellors in these camps, are the college men and women of the country, many devoting whole or part of their annual vacation periods to this field. Meeting the need of standardized instruction in Life-Saving, First-Aid, and kindred subjects, the American Red Cross conducted nine First-Aid and Life-Saving Camp Institutes this year with a total attendance of more than 600, in Maine, Massachusetts, New York, North Carolina, Indiana, Wisconsin, Oregon, and California. Representatives of Red Cross Chapters, summer camps, life guards at municipal pools and beaches, directors of physical education in schools, and others of this calibre made up the student body.

A number of city or regional institutions were conducted also during the winter at indoor pools to develop local experts. The aquatic school conducted by the New York Chapter was especially successful, it is stated. Inspired by this system, many camps, pools, bathing beaches, etc., have adopted in whole or in part, the Red Cross Life Saving and water-safety program. In the New England states alone, more than 180 camps employ counsellors trained in these methods. A partial survey indicates more than 80 cities using the Red Cross senior test as a minimum requirement for their municipal life guards. Educational institutions have turned to it with enthusiasm.

This widespread instruction besides creating unprecedented numbers of expert life-savers, is developing a vast body of Americans who are at home in the water. All contributes to safety the year-round, for swimming is a recognized all-year sport today, records show.

The danger from water accidents is ever-present however where proper safeguards are not taken and to broaden this valuable Red Cross Service is one of the reasons why increased membership in the Red Cross is urged. The Annual Roll Call, during which the opportunity to assist all Red Cross work in many lines of endeavor is extended, will be held from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving, November 11-26.

New Yorker's Act of Courtesy Was Wasted

He is a New Yorker distinguished for his unflinching courtesy. It has become second nature to him to do the right and kind thing. Strangely enough, he is also given to moments of absorption in which externals register only automatically upon his consciousness. Frequently, in his homeward walks, he becomes so occupied with his own thoughts that he is in a world quite apart from that which is worrying past him. However, the instinct of courtesy remains, no matter how preoccupied he may be.

He was strolling homeward an evening or two ago, lost in reverie. The people who went by were merely gray shapes, a flutter on the screen he dimly saw out of the tail of his eye.

One shape came toward him, a vague thing, one of many. As it reached a point abreast of him he saw something white flutter from it to the sidewalk. To his engrossed mind that meant only one thing, that someone dropped something, and the someone a woman, as they are the ones who most often drop things. Courtesy demanded that he stoop and pick it up and return it.

For just one instant he emerged from his preoccupation, stooped and picked up the white thing he had seen flutter down. He proffered it to the young woman, and then, all of a sudden, realized he was handing her a woolly white dog!

"Thanks ever so much," she said, "but I intended to let him down for a little run."

And Mr. Courtesy raised his hat, and passed on and back into his reverie.—New York Evening World.

Kiddies Have Auto. An electric automobile carrying two children and weighing less than 100 pounds has been invented in France.

FOUNDER'S DAY CELEBRATION

Founders Day Celebrated at Alabama College every twentieth of October was this year perhaps the most successful day of its kind ever celebrated at the institution. By eleven o'clock, the hour at which ceremonies were to begin hundreds of people were assembled south of the flag pole on the front campus. A holiday was of course given, and every Alabama College girl had a part in the festivities of the day.

Dr. T. W. Palmer, president of Alabama College presided during the day, and many eminent leaders in various phases of activity, were included as speakers, on the program. Among these were Governor William W. Brandon, Erskine Ramsay, Victor Hanson, Geo. H. Denny and L. O. Dawson. Other speakers, representing the various clubs and enterprises of Alabama, and the Alumnae Association of Alabama College, emphasized the spirit and meaning of the day.

Dr. Denny spoke of the challenge of educated manhood and womanhood, today, and spoke in symbolic terms of the meaning of Jane Erskine Ramsay Hall, how it symbolizes the spirit of Womanhood and mother love, and what it means to the future womanhood of Alabama.

Governor Brandon, whose address was the main one of the occasion spoke in acceptance of Janet Erskine Ramsay Hall, gift of the great benefactor to education, Erskine Ramsay.

Special music was one of the most interesting features of the program. The Dedication Song, the music to which was written by C. B. Richmond, director of the school of music of Alabama College was sung by the Choral Club.

A barbecue lunch was served all people who attended the performances.

In the afternoon the Social Director, Mrs. Reynolds, and the Senior class were at home from three to five to all visitors to the college. The reception was held in Ramsay Hall.

The day's program was completed by the recital given in the chapel at eight o'clock Monday evening, when Martha Young, one of Alabama's most gifted and unique literateur, gave a series of original negro dialect readings to a highly appreciative audience.

Our Wonderful Trip

Have you ever been to Camp Winnataska? If you have, you will understand the word "wonderful." If you haven't, just read on.

On Friday morning, October 3, seven girls, Annie Long, our Y. W. C. A. president; Louise Ward, Fay Turner, Ruby Benton Gladys Waldrop, Lillian Prout and Ruth Jones, left for the Y. W. C. A. conference, held at Winnataska. We motored through to Birmingham and caught an early train Saturday morning for the camp.

Nearly all the colleges in the state were represented Birmingham Southern and Howard acting as hostesses.

Our best speaker was Miss Betty Webb, the national student secretary. She is a remarkable young woman who had been to meetings in China, England and elsewhere, and brought us their plans of work.

And say! the students of other countries work! They have a voice in the government and they know the important things that are happening in their own country as well as ours. Do the students of America stand as a body to be considered in anything, other than athletics?

There were several discussion group on-campus problems, can

DRAMATIC CLUB TRY-OUT ONE GRAND FETE

Sarah Barnhardt, John Gilbert and Ethel Barrymore Put In the Shade

Dramatic Club tryout, a performance which is always looked forward to more eagerly than most any other except college night, proved this year to be even better than those who were promoting it expected.

Each year the tryout becomes more polished, artistic and enjoyable, and so much talent was displayed by the large number of students trying this time that it proved a difficult task to eliminate any one from future membership, and to pick the twelve lucky ones.

The selections for the tryout were for the most part of a very high type, and some unusually good work was done. Miss Gould, director of the Dramatic Club, said that if the talent already in the club is of such a marked degree as that of the new girls taken in this year, there are unlimited possibilities for the club in the work it shall undertake to do.

The successful applicants for admission into the Alabama Players are:

Mildred Gilchrist and Lorraine Carmichael, trying out in "Arms and the Man." Catherine Veitch and Mary Willard Hall, "The Importance of Being Earnest;" Catherine Allen "Pierrot in Paris," Frances Rush, "Rosalie;" Mary Garlington, "The Matter of Husband;" Elizabeth Weatherly and Lauryn Godbold, "She Stoops to Conquer," Maybelle Conner, "In Arcady;" Catherine Prentiss, "How They Lied to Her Husband;" and Elizabeth Ward, in "The Dark Lady."

What Petroleum Does.

Only two generations ago petroleum was practically unknown except as a medicine or chemical agent. Today it floods the whole world with light. It is the world's great motive power on sea and land and in the air; and in a hundred forms it plays a prominent part in the world's industries.

a person be a Christian today? and national problems, led by Emily Hare of Auburn; Miss Betty Webb and Fay Turner of our own college.

The conference as a group decided that Alabama's Y. W. C. A. objective should be a study of Educational problems that is, the world court and the negro race problem.

Saturday night was stunt night and you should have seen the talent and fun displayed, around an open camp fire and on the stage. Alabama College was represented by the production of "Wild Nell."

The next conference is to be held at camp Grand View near Montgomery and want as many to go as can.

Nothing could describe the beauty of the camp and the spirit of God over all the conference as this little poem, read by one of the girls

THE TREE

I think that I shall never see A poem as lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day, And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in summer wear, A nest of robins in her hair.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain; Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me, But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.

TUSCALOOSA CALLS TO MANY

Baptist Girls Flock to the University October 30

Thirty girls had signed up when this paper went to press to attend the Baptist Students Conference at the University October 30, 31 and November 1st. It is believed that the number will be substantially increased before the time for departure.

The Baptist Student Conference is held annually, or rather is to be held annually, this being the second yet held in Alabama. Several hundred Baptist college boys and girls from every school in the state attend.

This year's conference promises to eclipse the one last year held at Judson College.

The program includes student speakers and men and women of eminent plane in Baptist activities. The program is built to meet, discuss and help solve student problems, and difficulties, and is in itself a boon to Baptist activities in the various colleges.

At the time this paper went to press it was not known whether or not Montevallo would have a speaker on the program, but Alabama College will at least be represented in numbers, spirit, pep and interest.

James P. Stoner of the University is president; Helen Hagood, a former student of Alabama College, was last year elected vice-president for this year, but her going to another state cancels her opportunity to serve in that capacity.

The Baptist activities and interests at Alabama College are on the bound and it is the prediction of those who are most heartily and earnestly engaged in the work that the conference will be a stimulus to great achievements and pur suits.

The B. S. U. of Alabama College is sending its president, Ibbie Jones, as official delegate to the conference.

PAGE THE CANDY

Erskine Ramsay Knows How

During the program Founder's Day, in fact just as the kernal of the day's success was being reached, Erskine Ramsay rose and said he had a few boxes of candy he would like to dispose of. It seems that Mr. Ramsay had bought the candy for the enjoyment of his party as they motored from Birmingham to Montevallo, for the Founder's Day exercises. On the way, however, the idea came to him to present a box to each of the several girls who were to take part in the day's festivities, or who had previously in any way been called to his attention. Accordingly, when he took the stage he called to the front first, Helen Davis, president of the Student Government Association of Alabama College, second, Hazel Black, president of the Student Senate of Alabama College, the organization which sponsored Founders Day and the dedications; Hattie Lyman president of the Senior Class, and Vivian Letson, president of the Ramsay Club, one of the social clubs of Alabama College, and presented each with a box of candy.

As a result Executive Board Members, Senators, Seniors and club girls have all been enjoying Nunnally's candy to their mouths' content.

Japan's Public Storytellers. Public storytellers can earn a livelihood in Japan. In the larger cities and towns hundreds of them ply their trade, provided with a small table, a fan and a paper wrapper to illustrate and emphasize the points of their tales.

ROME HAS NOTHING ON US

Forum Is Alabama College's Newest Organization

The Forum, organized to develop and promote the forensic interests of the students of Alabama College, and to sponsor inter-collegiate debating, is Alabama College's newest acquisition in the club line.

It begins its career under auspicious circumstances and the girls who form its charter membership are very enthusiastic over prospects for the success of the club.

One of the main activities of the organization this year is the promotion of the intercollegiate debates which will be held next April at which time Woman's College, Judson College and Alabama College meet in combat. While the debating team may not be selected from the membership of the Forum, it shall take the initiative in such endeavors.

New members may be admitted at the discretion of the club, and the Advisory Board, which consists of the heads of the Expression department, the Dean of the college, and a member of the English faculty.

The officers of the Forum are: "Cricket" Abercrombie, president; Virginia Thomas, vice president; Alene LeCroy, Secretary-treasurer. Other members are Theresa Conaway, Elizabeth Ward, Hazel Black and Una Franklin.

Much Interest in Debates Manifested

Friday, October 16, the first open debate of the year was held in the chapel at which time the Scribblers Club, challenging the Math Club, debated with them on the subject, Resolved, "That Math as a requirement for English Majors should be abolished." The affirmative was maintained by Laura Johnson and Patty Cole, while the negative was defended by Mildred Gilchrist and Aline LeCroy. Much interest was shown by the audience, and it was slightly (?) feared that most everyone leaned personally toward the affirmative except, of course, a few brilliant Math scholars. The judges awarded a verdict to the effect that the affirmative merited the decision, and the Scribblers to this day are sticking to their point.

Challenge to debates have been coming in thick and fast, and pretty heavy debating schedule is already warranted.

The Scribblers' challenge to the Math Club was the first one made. Almost before the challengers had taken their seats Hazel Black and Una Franklin challenged any two members of the entire student body to a joint debate to be given sometime in November on a subject to be chosen by the four debating. Helen Townsend and Helen Prout accepted the challenge.

The Sophomore class challenged the Juniors! the Freshmen challenged the Sophomores; and the Tutwilers challenged the Philomathics. Other challenges are said to be forthcoming.

SOPHOMORES AIMING HIGH THIS YEAR

Christmas Pageant Is Now Being Worked Up

A musical pageant, original with two members of the Sophomore class is to be given under the auspices of the class, and for the benefit of the class just before Christmas so the authors and directors announce.

The class is now working out plans for the presentation of the pageant which is said to be different from anything ever given at

JUNIOR RED CROSS AIDS PEACE BY BIG GROWTH

Gains 142,000 Members in Year in Schools Throughout United States.

A new high level in peace time membership of the American Junior Red Cross is recorded for 1925—its ranks numbering 5,738,648 school girls and boys—a gain of 142,000.

This unique and powerful children's organization started as a war measure, but today is one of the greatest influences for peace ever known. An increasing participation in local programs of service has featured their year's growth. It is indicated that to a greater degree than ever pupils in the schools are performing individual and collective acts of service in a true Red Cross spirit.

The success of the Junior swimming program, launched last year through co-operation of the Life-Saving Service of the Red Cross, has led to a determination to make it a regular feature of both these branches.

An outstanding feature of the Juniors' work this year was the participation for the first time of a Junior Red Cross worker in the disaster relief operations following the tornado in Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana. Schools in many more fortunate localities displayed a keen interest in sending toys and books for the use of the children in the disaster area.

The Junior Red Cross program has flourished not alone in settled communities, but has been extended to Indian schools, and to native Alaskan schools where many Eskimo children undertook Junior work. In addition, the international correspondence between schools is proving more and more popular. American schools are now corresponding with those in thirty-four countries.

Strong Membership Appeal In Red Cross Disaster Relief

Asking themselves "What if disaster should visit our city?" the leading citizens of many communities of the United States have adopted the Scout motto to "Be Prepared."

Impressed by the frequency and the wide range of peace time calamities in their country, they have organized their communities with the thoroughness which normal conditions permit, against the possibility of a time when there will be no chance for thought or plan. Red Cross Chapters in many localities are similarly prepared.

Limit to Her Anger

"So the engagement is off?" "Yes. She was so indignant when she heard about what he'd done that she tore off her engagement ring and flung it onto her right hand."

Large Volunteer Work of Red Cross. Volunteers under the Red Cross all over the United States are doing constantly for others, among their products being more than 90 per cent of the Braille reading matter for the blind, and a vast production of clothing and surgical dressings.

Freshmen Elect Chairman

The Freshmen class, always deprived of the privilege of electing a president until January, feels, nevertheless, that an executive is all essential, accordingly, it was with due ceremony that verdant rats met in the chapel recently and elected a chairman who temporarily acts as president. The responsible position fell to Elizabeth Prather, and she seems from all reports, to be satisfying the lowly rats.

The spirit of the Freshmen this year is much more cooperative than before, and they seem already to have caught the spirit of true Alabama College girls.

Miss Prather hopes by the time regular officers are elected to have thoroughly organized the activities of the class.

Montevallo. The cast has not yet been completely worked out, and detailed plans have not yet been made public.

The president of the class, and the directors of the pageant are at work, however, and they intend putting on a performance that will even by far surpass their "Kaleidoscope" success of last year.

The Sophomores won a certain amount of fame during their Freshmen year in lieu of their stage and dramatic achievements, and the school is looking forward to their productions this year.

THE ALABAMIAN

ALABAMA COLLEGE

Published at Montevallo, Alabama.

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Y. M. C. A.

OUR OWN

Sunday night we did not send out of the state for a great speaker but we heard one from our own faculty.

Ellen H. Gould read, "The Song and the Man," for us and brought the startling question before us is our country, America, the land of freedom that foreigners think it is. Do we mistreat them after they come to make their homes here?

The program was declared by many to be the most interesting that we have had this year.

There was also a beautiful solo sung by Ann Jones.

SERVICE

We seldom think of service, especially the right kind, but on Wednesday night, Una Franklin gave us a splendid talk on it. She is one of the outstanding student speakers and brought out some of the following thoughts: Claim your freedom in service is service worth while from a practical standpoint? Assuming that it is, what about the reward? The answer came in these words:

"God is the Judge, and God knows whether the things we are doing are done for our names sake on His. We influence others. "You are the best Christian that some body knows."

Applying to a practical problem of influencing others, one good deed that we do may make the destiny of one we know not, if we serve we are free, and are making for the freedom of an ennobled womanhood.

Many other strong points were brought out and we should take the lesson to heart.

WORLD FELLOWSHIP MEET.

On Sunday afternoon, Miss Broke talked to the World Fellowship group in the Executive room. Her subject was "The General Conditions in Chinese Industries." In China today the laborers have long indefinite hours ranging from twelve to even seventeen hours a day. There are very few factories that have eight hour systems. For these long hours they receive very poor pay. A great evil in China is the contract labor system. Through these the contractor succeed in robbing the laborers of part of the pay they should be getting. However, there are a few English and American factories where the workers receive fair pay and treatment.

A religious movement known as the student movement is creating much excitement there now but whether it is doing any good or not cannot yet be told.

TEA ROOM

Remember girls, here's where you eat! A good line of candies, chewing gum, potato chips and everything good to eat. Open every morning from ten to twelve and on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons and on these afternoons all kinds of good sandwiches. It is also open at night from 9:30 to 10. Come to see us! We appreciate your patronage.

OUR LIBRARY

When we see the large building of our library or when we walk into its quietness do we stop to think of what this great work does for us? Do we stop to think of the good it does for numerous outsiders?

At one time the library was kept in what is now called the Student

Parlor. Through the donations of many good people and the work of the various loyal students and teachers our supply of books increased, yes, even doubled. As time went by the need of a separate building for this wonderful work was realized. The result was the construction of our present library of which we are all so proud.

The library influences us in many ways. We are influenced by it without even entering. Yes, just look on the top of it. "Knowledge is Power," sets us to wondering whether we are powerful or powerless. Then when we enter, the quietude and studiousness of all rouses in us the desire to join in such; thus becoming more powerful through gaining knowledge.

I dare say many of us take our various studies to talk on never once thinking of talking on the thing that affords us all valuable information on which. Do we?

I have had the pleasure of using our library for reference work and other work but I will tell you of the greatest pleasure it affords me. When I attended the teacher's Institute in Columbiana last fall I realized I had a problem to solve before starting my little one-teacher school. Where would I find an ample supply of books to keep the minds of children of various classes busy while I was having other class recitations? None other than our own faithful librarian gave a talk that morning on how we could secure traveling libraries from Alabama College Library. This was a great relief. When I entered my work I found some parents insisting that Sears Roebuck catalogues furnished the children sufficient knowledge. What would I have done or these poor children have done had it not been for the Alabama College Library? Through out the scholastic year this work enabled the mothers and fathers of the children to read material of value and pleasure to them. It gave me great joy to know that through some of these books, the mothers learned new methods of cooking and sewing; the fathers new agricultural knowledge and healthy environment information. Besides the many benefits the poor children derived from them.

After telling thusly of our library I know we realize the great value of it and will give more of your time to singing its praise instead of devoting all of our time to the praising of all the various other phases of our college. In conclusion, I might say to you that our library and its great work is to the students of Alabama College and the citizens of Shelby county as a lovely red rose is to a sick room. It gives light to all as the rising sun gives to the world. What could be more wonderful?

IN HER MEMORY

At the close of the dedication service for Ramsay Hall, held on Founders Day, October 12, at Alabama College, the two toasts which were given last "college night" were given again, Helen Davis, president of the Student Government association, giving the toast of the Purples, Hazel Black, president of the Senate giving the one of the "golds."

"College Night," which is observed annually was last year dedicated to Erskine Ramsay, in memory of his mother, Janet Ramsay. It was to her memory, too, that the two toasts were given. When Dr. Palmer and Dean Carmichael were planning the program for Founders Day, they deemed it appropriate that the same words be said in her memory that "College Night," seemed so fitting.

The following are the toasts as rendered by the two student leaders, the first made by Hazel Black, the second Helen Davis:

"It is fitting that we pause today and pay tribute to the memory of one whose name we love and speak in reverence. Through a life of service she taught her son the ways of life and inspired in

him such ideals that today she lives through him and the gifts he has made in her memory.

"Last year our 'College Night' was dedicated to that son, and Lulla Hawkins of the class of '25 gave a toast that night, which she called 'The Flame.' It was dedicated to Erskine Ramsay in memory of his mother, Janet Ramsay.

THE FLAME

A flame burned on the hillside, And filled the sky with red,
While up the slope in crimson light
A great white pathway led.
Far seen, the flame leaped up in view.

And cast a wondrous light,
While up the pathway many toiled
Led by that flame so bright.
We follow you who led the way
To service, noble, true,
And to your memory, Janet Ramsay,

We dedicate this to you."
This toast, "A Mother and Her Son" is the one given by Mary Bradshaw of the class of '25:

"This college night amid our song and cheers, when youth glides on so buoyant and so free, may we turn our minds to one who loved youth so, and pay tribute to her memory.

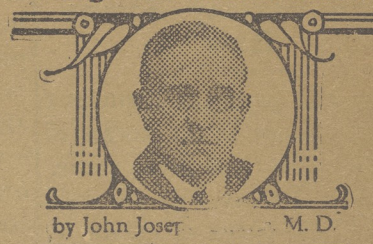
"Once in the sunshine of God's love, there lived a woman, a woman true to honor and to light. Perhaps a life secluded was her lot who knows? Perhaps that life was best to shed its influence on that son, who born to her seemed destined to a life of service for mankind.

"Her noble soul wound round this boy's heartstrings. From her he learned the lessons hard of life. She taught him all she knew of honor, truth and right. Today that soul revives again in him. His generous gifts are echoes of her wishes materialized in him. May something of her spirit come to dwell in us, those who will walk the hall named in her honor.

"And thus to prove that nothing ends, nothing dies, may she be with us in spirit today and as long as Alabama College stands, reaching out her arms as she does to the young womanhood of Alabama. May that spirit dwell upon us in silent benediction. Janet Ramsay.

About Your Health

Things You Should Know



by John Joseph M.D.

The Stomach's Rest Hours

Nature's laws—when we really God's laws, are infallible—either reward for obedience or penalty for disregard.

Digestion is a wonderful process which acts independently of our will. In man, this most important chemical laboratory operates only in daytime, as is true in lower animals. Digestion ceases with the oncoming of night. Digestion "goes to bed early" in order that other important work may be carried on during sleeping hours. This is true of all animal creation. To try to awaken digestion in the night is a dangerous violation of both natural and divine law. The penalty is sure.

Man cannot maintain his strength without protein. These are animal and vegetable, and are taken as food. Until acted upon by man's digestive fluids, they are unfit to enter his circulation, and if absorbed undigested, are active poisons. And, most things swallowed are absorbed, whether digested or not. Fancy all the juices of a heavy six-o'clock dinner being thrust into the blood stream without proper digestion in the stomach! No wonder the victim is stupid, and without appetite next morning. No wonder the "no-breakfast" plan! The merciless, invisible foe in this chapter is THE FASHIONABLE SIX O'CLOCK DINNER! This life of natural law is building blood-pressure all over our lad, hardening arteries, and producing all manner of liver and kidney diseases. Apoplexy—cerebral hemorrhage—the death certificate reads. Killing more men at fifty to sixty than cancer! Traced back to the six o'clock dinner in the last majority of instances! Those who persist in this defiance of the laws of health are certainly reaping consequences. This sort of crime is never unpunished.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for November 1

THE FIGHT AGAINST STRONG DRINK

(Temperance Lesson)
LESSON TEXT—Eph. 6:10-20.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—Eph. 6:10.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Loving and Obeying Our Parents.

JUNIOR TOPIC—How to Be Strong.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Strong Armor for a Hard Fight.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Fight Against Strong Drink.

This is not a temperance lesson in the usual sense that it deals with intoxicants, but in the sense that it has to do with the believer's walk in conflict with the devil. Perhaps there has been no time when the evil one has made such a terrific fight as he is now doing in his attempt to nullify the Eighteenth amendment. The Christian has been saved by grace. Though his redemption is free, between its beginning and consummation there is a real, severe and protracted conflict. This conflict is most difficult and dangerous because it is not with flesh and blood, but with principalities, powers and spiritual hosts of wickedness in high places. Though the conflict is severe and painful, we should bravely battle on because the issue is sure if we go forth in the panoply of God.

I. The Source of the Believer's Strength (v. 10).

It is in the Lord. Only as the branch is united to the vine, or as a limb is united to the body, is there strength of life. We dare not attempt this conflict in human strength and wisdom.

II. The Enemy (vv. 11-12).

The enemy is the devil, a personal malicious being, with his many subordinates. His personality is proven by the names given him, and actions predicated of him. He has an exalted position, and is mighty in power, and all unsaved men are under his power. He is the original sinner, and is extremely cunning. He has power over death; enters into men; blinds their eyes; lays snares for them, and sifts God's servants. In carrying on his work, he has his churches and ministers. However, he is resting under a curse. The death blow was given on the cross, and he will receive his portion in the lake of fire.

III. The Christian's Armor (vv. 13-17).

This means that his weapons of offensive and defensive warfare are not of man's devices. Just as his strength is from the Lord, so is his armor. The believer dare not act merely on the defensive. He must attack his spiritual enemies as well as resist their spiritual attack.

1. A Girdle of Truth (v. 14).
The truth of God, sincerely and honestly embraced, alone will avail in this conflict. Reason, tradition, speculation and dead orthodoxy will fail in the crucial hour.

2. The Breastplate of Christ's Righteousness (v. 14).

As the metal plate covered the vital organs of the warrior, so the righteousness of Christ protects us from the enemy's assault.

3. Feet Shod With the Preparation of the Gospel of Peace (v. 15).

This suggests the firm foothold of the soldier and his alacrity—readiness to proclaim the message of peace.

4. Shield of Faith (v. 16).
By this he is able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. Christ is the object of that faith.

5. The Helmet of Salvation (v. 17).
Consciousness of salvation enables a man, knowing that he is a child of God, and fellow-citizen with the saints, to lift up his head with confidence and vigorously assault the enemy.

6. The Sword of the Spirit (v. 17).
This is the Word of God, the Christian's offensive weapon; with it he can most effectively put his enemy to flight. This Christ used in the temptations in the wilderness, Matt. 4:1, 7, 10, 11. The church of Christ has won all her triumphs by the Word of God. Where she goes on using this, she goes on conquering, but when she falls back upon reason, culture, traditions, science, or the commandments of men, she goes down in defeat before the adversary.

IV. The Way to Get Strength to Use the Armor, and Courage to Face the Foe (vv. 18-20).

This is by prayer—and prayer alone.

1. Every Variety and Method of Prayer Should Be Employed (v. 18).

2. He Prays for His Comrades, "All the Saints" (v. 18).

He sees all the believers standing shoulder to shoulder against the enemy.

3. He Is Persistent (v. 18).

Some Things to Beware Of
Beware of idle moments! Beware of the beginnings of evil! Above all, and more than all, beware lest you once admit the fatal intrusion of evil thoughts. In solemn and awful earnest I would say to you, "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation."—Farrar.

Eloquence

Eloquence is the appropriate organ of the highest personal energy.—Emerson.

Lore for Dog-Owners

By Albert Payson Terhune

TRICKS FOR THE PUPPY



Old Man Negley Repeated Over and Over, "Lie Down, Lie Down."

OLD MAN NEGLEY had promised Colonel Prouse to come to the colonel's Vine street house, after work hours, to begin the education of his six-month collie pup.

The colonel had made a false start in this education by losing his temper at the puppy. Thus for the first few minutes after his own arrival in the Prouse yard, Old Man Negley contented himself with romping with the youngster and feeding him bits of cracker from a capacious side pocket.

The little collie was in a gay and friendly mood by the time the old man (still in the same tone as when they had been playing), said to him: "Lie down!"

He accompanied the words by a softly steady pressure of his gnarled hand on the pup's loins. Bit by bit, under that friendly pressure, the puppy sank to a sitting posture; Old Man Negley continuing to repeat, over and over: "Lie down, lie down, lie down."

As the collie seated himself, the pressing hand was shifted to his shoulders; the old man never ceasing to repeat: "Lie down."

As at last, under this light pressure, the puppy's forefeet slid forward and he lay at full length, Old Man Negley praised him extravagantly and noisily; petting him and feeding him more bits of sweet cracker.

The collie realized he himself had done some highly praiseworthy thing; even if he did not yet know what that thing was. And, being full of vanity, he was tremendously pleased with himself.

A second and a third and fourth time the old man repeated the performance of making the dog lie down, by pressing alternately his loins and shoulders and by saying the same words over and over again; ever rewarding the completion of this by much praise and by fragments of food.

Inside of ten minutes it began to dawn on the clever baby's mind that the act of lying down had something to do with all this praise and petting. Wherefore, in an experimental fashion, he proceeded to lie down at Old Man Negley's command. The old man was dramatically loud in his delight at so wonderful a performance.

On his next order to lie down, the puppy eagerly dropped to the ground. And the praise and the feeding were repeated.

"That's all for today," announced Old Man Negley. "We won't make him do it again; but we'll stop while he's still proud of himself and while it's a stunt and not yet a chore. I'll be around tomorrow."

On the next day the young collie lay down the second time he was bidden to, and after a single hand pressure. He did the same thing five times, in intervals of a romp, during the next quarter hour.

"He knows it, now, colonel," reported Old Man Negley. "Tell him to do it about three times a day for the next week. By that time it'll be rooted in his mind for life."

The following afternoon's lesson was given up to teaching the puppy to shake hands.

This was far easier of achievement; since the offering of a friendly paw is one of a puppy's natural gestures.

Sitting in front of the collie, Old Man Negley would pick up one forepaw, repeating "Shake hands. Shake hands. Shake hands," throughout the operation; and then giving the former meed of praise and food.

After the third attempt, the puppy's attention began to wander. At once the old man fumbled in his pocket for food and gave the collie a stick to race after.

In another few minutes, he recommenced the lesson. And, in short time, the collie was shaking hands to order with the effusiveness of a politician.

By the end of the fourth lesson the dog had not only mastered these first two tricks, but was going through them with the concealed delight of a

child who has learned to pick out a tune on the piano.

Then Old Man Negley began all over again to teach him to lie down, this time pointing downward with his finger every time he gave the command. Soon the pointed finger sufficed, without a word being spoken. The gesture alone was enough to make the collie drop to earth.

Later this was varied by the pointing of the finger to various nearby spots; and the pup learned to lie down in whatsoever place the finger indicated. In like manner the stretching out of the hand, with no verbal command, was the only signal needed to make him "shake."

From this, Old Man Negley went on to one of the simplest and yet most difficult-seeming tricks that can be taught to non-trick dogs.

Taking between his fingers a bit of food, he held it in front of the collie's nose. The dog stepped forward to get it.

Old Man Negley drew it slowly away, moving his hand in a circle so that the pup also followed the food in a circle.

"Waltz. Waltz. Waltz," bade the old man throughout the maneuver.

As the circle was completed, he gave the fragment of food to the pursuing puppy, praising and patting him as usual.

Again and again he repeated this circular gesture, together with the endless iteration of the word, "Waltz."

Presently the collie grew confused; and no longer showed the same zest for following the food. As before, Old Man Negley stopped and began to romp with him.

But by the next afternoon the dog was following in a circle a hand that held no food. Having learned what was required, he no longer needed the titbit to lure him on. The moving hand was enough, though Old Man Negley always rewarded the completing of the circle by praise and a gift of food.

By the third afternoon the pace was increased, so that the pup now turned swiftly, as on an axis, in following the fast-circle-hand. On the fourth day there was no need to move the hand. At the command, "Waltz!" the puppy spun gayly about in circles.

"I don't care for trick dogs," said Old Man Negley, as the lessons came to an end. "Some do; but I don't. I believe in training a dog to do one or two such things; to brighten up his mind. But after that I never teach anything except what is likely to be useful to him or to his master, in the ordinary run of life."

"Colonel, this pup of yours has begun to learn. What's more, he's begun to love to learn. He'll be more eager now for you to teach him than you'll be to do it. And he'll master any simple stunt you want him to."

"Only, just keep on remembering that you can spoil a dog forever by losing your head, when you're educating him; and by teaching him to cringe instead of to be happy."

"That isn't mollycoddle talk. If a dog does wrong, punish him. But punish him for his own fault; not as a vent for your temper. Light punishment has just as good an effect as heavy. A slap on the hip is better than a kick in the ribs."

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Eve's Apples Grow in Ceylon

Trees that are said to bear what the Mohammedans regard as "Eve's apples," flourish in Ceylon, but are difficult to grow elsewhere, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The blossom has a pleasant odor, but the fruit, which resembles an orange on the outside and is a deep crimson within, is poisonous.

The apples are dented as though a piece had been bitten out of them. Naturalists have been unable to explain this phenomenon. The Mohammedan belief is that the mark and the peculiar coloring of the fruit are warnings against its noxious properties.

THE RING OF A JEST

SECOND INSTALLMENT

Eight o'clock came and died. The bell struck then eleven, and finally twelve. The Warner set her first table at a hotel—or rather, she watched it set. Murray and Judy did the work. Not that she didn't want to do it. But Murray and Judy were there.

"We're not lam-. We can work. You just sit there; and if you do do as we tell you, I'll paint your portrait Bett."

"Good! I'll buy it from you." Murray scored over Judy.

"You are an artist, aren't you? I had forgotten it."

"Yes, when will you sit for me? What about this afternoon at Beauty Spring? I'll let you take a drink, too. Might help you a little, you know."

None of your brilliant remarks, please!" She laughed as she spoke. "Murray and I are going horseback riding this afternoon. We'll have to find another time for you to immortalize my beauty!" she concealed her contempt and deceived both her hearers.

"We can ride another time."

Murray felt foolish as Bettie stared at him in blank amazement. He tried to fumble an excuse. None came. She knit her eyelashes. And you, too, a disappointment."

Judy Rayburn, the waiter with blue checked gingham apron tied around his waist (He had a natural distaste for the regular white aprons offered him) efficiently played his role in the dining room.

and at Beauty Spring, rumored as Ponce DeLeon's Fountain of Eternal Youth, situated at the foot of a little knoll on Lookout Mountain, he that afternoon sought refuge from the sweltering heat that penetrates even the Alabama mountains.

Bettie took refuge with him—and posed. All afternoon she sat beside the crystal fountain.

Rested, and anticipating her work at "Pickup" she reported promptly to her post of duty that night. As she joined her partner, well groomed for the evening meal, he looked at him critically, and

then, half reluctantly admitted to herself, "oh I guess he's alright."

Bettie served that night. Judy took a new stock of humor and fun. Bettie was a waitress in a hotel dining room. Most of the fun, however he saved for their own dining hour. When it came he was really entertaining.

One word said.

Laughs!

Two words!

Even Bettie laughed—as merrily as the others.

And as he leisurely, casually, freely talked, they exploded in laughter.

The dining room, reverberated. The walls echoed back the sound.

Bettie laughed, and laughed and laughed.

That night before her mirror she looked herself straight in the eyes.

"Bettie Warner, I'm surprised at you! Why did you ever laugh at a clown like Judy?"

For awhile she argued with herself. Then turning out the light and jumping into bed she smiled, oh, I guess he's alright."

Before Bettie realized it the week was almost gone. Swiftly—too swiftly—it had passed. She was happier than ever before in her life. A radiance had come into her face that portrayed the happiness she was enjoying on the great mountain top. Judy's wit, humor and fun had been contagious. Bettie helped him scatter it. Everyone was in a laughing mood at all times. The company of churchgoers and Christian workers assembled at Mentone had caught the Spirit of Youth which had been asserted there by the magnetic jollity of Judy, and everyone entered into the full activities of the week with a zest that would have been impossible had it not been for the laughs, the congeniality, the humor, the pleasure that Judy and his associates were capable of creating and maintaining.

On Thursday morning Bettie caught herself looking forward to the night when she would go to Sunset Rock with Judy—alone—for a long talk.

"Want you to go to Sunset

with me." He had whispered in the moonlight, we must go some night before we leave the place that has meant so much to both of us. Will you go with me—alone—to talk a long time—Bettie? He pressed her hand a little closer.

"Yes, I'll go anywhere with you," her voice betrayed what she wouldn't admit to herself. I'll go with you anywhere here," she amended it, I'll go Thursday night.

And Thursday morning she was glad. Tonight was to be Judy's night. As she looked into the mirror, eyes couldn't lie to eyes. A-fraid of what she saw in her own

look she stamped her foot and breathed, "never!" I positively refuse to love him. I'm going to love Murray"

Before Thursday morning had passed to take its place in her calendar of memories as a day of utmost importance she spent an hour with Ruth, an hour of sweet confidences, and the two friends poured out each to the other the secrets of her heart. Bettie's eyes were opened, her heart pricked.

She often indulged in tete a tete with the various girls and boys and she found pleasure in doing so. For besides hiking, swimming horseback riding, canoeing fishing, and the many other sports at which the Mentoners delighted in displaying prowess, Bettie felt that these simple conversations meant much in knitting friendships closer.

Today she learned things.

Judy—the one no one ever took seriously—who would some day be famous as an artist, or as a comedian (more probably both) had listened eagerly to Ruth's story that night way back yonder when they had all gone to Sunset. "Way back yonder—was it? Not yet a week ago—who could realize it? What wonders had come to pass in the six days between then and the hour the two girls were spending together! What changes had been wrought. Six days ago Bettie, moved by the solemn majesty of God and nature and inspired by the assembly at Mentone had desired to remain there. She had been sad, and was thinking that poverty, certainly, was her predestined allotment. Way back yonder—that night not yet a week ago, Ruth had told Judy Bettie's story, a simple story but a powerful one. Of her ambitions her struggles, her sacrifices, her real self—of these things Ruth had spoken. Judy had listened quietly. "Way back yonder—way back—she loathed Judy. Did she now? Did she exchange confidences with Ruth? Did she as she learned that—oh, well, her staying at Mentone was not a happen so. Did she?

To be continued

Blue Walls and Flies.

Blue color keeps flies from a room, declares Alexander Duckham, an English experimenter. Lord Avebury, a great bee lover, once experimented to find out the effect of color on wasps. He decided they had no color sense. It is scent rather than color that welcomes an insect, though nature employs color in addition. One plant attracts its necessary insect satellite by smelling like bad meat.

Dwellers on Vesuvius.

There are nearly 100,000 inhabitants on the slopes and skirts of Vesuvius.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. Erskine Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. William Ramsay, Mr. Andrew Ramsay and Mrs. Janet Erskine Ramsay Kelley spent Founders Day as guests of Alabama College.

Dr. Denney of the University of Alabama spent Founders Day as the guest of Alabama College.

Misses Velma Taylor, Dorothy Baughman, Rebecca Ford were recent visitors.

Among the guests present on Founders Day were: Mr. and Mrs. Alto V. Lee and family, the guests of their daughter Eloise; Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Taylor, guests of their daughter Velma; Mr. and Mrs. Victor H. Hanson, Governor W. W. Brandon.

Elizabeth Ward had as her guest her mother over the week end.

Mr. Bill Ware was a recent guest Miss Frances Rush recently.

Mrs. Alphas Brown (nee Miss Margaret Gay) was a recent guest of Miss Kathleen Chester and Miss Irene Reeves.

Miss Kathleen Pope spent the week end in Birmingham.

Mr. Hugo Black was a recent guest of Miss Hazel Black.

Mr. Thomas Dyer Abernathy was the guest of Miss Frances Loftin recently.

Miss Lucy Stevens and Ann Jones spent the week end in Birmingham.

Mr. Edwin De Weese was the guest of Miss Leath Sunday night.

Miss Mudied Thompson spent the week end in Bessemer recently.

Miss Minnie Lamberth and Mary K. Wingham spent the week end in Birmingham as the guest of Miss Frances Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Creely were guests of Helen Davis and Rosalie Creely over the week end.

Mrs. H. A. Lowery spent the week end and Founders Day with her daughter, Miss Alice Lowery.

Miss Elizabeth Pratt spent the week end in Sylacauga with her parents.

Miss Rewena Langley spent the week end in Sylacauga with her family.

Miss Frances Selder spent several days the guest of Miss Winfred Castleman.

Miss Agnes Hardy spent the week end with Miss Elizabeth Ward.

SOCIETY

Zeta Pi Delta Club

Miss Gladys Waldrop and Miss Anne Long have returned from Camp Winnataska where they spent a most enjoyable time attending the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Janie Croox Steels was the guest of friends last week end.

We were delighted to have Miss Frances Rapaport and Miss Julia Riddle of Gradsden with us Sunday.

Miss Helen Allison will be with us again the second quarter. Three cheers for Baby.

Kappa Sigma Phi

The members of the Kappa Phi Sigma Phi Club who returned to Alabama College this year are Nellie White, Ibbie Jones, Fay Cotney, Leita Orr, Grace Bramblett and five pledges, Elizabeth Graves, Esther Reagan, Dessie Johnson, Annie Lee Floyd and Ruby Floyd.

The Alpha Sadhe Club has changed its name to Kappa Sigma Phi. Miss Sophie Walker is teaching at Eldridge this year.

We are very glad to note that Miss Verdie Mae Helms is supervisor of Elementary Schools in Bibb county this year.

Miss Eunice Mathews is teaching Home Economics at Carbon Hill.

The U. P. I. football game at Auburn last Saturday, was sponsored by Miss Ibbie Jones.

Miss Annie Jones will remain at home this winter.

Miss Beatrice Jones is in Geraldine, Miss Thelma Holmes is in Altoona and Miss Agnes Grimsley is teaching in Center.

Miss Sadie Pouncey is attending

school at the University of Alabama this year.

Philomathic

Mrs. Jim Wood and Mrs. Eugene Reed from Birmingham were the guests of Miss Mary Hill last Sunday.

Miss Mary C. Hungerford motored to Birmingham last Sunday with her sister, Miss Alice Hungerford of Selma.

Friends of Miss Mary Hill will be glad to know that she is out again after a week's illness in the infirmary.

Miss Lillian Moore of Marion will be the week end guest of Miss Marion Hanna and Miss Althea Hughes.

Miss Genieve Turberville, who will be remembered by her many friends as one of the most attractive students of last year, writes that she is enjoying "Breneau" life, but that she longs to be in Alabama College once more.

Appreciation Expressed For Founder's Day Spirit

Gratitude has been expressed by the President of the college, the Dean, other officers, and the student senate for the wonderful cooperation manifested by the student body on Founder's Day, Monday, October 12th.

Dr. Palmer describes the day as the most successful event ever sponsored by Alabama College, and every one who had anything to do with the proceedings of the day, attributes its success to the students, while the senate sponsored the festivities, and the cooperation of the students, and while all details were arranged by the officials of the school, and committees in charge it is felt that the bulk

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of credit need go to the student body. All who were in any way responsible for the day's program are deeply appreciative of the fine spirit shown. Dr. Palmer feels that the true Alabama College spirit was evident throughout the entire day.

Pine Stumps Used for Paper.

Louisiana chemists have developed a method for removing turpentine and rosin from pine stumps so the wood can be used in the manufacture of paper.

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Bucky's Ma



Among those present at the World Series was the proud mother of the famous Bucky Harris, kid manager of the Washington Senators. Guess who she rooted for.

F. W. ROGAN

ROOM FURNISHINGS

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Compliments of

REID'S GARAGE

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The Drug Store on the Corner

VISIT

KENDRICK'S
Barber Shop

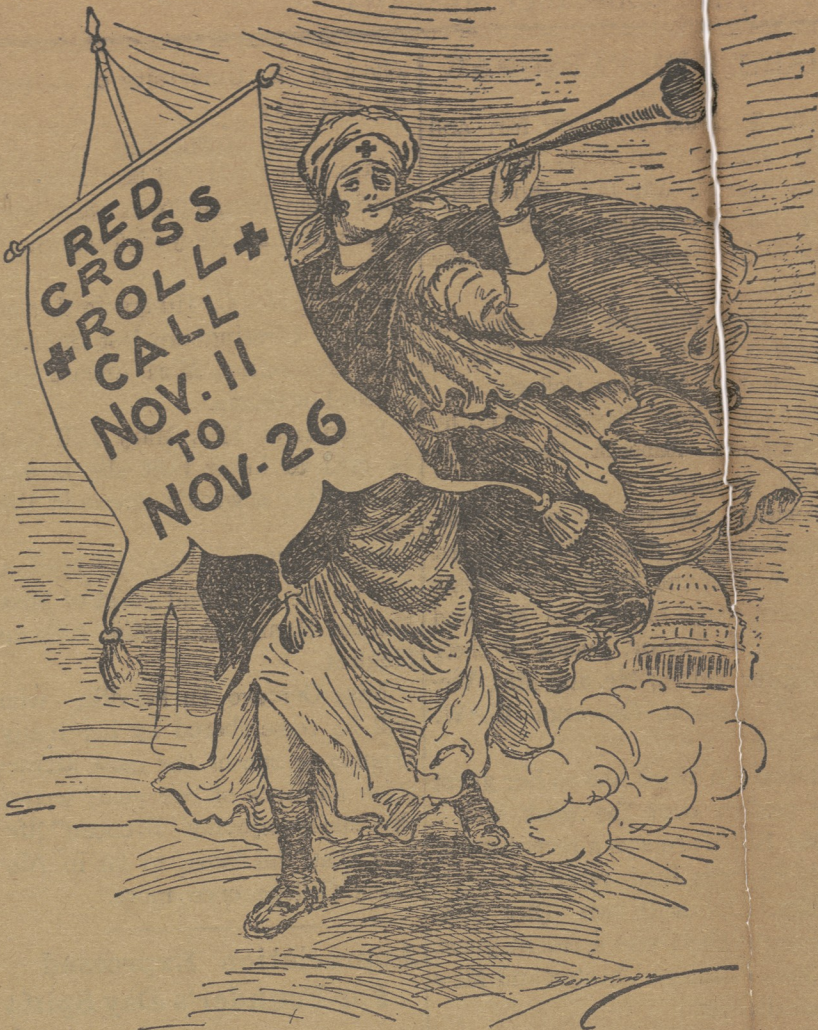
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DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, MILLINERY AND READY-TO-WEAR

H. E. LATHAM

FRUITS, CANDIES, CAKES, AND BUTTER KIST POP CORN

Pioneer Tea Shop



RED CROSS AID TO VETS MOUNTING

Heavier Demands for War Service Laid to New Legislation Granting Wide Benefits.

ACTIVE FORCES AIDED ALSO

Duty to Ex-Service and Service Men First Responsibility of the Red Cross.

A marked increase in the service given by the American Red Cross to ex-service men, through Chapters, hospitals, Government and Red Cross offices during the past year, and which volume is expected to be maintained during most of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1926, is shown in the reports of the war service activities of the organization just completed.

Service to disabled and to men now in active service continued to be one of the primary obligations of the Red Cross. The increased activities in this regard were attributed largely to the legislation giving new benefits to ex-service men.

The keystone of the Red Cross service lies in the Home Service work of the chapters to veterans and men still in service. At the close of the fiscal year June 30, 1925, 2,591 Chapters were active in this work and had expended approximately \$2,237,000.

Included in their work was assistance to ex-service men in making out adjusted compensation papers, in the handling of claims reopened, or made possible under liberalized terms of the World War Veterans' Act of 1924; and in many other ways.

An unusual amount of legislation passed by Congress and State bodies has necessitated the issue of much new material in the past year. Legislation was passed during the year liberalizing conditions applying to hospitalization, compensation and other benefits under the Veterans' Bureau; this in turn has entailed reopening of many claims formerly disallowed, filing of many new ones, and many applications for hospitalization. The Claims Service at National Headquarters this year handled 17,506 in comparison with 12,010 cases the previous year.

Increased service to men in hospitals was noted, as well in the number of hospitals in which service was maintained by the organization. Due to new legislation an increase of over 6,000 patients were admitted for hospitalization, a new peak approximating that of March 1922. Since a large number of this group includes patients not eligible for compensation, the solution of their personal and family problems has involved careful study by the National Organization.

There are 30,000 disabled ex-service men in Government hospitals every day of the year, and their need has directly led to a revival of the best-known and perhaps most popular activity the Red Cross sponsored in war—a new campaign for knitted "Red Cross sweaters." These articles are among the few not furnished by the Government.

For the men still on active duty in the Army, Navy and Marines, the Red Cross during the year maintained Field Directors at all important stations, camps, and hospitals of these armed forces of the country.

A monthly average of 96,931 service and ex-service men were aided by the Red Cross during the year.

The man in service, and the man who has served his country are among the primary responsibilities for which the American Red Cross is chartered by Congress. Nevertheless it has many other obligations and it is on this basis that an appeal will be made for a larger enrollment than ever during the Annual Roll Call, Armistice Day, November 11, to November 26.

NATIONAL HEALTH AIM OF RED CROSS PROGRAM

Nurses Guard Community Health; Home Hygiene and Nutrition Featured.

The increasing appreciation by the American people of the value of a national health structure is reflected in the comprehensive machinery built up by the American Red Cross and kept in constant operation in the past year, in the interest of national health.

Instruction in home hygiene and care of the sick, in nutrition; inspection of school children, the maintenance of an effective nursing service, all formed a part of the Red Cross organization assisting in keeping America well.

Altogether 51,121 students were instructed in home hygiene and care of the sick, including 31,430 school students, of whom 20,381 received certificates. This work reached the Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls and Girl Reserves; also telephone companies, public and private schools, community and industrial groups. An unusual fact of this service was its adaptation to the needs of the blind, through transcription of the text book in Braille print.

The year's work also demonstrated a growing understanding and appreciation on the part of Red Cross field representatives, chapters, co-operating agencies and others, of the place of nutrition in community programs, looking to community health.

There were 2,800 dietitians enrolled during the year; regular nutrition instruction reached 138,065 children; 20,359 adults attended nutrition meetings, while 1,885 schools were aided in furnishing lunches.

Co-operative relationships were established with various Government and educational agencies in making this branch of the Red Cross health work more effective.

Another of the health-promoting activities of the Red Cross lies in its public health nursing service. There are nearly 1,000 such nurses serving in every part of the country.

As an invaluable reservoir in time of a great national emergency, there is enrolled under the Red Cross banner a reserve of 42,002 nurses. In a number of disasters during the past year in which the Red Cross has aided, and where the services of the nurses were required, they have been among the first to mobilize.

At Lorain, O., last year 34 enrolled Red Cross nurses were engaged in relief work, while 124 were employed in the mid-west tornado disaster relief operation of this year. The work of Mrs. Dorothy Davis Schleicher, a Red Cross public health nurse stationed at Fairbanks, Alaska, in checking a flu epidemic at Fort Yukon, in the Arctic, has won praise from all who knew of it.

It is to assist in maintaining such valuable services to the community that the American Red Cross invites members during its ninth annual roll call, November 11 to 26, the only such appeal which the Red Cross makes in the year.

No appeal is so international as that to the humanity of every people. The sum of \$1.50 from a Japanese boy in Tokio to the Santa Barbara relief fund bespeaks a world of friendship, engendered by the American Red Cross.

When the mariners on the high seas enroll 100 per cent. in the American Red Cross, should you lag behind?

Join the American Red Cross whose work is your expression of our human impulses.

RED CROSS FINANCES SHOW WIDE SERVICES

Past Year Cost \$10,321,679.80; Duty to Ex-Service Men Paramount.

Washington.—The national and international services of the American Red Cross are portrayed graphically in a statement of the Red Cross finances for the past fiscal year ended June 30, 1925. Expenditures by the Red Cross (including both the National Organization and the Chapters) during this period aggregated \$10,321,679.80.

The obligation of the American Red Cross to the ex-service and service men is represented in this sum by a total expenditure of \$4,225,292.61. In the interests of disabled veterans, the Red Cross expended \$3,577,916.42, of which \$1,677,916.42 came from the National Organization, and \$1,900,000 from the more than 8,000 Chapters and local branches of the society. Red Cross services to the men of the Regular Army and Navy the past year called for \$647,376.19, of which the National Organization furnished \$310,376.19, and the Chapters, \$337,000.

Sharing in importance with this responsibility was the Red Cross work of disaster relief during the year. In these operations there was absorbed a total of \$1,922,782.90 up to June 30, this year. This represented \$1,622,782.90 of National Organization funds and \$300,000 from the Chapters. Relief in foreign disasters amounted to \$285,579.35. This sum was appropriated altogether by the National Organization.

Insular and foreign operations of the American Red Cross during the year included relief in foreign disasters, the League of Red Cross Societies, Junior Red Cross Foreign Projects, assistance to insular Chapters and similar functions. Besides its disaster relief, the National Organization financed these other branches of foreign work also, including \$110,238.72 for assistance to insular chapters, \$177,450 for the League of Red Cross Societies, \$84,384.43 for Junior projects abroad, and \$80,057.62 for other insular and foreign operations.

In addition to its paramount duty to assist veterans and other service men and their families, and its disaster relief, the Red Cross expended at home through its national and chapter funds, a total of \$1,029,616.05 for its Public Health Nursing Service; \$154,135.09 for nutrition instruction; \$314,422.76 for First Aid and Life Saving; \$445,707.34 for Junior Red Cross; \$132,759.88 for instruction in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick; and carried on similarly important home duties. Included in the latter were such valuable services as the Enrolled Nurses' Reserve, for which the National Organization expended \$45,562.64; while other national operations at home amounted to \$302,957.64. The chapters, in addition to the large part they played in all Red Cross activity, spent \$678,000 of their own funds on general chapter services.

The broad humanity of the American Red Cross can never be measured by the money it costs, but even in bare terms of dollars and cents, the scope of its work is indicated. A study of these facts also shows the necessity for the largest possible enrollment, since Red Cross service is maintained almost entirely by its membership. The annual invitation to participate in this work through membership in the American Red Cross, is extended from Armistice Day, November 11, to Thanksgiving, November 26.

Red Cross First Aid Popular in America As Accidents Gain

The rapidly mounting toll from traffic accidents has brought home to the public the necessity of being prepared to render prompt assistance while awaiting the doctor. During the past year 356 chapters of the American Red Cross were instructing classes in First Aid, and in the same period certificates were issued to 26,601 persons qualified by Red Cross experts.

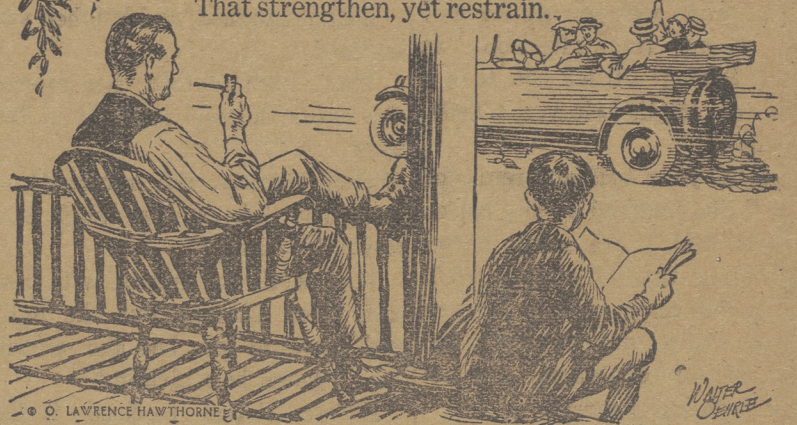
Many cities throughout the United States are showing interest in securing first aid instruction for their police and fire department personnel, and through the work of local chapters, practical results have been obtained in such cities as Washington, D. C.; Toledo, O.; Boston, Mass.; South Bend and Indianapolis, Ind.; Port Arthur, Texas, and other communities. In co-operation with the State

Sound Advice

by O. Lawrence Hawthorne

It seems to me we do not dwell Enough upon the past; Intent on what tomorrow holds We speed along so fast That what our fathers were and did We seldom contemplate, Nor do we seek their sage advice— Until it is too late.

There's nothing to be gained thru haste; Great movements take their time. We ought to think before we act, And caution is no crime! With history wise men confer, And from the past they gain Instruction and philosophy That strengthen, yet restrain.



authorities, intensive training in first aid and rescue methods has been given to State police and constabulary members at four State training schools.

Instruction in these subjects in public and private schools, colleges and universities has increased during the year. Attention has been given to training teachers at institutes and summer schools.

The Red Cross first aid railroad car has been in continuous operation throughout the year. It covered 10,340 miles, visiting 137 cities, where 1,200 meetings were conducted by the surgeons, with a total of 146,827 people.

Industries particularly have availed themselves of the instruction afforded by the Red Cross. The Western Electric Company, for example, reports a reduction of the accident rate per 1,000 employees.

Architectural Gems

Besides Wolsey's great hall and kitchen, Christ church, Oxford, boasts two of the finest English examples of the Gothic style of architecture, both built more than a century after Gothic became merely a historical term. One of these, the stairway to the hall, was designed in 1640 by a genius known only as "Smith of London."

The other, Tom tower, carrying the Great Tom bell which every night rings 101 peals to announce the closing of college gates, was designed by Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's, in one of the few happy moments when he really sensed the feeling of medieval builders.

English Writer Tells

"Tall" Fish Stories

The winter garden of the Savoy hotel, London, was the scene of a double tragedy a few weeks ago. For many years two goldfish, named Ernest and Eva, made their home in the fountain there. Guests from all parts of the world admired them, for the fish were famous on account of their tricks.

As soon as a cork was put in the water, Ernest would leap over it in a flash of gold, and sometimes would turn a somersault in the air. One day, however, a thoughtless guest flicked some cigar ash into the fountain, and the fish were poisoned.

Another notable goldfish died recently. His name was Peter, and for fourteen years he lived in the garden fountain of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, London.

Legends of long-lived fish are numerous. One of the most interesting concerns the "Holy Trout of Kilgeever." This fish lived for many years in a well in the west of Ireland. Tradition says that when French troops landed there more than a century ago, they ran short of food, and certain soldiers decided to have the trout fried for dinner. When they put him on the pan, the trout disappeared up the chimney and found his way back to the well, where he lived for many years.—London Tit-Bits.

During the Discussion. "Bah, you have no religion." "Yes, I have a religion, but I don't get mad over it."

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The Alabamian

ALABAMA COLLEGE, MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA, NOVEMBER 30, 1925

SENATE SCOURS CAMPUS AND IS SHOCKED

Senators of Alabama College in their regular session Tuesday, Nov. 3 entered into a detailed discussion of "What's Wrong With Our Campus," and full reports from the four committees appointed to look into the situation were read and adopted.

Faye Turner and her committee tolled the bell of discontent. They presented the problem as it is present at Alabama College, called for a discussion and proposed methods for remedying the trouble. Miss Turner and her committeemen are really of the opinion that students of Alabama College are not half as discontented as they think themselves to be. Discontent is contagious, they seem to think. They remarked that if the members of the Senate would themselves take a more contented, happy attitude, the reaction on the student body would be desirable. For, they believe, if discontent is contagious then contentment must also be contagious. The causes for the discontent of the student body were discussed, and the committee and others are at work seeking solutions for the causes.

Lucy Hall, chairman of another committee for the study of the same problem brought to the Senate the report that there is a lack of a general feeling of helpfulness and interest among the students. Several suggestions as methods for solving it were rendered. Other committee chairmen were Maybelle Conner and Lydia Finklea. Among many evils they enumerated as existing on the campus were those of selfishness and lack of interest in the activities of the students body as a whole.

Most suggestions and propositions made to the Senate were tangible and practical, but it was felt and understood that no method employed to better conditions on the campus, could revolutionize Alabama College thoroughly. What the Senate means to do is to present the problems, propose their solution and create a sentiment.

The Senate feels that Alabama College is a mighty institution. The spirit of its students is good, and the better characteristics far outweigh the worse. It is only because the Senators realize that the Alabama College spirit can be better and greater, and that the campus can be made cleaner, and the lives of the students happier than now, that the question was undertaken.

It is believed at the outset of the campaign for the cleaning up of our campus life, that the Senate will be both justified and rewarded in taking its present action.

GET ACQUAINTED WEEK—SELLING IDEA

ANOTHER TRADITION ADDED TO ALABAMA COLLEGE STORE- HOUSE

Students Fell in Line With Good Spirit

"Get Acquainted Week" or "Know Each Other Week" is Alabama College's newest tradition—if tradition it proves to be. The idea originated, as far as Alabama College students are concerned, with Lillian Prout, ex-president of the Student Government Association of Alabama College. In presenting her idea to the Senate last spring, Miss Prout said that no student in Alabama College knew near as many students at the college as she should. In a student body of seven hundred, one student should know both by face and name the majority of the students of the institution. She remarked that she believed that there would be a more friendly and kindlier spirit shown if the students really knew each other.

It was in accordance with Miss Prout's suggestion that the Senate undertook this year to sponsor "Get Acquainted" or "Know Each Other Week."

Activities began Monday, November 2, and ran through Friday, during which time every student in college was expected to wear her name. To be seen without a card indicating her name, in fact, branded her as conceited enough to think that everyone in school knew her name. Consequently, cards bearing the name of the individual, were unanimously worn.

Efforts to learn names of girls were encouraged, and from all reports and evidence, the campaign really proved beneficial.

On Friday evening, November 6th, at a mass meeting each student walked across the stage of the auditorium, as she walked across she called out a number, that is, one, or ten or sixty-

"Yale News" Edits World Court Article

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT
OF AMERICA SPONSORS MOVE

Alabamian To Publish Complete Series

The "Yale News" is planning a series of articles on every phase of the World Court question by men of nationally known ability and eminence. The World Court Committee of the Council of Christian Associations, representing the Student Christian Movement of America, has just completed arrangements with the "News" whereby the six best of these articles will be made available to every college paper in the nation which desires to publish the series. Both sides and all angles of the subject will be treated. Those from whom articles are assured are: Professor Irving Fisher, President Hamilton Holt, Professor Manley Hudson, Professor Herbert Adams Gibbons and Former Governor William E. Sweet. Other articles come from the following: Senator George Wharton Pepper, George W. Wickersham, Chas. Evans Hughes, President Glann Frank, John W. Davis and Herbert Hoover.

The arrangement for publication in the Alabamian is as follows:

1. In each edition of the Alabamian hereafter for six issues one of the articles will be published.

2. The Alabamian will give a credit line to the "Yale News."

3. The Alabamian agrees to publish the entire series.

4. The first of the series by Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale, is published in this issue of the paper.

So far as is known this is the first time a notable series of articles has been made available for all college papers. It is also the first time that such a notable series of articles has been made available for all college papers. It is also the first time the same stories have appeared simultaneously in the undergraduate press of the whole nation.

The Council of Christian Associations functions to create a united and active student opinion favorable to the immediate entrance of the United States into the World Court, and to arouse the students of the United States to a more intelligent interest in, and effective influence upon, the determination of the foreign policy of the United States.

five, according as to the order in which she happened to be. As she did so, all other students, if they knew her, wrote her name by the side of the number corresponding to the one she called. In this way it was found which student knew the most girls in college. The Senate Committee, in counting the names, decided the best-known girl of the college. All girls with major or full quota of important offices were eliminated from the race, since it is to be expected that they would naturally be known by all the students in the school.

The girl knowing the largest number of students and the girl who is rated as the best-known will each receive a prize of five dollars from the Senate.

"Get Acquainted Week" has met with unanimous favor at Alabama College. From all indications it is to be a permanent part of the fall program of the students and will soon be marked as a real tradition of the college.

Ouida Wood won the five dollar prize offered by the Senate to the student showing proof of knowing the largest number of girls in school.

Prize for best-known goes to girl who draws, since a number of students tied for the place.

Howard Chandler Christy Ruled Out

The beauties for the 1926 Technala shall be chosen by the students of Alabama College, so they ruled by popular vote at a meeting recently held.

The matter of submitting pictures to the noted artist, Howard Chandler Christy was mentioned, but almost unanimously the students voted it down. They expressed themselves as of the opinion that the pictures submitted might not be indicative of the real beauty of the individual and consequently the artist could not tell just who they really is prettiest.

The students preferred voting for girls themselves whom they know to be beautiful, and more so because of the love and admiration held for them.

Scribblers' Club Admits New Members

The Scribblers' Club, Federated Authors' Club of Alabama College, has admitted four new members into their organization as the result of the tryout held recently. New members are: Faye Turner, Dorothy Williams, Joy Cawthon, Edith Delchamps.

A large number of tryouts were received by the club, and the members are said to have been very highly pleased at the interest shown.

The Scribblers' Club, which limits

Christmas Pageant To Be Given by Sophs— Symbolic Story Told to Music

"Christmas Light," a pageant in three acts, telling in symbolic terms the story of the growth of the Christmas spirit, and showing in a beautiful way the relation of Christianity as expressed through the Christmas spirit and civilization, will be given by the Sophomore Class just before the beginning of the Christmas holidays.

The story is simply told to the strains of original music. While in detail the pageant is elaborate and beautiful, it is elegant in its simple dignity. The story opens with the first Christmas and portrays not merely the first Christmas, but the spirit of that first Christmas. The last scene is one of idealism and shows the supreme growth and meaning of what the true Christian spirit is in civilization.

The Sophomores are aiming at an artistic production, and they promise something unexcelled at Alabama College, as regards harmony, beauty, setting, lighting effects and originality.

The cast includes Helen Veitch, Katherine Leath, Una Franklin, Eleanor Hooper, Nina Dantzer, Lucy Stevens, Parmelia Snell, Madge Page, Mary Noble, Frances Loftin, Catherine Prentiss, "Cricket" Abercrombie, and others. Besides these are a large number of singers, shepherds, peasants, angels, cherubins and visions.

The pageant is being put on under the direction of a member of the class, and the entire performance is said to be absolutely original, being worked out without any help from outsiders, upperclassmen or faculty.

A small admission fee will be charged, the proceeds to go to the Sophomore Class for the benefit of a benevolence fund.

its membership to a small number, was organized in the spring of 1924 to develop the creative literary talents of certain girls who should be chosen as members.

It has had a most successful career, and this year, under the leadership of Lillian Prout, expects to accomplish much in a literary way.

The four new members are to be congratulated in gaining admittance into the club.

DEBATES ARE QUITE THE THING

Debates are coming off weekly at Alabama College now, and continue to grow in interest and favor.

Friday, October 30, the Juniors debated with the Sophomores on the question "Resolved, That Women Should Be Given Equal Rights With Men." Phyllis Earle and Crickett Abercrombie debated for the Sophomores, while Laura Johnson and Joy Cawthon argued for the Juniors, the Juniors taking the affirmative side of the question, and winning the debate.

Friday, November 6, the Tutwilers debated against the Philomathics on the question "Resolved, That It is Better to Have Loved and Lost Than Never to Have Loved at All." The Philomathics tackled the affirmative. The debate was a clash of wits, and the audience was kept in an uproar throughout the entire proceedings. Concrete examples, of a very humorous nature, were given and the contestants did not hesitate to try to prove their points by referring to definite individuals. The whole thing was exceptionally clever and unique, and it was only after painful consideration that the discussion was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

The debate scheduled for Friday, November 13, is between the Freshmen and Sophomores. The subject is as yet not made known to the public.

Friday, November 20, a debate between individuals is scheduled, at which time Hazel Black and Una Franklin meet Helen Townsend and Lillian Prout. The subject for debate is "Resolved, That the United States Should Adopt a Uniform Divorce Law." Lillian Prout and Helen Townsend take the affirmative side of the question.

In every debate except one held this fall, the challengers have been defeated. In that event the prophecy for the outcome of the debates above scheduled is that the Sophomores win Friday, 13, and that the affirmative wins Friday, 20th.

Final debate on the question of a government censorship of books comes off November 11. This debate is also scheduled between individuals, but at the time this paper went to press it was not known just who the final debaters would be. The Alabama College Library is offering a prize of a book valued at five dollars to the individual coming out as winner in the debate.

Student Conference At Tuscaloosa Strikes Great Keynote — Montevallo Sent Large Delegation

Twenty-two students from Alabama College attended the third annual Baptist Student Conference, which was in session Oct. 30 through Nov. 1, at the First Baptist Church, Tuscaloosa, Ala. Entertainment was given the visiting delegates in the homes of the people and the dormitories of the University of Alabama.

The keynote of the conference was "The Challenge of the Christian Ideal," and the first session of the conference was entered into with a keen spirit of expectancy for great things from the conference. The keynote was struck with the first addresses, emphasized with the music and solemn petition to God, and was expounded throughout the three-day session.

James F. Stoner, of the University of Alabama, sat in the president's chair, and much of the success of the conference is said to be due to his prayerful and untiring efforts to so direct activities that the students enter the conference with the right attitudes and highest motives.

The following was the program as prepared beforehand:

3:00-4:45—Registration and assignment.

5:00—Opening song service. Music in charge of Pat Alderman, Howard College, Birmingham, Ala. Howard College Quartet will furnish special music.

Intermission.

5:10—Welcome:

1. On the part of the City—Dr. Judson Martin.

2. On the part of the University—Dr. Geo. Denny.

3. On the part of the B. S. U.—Miss Elizabeth Perry.

5:45—Response—Miss Alberta Proc.

5:50—"Why Are We Here?"—James Stoner.

6:00—Conference banquet.

Each delegation given five minutes for recognition. Song, yell or stunt (Montevallo sang).

Friday Night

7:30—Inspirational Music.

Intercession.

7:45—"How to Get the Most Out of This Conference"—Miss Geo-

HOWARD GLEE CLUB COMING

The Boys' Glee Club of Howard College, under the direction of Pat Alderman, and the management of Ermon L. Crew, will give a concert in the auditorium of Alabama College on the evening of December 12.

The Glee Club, which is said to be considered one of the best Alabama Glee Clubs, and one of the really good clubs of the South, is composed of 30 male voices. They feature an unusually good orchestra and a quartet. The club is said to be much better this year than formerly, and is expected to do some good concert work over the State.

Howard's Glee Club is really a combination affair, both boys and girls belonging to the same club, but for the Alabama College concert only male voices will be heard. In fact, only male voices will be heard in any of their fall concerts, the work done with the girls being featured next spring.

This is the first time in several years that Howard's Glee Club has had an engagement at Alabama College, and those who are backing the concert are desirous of the support of the student body and faculty.

The program of the concert has not yet been made known at the college, but every assurance has been given that the entertainment will be of the highest type and worthy of hearing.

Tickets will be placed on sale at an early date and may be secured for 50 and 75 cents.

Theme Submitted At Citizenship School Published

The theme submitted by Sara Maud Patillo to the Freshman Commission at the close of the Citizenship School won such appraisal that the Senate decided that it should be published in the daily papers of Alabama, and the Alabamian. By some mistake it was omitted from the last publication of the Alabamian. It appears in this issue, and every student is urged to read it. It shows what a Freshman with little time could do during the Citizenship School, and is pretty good proof in itself that the Citizenship School was a success.

Kathryn Meisle, Con- tralto, Gives Concert

The second of the Alabama College Artist Series was given Saturday evening, November 7th, at eight o'clock in the college auditorium, at which time a Kathryn Meisle, contralto, of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, gave a concert.

She was heard by a large and appreciative audience. The concert was much in favor at the college, a much larger audience being present than

gine Coley, Montgomery.

8:05—"The Christian Ideal as Set Forth in the New Testament"—Miss Louise Foreman, Traveling secretary, Inter-Board Commission.

9:00—Adjourn.

Saturday Morning

8:45—Inspirational Music.

Intercession.

9:00—"The B. S. U. Council and the Religious Program"—John B. Crockett, Educational Director, First Baptist Church, Tuscaloosa.

9:15—"A Constructive Religious Program Essential in Saving and Training Our Students"—Miss Mary Frances Johnson, Columbus, Miss.

9:30—"The Church, the Center of the Religious Program"—Dr. J. R. Hobbs, Pastor First Baptist Church, Birmingham, Ala.

10:00—"The Christian Moral Standard and the Campus Life"—Dr. David M. Gardner, Pastor First Baptist Church, Ensley, Ala.

10:30—Conference photograph.

10:50—"The Christian Home and the Social Life"—Mrs. Ida M. Stallworth, Secretary Alabama Baptist W. M. U., Montgomery.

11:10—"The Christian Viewpoint in Scientific Study"—Dr. P. P. Burns, Howard College.

11:40—Discussion—Groups.

These groups arranged so that a representative company of students assemble in each division.

Questions

1. What should be the standard for guidance in the selection of my college course?

2. Who should set the standard for the morals of the campus?

3. Is Christian activity essential in the highest development of the Christian life?

4. Why do some students fail spiritually, intellectually or morally?

The following leaders to direct discussion: J. E. Lewis, Birmingham; Dr. R. Kelly White, Marion; Dr. J. H. Chapman, Birmingham; Prof. V. P. McKinley, Tuscaloosa; Dr. C. Judson Cheves, Newton.

12:30—Reassembling and adjournment.

Saturday Afternoon

'Bama-Miss. A. & M. game.

Saturday Night

7:00—Special music.

Intercession.

7:15—Reports from Discussion Groups.

7:45—"The Baptist Challenge in Alabama"—D. R. Green, General Secretary, Baptist Executive Board, Montgomery.

8:05—Special music.

8:10—"The Triune, God's Provision for the Propagation of the Christian Ideal"—Dr. H. E. Dana, Southwestern Theological Seminary, Fort Worth, Texas.

9:00—Adjournment.

Sunday Morning

7:00-7:45—Sunrise Service—H. S. Hughes, Memphis, Tenn.

9:30-10:45—Observation of Methods in Departmental Sunday School Work.

11:00—Sermon—Dr. H. E. Dana, Fort Worth, Texas.

Sunday Afternoon

2:15—Inspirational music.

Intercession.

2:20—"Southern Baptist Students, Their Possibilities and Plans"—Miss Louise Foreman.

4:40—Blessings Received During Conference—Testimonials.

3:00—Adjournment.

The students from Alabama College, and indeed all the colleges, feel that the conference was overflowing with blessings both for the individuals and the groups. Higher, greater visions for service were seen and the challenge of the Christian ideal became more real and more convincing than ever before.

Students here who attended came back with new plans and hopes, and a realization of the possibilities on this campus, as regards spiritual growth and progress.

Agnes Durant, of Judson College, was elected president of the conference for the coming year, and will do her part to make the south-wide meeting to be held in Birmingham, Oct. 29-31, 1926, the greatest student movement gathering that has ever assembled under the influence of the church.

NOTED PARLIAMEN- TARIAN COMES TO GIVE COURSE

Alabama Author At College This Week

Mrs. Narcissa T. Showhan, author, lecturer and teacher, of Mobile, Ala., is this week conducting a large class in parliamentary law at the college. This is the first of a series of courses to be given under the same direction this year, a week each quarter to be set aside as Parliamentary Law Week, at Alabama College.

Mrs. Showhan arrived at the college on the evening of November the seventh, and organized her classes on November the ninth, a large number of students voluntarily enrolling.

The course is proving instructive, interesting and beneficial, and has grown in popularity during the week. Mrs. Showhan bases her methods upon Roberts' Rules of Order. She studied under Roberts for several years, and has written a number of books and pamphlets relating to parliamentary procedure.

One-third quarter hour's credit is being given all students who successfully complete the course this week.

Mrs. Showhan is regarded as an authority and has lectured much over the South on questions relating to parliamentary law. She has a pleasing personality and makes the work attractive.

Students at the college are being given the opportunity of procuring her books on rules of order. They are: "The Presiding Officer's Guide," "The Secretary's Companion," "The Treasurer's Handbook," "A Guide Book for Conventions," "The Essentials of a Properly Conducted Meeting," "Presiding Over an Election," and "A Key to Parliamentary Law." The price of the set is \$3.00. Bought separately the books are 50 cents.

was that which heard the lecture on October 31.

Kathryn Meisle is an opera singer of great note. She has had an eminent career, and her voice is one which has won for her enthusiastic praise from music lovers over the entire country. Her tones are rich and full, and her voice is artistically trained. This added to its natural sweetness and melody, and her rare and excellent interpretation make her an artist one likes always to hear again and again.

This is Kathryn Meisle's first performance at Alabama College, but her reception warrants that she would be heard here again with pleasure.

Coming features of the Artist Series are as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Mihitaro Ongawa—Japanese Folk-lore, December 5, 1925.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Palletier, January 8, 1926.

Rene Chemet, violinist, January 16, 1926.

Elshuco Trio of New York, February 6, 1926.

Edward Q. Devine, lecturer, February 20, 1926.

Olga Samaroff, pianist, March 1, 1926.

Felix Solmond, cellist, March 20, 1926.

Edward Howard Griggs, lecturer, April 17, 1926.

LIVING CHRISTMAS TREE IS PLANNED

Though early in the season, the Christmas spirit is already manifesting itself at Alabama College, and the Senate is at work formulating plans for a living Christmas tree, and a Christmas program, to be rendered just before the students leave for their homes over the State.

The suggestion was made in the regular session of the Senate Tuesday evening, Nov. 3, that it was believed the students of the college would derive more genuine joy from having a tree and program for the children and less fortunate, than in having it for themselves, as has been the custom. Since the idea was so heartily entertained by the Senators, general plans were at once made for the Christmas tree, and already the very tree for the occasion has been selected.

The students of the college will give fruit, candy, toys and necessities to children who otherwise would be permitted to enjoy the most meager Christmas. Santa Claus cheer can go a long way, it is believed, when 700 participate.

The Senate has the affair in charge, and is at present serving as a general committee before definite committees with specific tasks are appointed.

Question

Thieves in Berlin purloined the Ten Commandments. Will they keep what they stole?

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The College Faculty

An Oxford man, long after his graduation, was asked by a non-college friend what he considered the most valuable thing he had received in his educational laarning. The prompt answer was: "Inspiration!" We can realize how surroundings hallowed by the footprints of great men before could inspoer one, but is there not also a greater inspiration to be found in some element, living, loving and vital? Were not they, under whom he studied, equally responsible for the vision of that man who years later associated with his alma mater's name, "Inspiration?"

Likewise in Alabama College today a similar responsibility falls on every officer in its realm. Just as it rests on each alumnus to mainain he sandard; she has gotten from her alma mater, so it remains with you (the faculty and officers) to partially shape a girl's idea of college and prompt her to better things for tomorrow. Doubtless this clause is not in your contract, but it is nevertheless essential.

If you don't feel that it is your work to lead and guide spiritually as well as instruct, pedagogically perhaps you'd do more useful selling hosiery or measuring cloth in a dry goods store. No man was ever great who could not be personal. Are you personal with your students? Do you tell them small things that will make them leave your class with a determination to work harder and be somebody? Are you human, or would a phonograph take your place with its automatic lessons on records?

The students have just completed a "No everybody meets." Do you try to know the various types of humanity in your classes? Will some great woman 20 years from now say affectionately: "I learned my great lesson of democracy from Miss----- or Mr.----- at Alabama College. She or he was wonderful!"

Our faculty has two characteristics which could be improved. First, they can stop a student's inane remarks without rude and abrupt interruptions. It is not only embarrassing to the class a whole, but it makes one wonder whether or not the teacher has had the right training. Second, students should not be terror stricken. Everyday psychology should impress the fact that fear retards the vital mental functions. Who has ever taught by means of inspiring fear?

You cannot all be Aristotles, neither can we all be Alexanders; but we can co-operate and be mutually helpful and you can be human, personal, interested, sympathetic and sincere.

MOTORISTS' AVERSION

The friend who asks for a ride.

The friend who stiffens when there's a car ahead.

The friend who always puts his hand out too late.

The friend who tells me what his little Lizzie can do.

The friend who wants to be sure I know the way back.

The friend who takes up the whole trip describing scenery elsewhere.

The friend who asks me to stop every few miles so he can light up.

The friend who leans over with one arm around me so he can talk better.

—Kansas City Star.

NEW INVENTIONS

An inventor has patented a canoe paddle in which is inserted a propeller driven by a motor on the handle that is supplied with current by a small storage battery.

A new solution for coating iron, steel and zinc is said to resist corrosion and the action of acid fumes, alkalies and brines and to be unaffected by heat or moisture.

Instead of being operated by coins in slots a new automatic restaurant uses cards on which the prices are printed mechanically when food is purchased, patrons paying a cashler.

WIT AND WISDOM

"Girl athletes shape well," says a writer. We've noticed that.

"What to Do With Household Scraps" is the title of a recent article on home hints. It seems to be the thing nowadays to finish them in the police courts.

DO YOU KNOW THOS. WEAVERLY PALMER?

Thomas Waverly Palmer, A.B., A. M., LL.D., who since 1907 has been the head of the institution now known as Alabama College, is a man whose record would fill several interesting volumes—were it all told. He is a man who has been outstanding in the development of Alabama's educational interests, and is a man who has at all times been keenly aware of Alabama's needs in the fields of educational activity.

Since such is true of Dr. Palmer, and since he is probably the most beloved man ever connected with this institution, it is but fitting that the Alabamian should take him as the first subject for its new feature column.

Dr. Palmer was born at Snow Hill, now Furman, Ala., May 19, 1860, the son of Dabney Palmer, and his wife, Martha A. Simpson. He began life at a time when it seemed that opportunity seldom knocked when privileges were few, and when it was hard, indeed, to acquire a position of distinction and comfort in the world.

The boyhood of this future college president was spent much like that of the boys and girls with whom he associated. Although he was considered a very bright and promising lad, he was not a genius, nor overprecious. He was a real boy, with a boy's likes and dislikes, aims and desires, ambitious and ideals. Yet the little country boy, born in the small Snow Hill town, has risen from the plane of his boyhood playmates, and today his name, aside from being listed in "Who's Who of America," has come to mean much to the State of which he is a resident, and the country of which he is a citizen.

After receiving his regular grammar school and secondary education, he entered Howard College, a Baptist institution then located at Marion, Ala. He graduated from the school in 1878, later entering the University of Alabama, receiving his master's degree in 1881. One year later he graduated in engineering and in 1886 received from the same school the honorary degree of Doctor of Law.

In 1886, also, he married Lulu Rainer, of Union Springs, Ala. She has been his constant companion since their wedding day, December 22, and has made for him a happy home.

Much had been accomplished by his twenty-sixth year, but in reality he had only begun to live. At that time he was professor of mathematics at the University. He had begun his work as an instructor in 1881, becoming professor just a few years later. He continued his work in that department until 1907. From 1905 until 1907 he was also dean of the academic faculty of the University of Alabama.

In 1907 Dr. Palmer was elected president of the Alabama Girls' Technical Institute, a school which had been established in 1896. He was taking a rather uncertain step when he left a well established State university and assumed the leadership of a small school in a small town—a school without buildings, without equipment, with little hope for a great success in the near future.

He was considered brave for coming to a girls' school in a State where appropriations were hard to secure, and where sentiment was not altogether for the education of our womanhood.

But he came—and today we are glad he did come. For into the building of Alabama College have gone the best years of his life and the best efforts of his hands and mind. He entered the school at the beginning of its eleventh year; he is still with it in its thirtieth. The history of Dr. Palmer's life for those intervening years is synonymous with the history of the college.

When he came to Montevallo, the school was not what we today call a college. The courses offered in the institution were part elementary, part high school. In 1912, through Dr. Palmer's influence, the elementary grades were ruled out, and one year—the first year—college was added. This was a great boon to the young institution, and served as a stimulus not only for immediate growth and development but of untold promise and hope for the future.

In 1915 the sophomore college year was added, thus making Alabama Girls' Technical Institute a junior college. In 1920 a third year was added. Dr. Palmer was determined that his every effort would be toward the establishment of a full-fledged four-year State college for women in Alabama. The fourth year was added for home economics students in 1921, but the institution could not be rated as a four-year school until the senior year was added in all departments of the college. This step was taken in 1922, and in that year one girl, John William Pridgen, received her degree. During the four years in which Alabama College (for that is the name conferred upon the institution when it became a four-year college) has been granting degrees 109 students have been graduated with either of the three degrees Alabama College now confers.

Had an average educator come as president of the institution in 1907, there might be no four-year college here today. But Dr. Palmer stood for progress; he is himself progressive. He put all the physical, mental and moral strength he could muster in the making of an institution that would grow strong with the years. He has succeeded in his ideal. He has met

faithfully the challenge of education, and he is leaving here footprints that are sacred on Alabama College soil. It is in the above listed labors of his life that we find interest. But the part told above is that part which concerns only Alabama College. Because he labored faithfully here, and because he is a man with a keen insight, a grappling desire for the betterment of conditions for the education of a womanhood that shall be worthy of making the homes of the nation, he is known farther than our college.

Leading men all over the country are familiar with Dr. Palmer, and are his personal friends. But not only leading men and women know and claim him as a friend, for thousands who make up the masses love him also. People have often been heard to say on Alabama College campus that Dr. Palmer probably knows more people personally in Alabama than any other man in the State. And all of us here can attest to the fact that Dr. Palmer can tell us interesting tales regarding our home towns, our parents, relatives or close associates.

He is a man to whom the students of Alabama College may go with their troubles. He listens to them sympathetically, and shows a real interest in the welfare of the individual. He strives at all times, not for the mere development of the institution, but for the development of a great spirit as reflected through the individuals.

It is because of his interest in and love for people that he has been connected with so many movements for the betterment of education and society as a whole in Alabama. No man can be a real educator without the personal interest. To the outside world he is known as the educator. To those who analyze the situation he is seen as one with a human interest. It is because he is recognized as both that he has been permitted to serve on important committees and commissions dealing with problems of education in Alabama. Dr. Palmer was a member of the Alabama State Text-book Commission from 1913 through 1918, and chairman of the State Board for Vocational Education from 1917 to 1919. He was president of the Alabama Education Association in 1921-22, and is now a member of the State Council of Education.

In addition to these honors, he was for six years a member of the State executive committee of Y. M. C. A., and for two years was president of Alabama Baptist Sunday School Convention. He is a faithful worker in the Baptist Church at Montevallo, and for years has been one of the teachers in the Sunday school. He is a real Christian gentleman, as every girl at Alabama College knows. He is a man of high ideals and character, standing for and supporting no movement until he knows it is for the betterment of the institutions and individuals it concerns.

Yes, his white hairs and his kindly face are revered here at Alabama College. Every girl here, deep in her heart, loves the man to whom most of the credit for this school's progress is due, and the student body is eagerly looking forward to the day when the new auditorium some time to be erected shall proudly bear the name "Thomas Waverly Palmer Hall." We don't see how it could be named anything else. We think no name could be more beautiful, more appropriate, and we are praying that when that much needed building shall become a reality it may be named for the man who has so constantly lived the motto of the college who never fails to "keep faith" with himself, his school, his country and his God.

America's Entrance In The World Court a Necessity

(Courtesy of the Yate Daily News)

The political disputes over the World Court and the League of Nations have so confused the issue by discussion of details that the fundamental reasons why America should join have been too often overlooked.

Let us, then, go back to first principles. I believe that anyone who would forget the bitter political discussions and would devote an hour's honest thought to the subject would see that if America is to do anything to co-operate with other nations for world peace the least we can do is to join the Court. There is much more we can do, but we can scarcely do anything less and participate at all in the world-wide effort to prevent war.

That ancient institution which we call a court is really the supreme and basic invention of all civilization. It is the only device which has been found to work to prevent war when quarrels became acute. Without it, civilization itself would soon disappear; in fact, it could never have existed. It is the court which everywhere has kept peace and this has been true in ever-widening circles. Even our humblest court is that of the "Justice of the Peace."

When people talk loosely, as they so often do, about its being being impossible to abolish war, they are flying in the face of history. They overlook the fact that we have already, in spots, abolished war. We have abolished war, in fact, wherever we have applied the proper remedy, that is, wherever we have instituted a strong court. We have abolished war between individuals, families, cities, and now are abolishing it between nations.

Before the institution of the court was devised even individuals settled their disputes as Cain and Abel settled theirs. When a dispute becomes

acute and cannot be settled diplomatically, there remain just two ways of settling it. One is to fight it out, in which case the stronger man wins irrespective of the justice of his case. The other is to referee it, that is to put it into the hands of a disinterested third party who is not so excited or prejudiced and who is more likely to make a just decision. That is the fundamental idea of a court.

This is a very simple invention and a very old one and the fact that it has become so universal demonstrates that at heart man loves peace rather than war, that he prefers to let a judge decide rather than to resort to fighting.

The first court was the patriarch, who kept the peace within his family. The family was the first "peace group." But to keep peace within the family was not enough. As population grew and families crowded each other it was necessary to keep peace between the families in order that clusters of families might live together in a community or village. The Justice of Peace, or his equivalent in ancient civilization, was the second step in the institution of courts.

But it was not enough to keep the peace within a village. Inter-village war was still possible, and in primitive regions, such as the Philippines before the United States entered, there was no peaceful method of settling disputes between villages. The next step was to cluster the villages into a state, as Massachusetts grew from its town meetings, and to institute State Courts to keep the peace between communities. The next step was to cluster the states into a nation and to settle the disputes between the states by a Supreme Court. Our Supreme Court has settled eighty-seven such disputes between our States, and without the Supreme Court our States would certainly more than once have been in war. Now the hour has struck for enlarging the peace group one stage further to involve the whole earth by setting up a court between the nations and clustering the nations into a league.

We might almost describe the progress of civilization as consisting in this gradual enlargement of the peace group from the family to the community, to the state, to the nation, to the world. Only the last step has not yet been fully taken and cannot be, until the United States co-operates. When the step is fully taken, when the whole world is organized for peace, when the World Court is as authoritative as our Supreme Court, we shall have abolished war as an institution wholly and forever. Each previous step of enlarging the peace group has left something outside and, therefore, was incomplete. Occasional war was inevitable. But when the peace group involves the whole earth there is nothing left outside and the only war possible is civil war, which by the nature of the case seldom happens and is outlawed.

Now at last we have a World Court with forty-seven adherents and lacking only the United States to give it full prestige. Let us not talk about creating some substitute court and let us not pretend that the so-called "Old Hague-Tribunal" is a court. It is only a list of names on paper! There never was any other World Court than the Court of International Justice at The Hague, and the other nations of the world would never even consider disbanding that court to please those few United States Senators who talk so absurdly of creating something of their own.

The situation, then, is that a world court is a fundamental necessity and that there is only one world court available. Moreover, unless or until America joins the League of Nations, there is no practical way in sight for our joining the World Court except that which was worked out by Secretary Hughes and approved by Presidents Harding and Coolidge as well as supported by the party platforms of both political parties. There is no excuse, therefore, for making a political issue out of the court, and any man who, like Senator Borah, talks about repudiating the party pledge and refusing to support President Coolidge is simply an obstructionist and nothing more. It is utterly impossible for them constructively to give us what we fundamentally need in any other way, but it is possible for Borah and others in the strategic position in the Senate to obstruct and thwart this most fundamental project. There is genuine danger that they will do so unless the practically unanimous approval of the United States becomes sufficiently vocal. I believe the students of our universities, many of whom are already voters and the rest of whom will soon become so, can assert a tremendous influence with the Senate especially by writing personal letters to their own Senators and in other ways bringing to public attention their support of the World Court proposition.

The matter is stated to come before the Senate on December 17, and in order that any individuals influence shall be brought to bear in favor of the court, it is desirable that the effort should be made in the immediate future.

The record of the court thus far is good. It already has more authority than our Supreme Court acquired in the same space of time. It is not necessary to argue the question of the League of Nations, to discuss its various efforts to stop wars including its most recent one to stop the war between Peace and Bulgaria. Nor is it necessary to discuss the Locarno treaties. These are not the questions before the Senate in December, but the Hughes plan. Under that plan we can

join the Court without committing ourselves to anything further and after we have done so we shall be in a better position to judge how much further, if at all, we wish to go.

The great necessity today is to back up the President in the greatest step forward toward peace America has yet taken.

IRVING FISHER,
A.B. Dale, 1888; Ph.D., Yale, 1891.
Professor of Political Economy at Yale, 1898-1925; Editor Yale Review, 1896-1910; member of Roosevelt's National Conservation Commission; author of "The Nature of Capital and Income," "Stabilizing the Dollar," "The Making of Index Numbers," "League or War?" etc.)

Heaven, to a small boy, must be a place where throwing rocks through windows is compulsory.

Really, a woman has a perilous time. She may fall in love with a man who has a mustache.

Six were injured in Chicago when an auto driver thought a girl looked more interesting than the road.

In a few more years the only way you will be able to see the country is by peeping over a billboard.

They are called dance halls. But with the Charleston going on "dance haul" is nearer the truth.—Detroit News.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Is Missouri any relation to Mississippi?

Who builds the fires in the mountain ranges?

Do two half-sisters make a whole sister?

Can a color-blind person be green with envy?

Is the law passed on Monday called a blue law?

Why aren't all husbands called "silent partners"?

What is the chest expansion of the average oyster?

Did they teach spelling in the school that our stenographer attended?

Why is it that none of the girls we ever take out are on a diet?

What happens to all the collar buttons that roll under bureaus?

Who was it who told the baby on the floor below that crying was good for its lungs?—Chicago American.

WRONG EXPRESSIONS

India ink does not come from India and never did. It ought to be called Chinese ink.

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PRIZE OFFERED FOR THE BEST
ADVERSE CRITICISM OF "PROFITS"

College Students of America Urged to Compete

A prize of five thousand dollars is being offered by the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, for the best adverse criticism of "Profits," a recently released book by Foster and Catchings, authors of "Money." College students, particularly, are urged to compete.

It is not often that authors welcome adverse criticism, but the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research is willing to pay for it. The new Pollak book, "Profits," presents a far-reaching criticism of the existing economic order, and arrives at rather startling conclusions. As the authors wish to build on whatever is sound in this book, they are eager to find out, as far as possible, the worst that can be said against their theories. Toward this end a prize of five thousands dollars is offered for the best adverse criticism of the book, which is submitted to the Pollak Foundation, Newton, Massachusetts, before January 1, 1927. No one need buy the book in order to enter the contest, since the book may be examined in the library, and in other libraries.

The authors are William Trufant Foster, formerly President of Reed College, and Waddill Catchings, formerly President of the Central Foundry Company, and of the Sloss-Sheffield Steel and Iron Company, and now a member of Goldman, Sachs and Company, and a director of numerous industrial corporations.

The Judges are Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the General Electric Company; A. A. Young, of Harvard University, President of the American Economic Association, and Wesley C. Mitchell, of Columbia, of Columbia University, former President of the American Economic Association.

The main argument of the book, to which criticism is particularly invited, is this:

Progress toward greater total production is retarded because consumer spending does not keep pace with production. Consumer buying lags behind for two reasons: first, because industry does not disburse to consumers enough money to buy the goods produced; second, because consumers fear the necessity of saving, cannot spend as much money as they receive, and there is not an even flow of money from producer to consumer, and from consumer back to producer. The expansion of the volume of money does not fully make up the deficit, for non-production of goods, and the goods are expanded mainly to facilitate the sale to consumers for more money than the expansion has provided. Furthermore the savings of corporations and individuals are not used to purchase the goods already in the market, but to bring about the production of more goods. Under the existing system, therefore, we make progress only while we are filling the shelves with goods which must either be sold on the shelves as stock in trade, or to be sold at a loss, and while we are building more industrial equipment than we can use. Inadequacy of consumer income is, therefore, the main reason why we do not continue to produce the wealth of our natural resources, capital facilities, and improvements in the arts, and the self-interest of employers and employees would otherwise enable us to do so. Chiefly and because of short-coming to consumer demand, both capital and labor restrict output, and nations are in those struggles for outside markets and spheres of commercial influence which are the chief causes of war.

It is hoped that students of Alabama will at least read the book and consider the question. The problem is a novel and prove particularly interesting to students of economics and science.

W. A. Enlistment Campaign Increases Membership

Baptist Activities on the Spur No. 3, or the Sophomore Circle, which Una Franklin is chairwoman, came out with highest honors in the W. A. enlistment campaign recently to increase the membership of the Y. W. A. The number of members in the circle increased 400 per cent. As a result the circle was entered with a social at the past year by the other three groups.

Y. W. A. of the Baptist Church last year more fully realizing its duties and the scope of its work than ever before. Within another year two it is hoped that the majority of the Baptist girls of the college will be enrolled as active members and that the Y. W. A. may get a road toward the A-1 standard.

Y. W. A. social was given Friday night, November 6, at the home of Mrs. Curry. Games were played and fellowship ran high. Owing to a mass meeting at the chapel, it was hard for many students to attend the social, but a number dropped in just a few minutes. The next week will be a picnic at the Forest Grove. The Y. W. A. Council expects to go to camp some week next month.

Games in B. Y. P. U. work are planned for the month of November. A week to be set aside for a

regular training school at which time the unions at the college and the unions at the church will study together. Classes will be taught by the local B. Y. P. U. workers, and will be held for an hour each evening at the church. The senior manual and one other book will be taught. The faculty and dates will be announced later.

The B. S. U. of Alabama College held a most important meeting in the student parlor Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Echoes from the conference at Tuscaloosa were heard and proposed plans were launched into. It is thought that the B. S. U., whose aim is Christian life and character, finding adequate expression in all of life's relationships, and which strives to securely relate the student, the college and the church, will work in harmony toward the accomplishment of a great efficiency in B. Y. P. U., Y. W. A., Sunday school and other denominational activities it seeks to relate and foster in the college.

Might I Love You

Dark night, with howling gusts of wind,
Dashing rain and sleet and snow,
With thunder roaring through the sky
And lightning making clouds all glow,
I love you!

Bright night, your moon looks down on me,
And laughs at each gay twinkling star;
A million whispering breezes come
And blow my wandering thoughts afar—
I love you!

Cold night, I hear the creaking trees
As by keen winds they're made to sway;
Surely now I know that I
Would not exchange you for a day!
I love you!

O night, with Summer skies o'erhung,
Full of sweet and happy song
Of man and birds, and perfume faint
The blooming trees and flowers among,
I love you!
—DOROTHY WILLIAMS.

Adversity

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."
—Shakespeare.

Coming down in the world is not always an experience to be avoided. It is such a descent which, each Winter, saves the lives of many birds who flit across the gray skies in Autumn. Southward (and thus downward) is their course; yet it would be a fallacy to say that such a flight deserves disparagement.

To the family that has for a time lived on the fourth floor of an "elevatorless" domicile, a move to a floor below would seem, I am sure, a great benefaction. The change to the lower level would, in such a case, save time and energy for each member of the family. Let us ascertain the amount of time that would be saved thereby. If thirty seconds are required for the climbing of the extra flight, and if each member of a family of six must make the ascent five times daily, the family is obliged to spend 900 seconds each day in the mental task of stair-climbing. In one year the sum total would amount to 328,500 seconds, or three and eight-tenths days. Since "time is money," what a dreadful waste are these days which, if spent in bricklaying or some other lucrative occupation, would yield a goodly wage.

Again we say that by living a flight nearer to Mother Earth a family would save energy. The process of stair-climbing necessitates the expenditure of energy which in turn brings about a wear and tear on the body, resulting in sharpened nerves and aggravated dispositions. Since health and happiness are so tangibly dependent on nerves and dispositions, at what cost do we lodge so near the sky? Therefore, in some instances, it is infinitely better to step down in the world rather than remain aloft where, from one's garret window, can be seen the "short and simple flannels of the poor."

The tons of water which, because of the law of gravity, fall over the cliffs at Niagara Falls are a blessing to mankind. Because energy can be neither created nor destroyed, the momentum which this water gains in its fall serves as power for turning the wheels of man's machinery. Bacon said: "Adversity is not without comforts and hopes." As we strive, with our mere mortal minds, to realize the vast number of comforts and hopes in the form of warmth, light, food, shelter and clothing, which are made possible by the downward course of the many trickling mountain streams that feed the mighty Niagara, we agree with Lord Bacon.

The immediate results of some tumbles in life are, however, far from pleasant. It is well at such times to bear in mind two lines from Cooke's "How Did You Die?" which read:

"It's not the fact that you're down that counts,
But how did you fight and why."

Just as a rubber ball always rebounds, so also is man capable of overcoming adverse conditions. It is true that human beings are not made of that resilient material known as rubber,

Our College - The Melting Pot of High Ideals and Service

Sara Maud Patillo

The greatest nation that has ever existed, a nation founded on the principles of liberty, equality and justice of its citizens, whose purpose in making its Constitution was to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity, is America, the "Melting Pot" of the world.

Our college, founded on the principles of democracy, will some day be the greatest college that has ever existed—one that will mean to us, who are helping make it so, what our native land, America, would mean to our forefathers, could they see the country for which they sacrificed their lives and fortunes, to make it what it is today.

When we sing our alma mater, the spirit that prevails is that same one that causes us to swell with pride as we stand and sing our patriotism to America through the "Star Spangled Banner."

A nation that can inspire such patriotism as this in its citizens must stand for those principles which are noblest, most honorable, and glorious in the eyes of the people.

A college that can instill the love of its students, and hold their deepest respect and admiration must stand for those things that are honorable, noble, pure and uplifting.

There is no phase of college life at Alabama College that upholds the principles of democracy as does the Student Government Association. Into the minds of the students it instills the noblest principle that one can possess, and that principle is honesty, embedded in the spirit of democracy. To our college the constitution of this organization is what the Constitution of America is to the United States. Each student feels an individual responsibility that she would not have if the standard of the school would not be affected by anything that she might do that would not be in keeping with the ideals of the Student Government Association and the college of which she is a part.

It embraces loyalty of the highest degree. Every student who enters Alabama College, and has the true spirit of our alma mater, is loyal to its standards till the last. A school progresses largely through the loyalty of its students and alumni, who have found in the school they represent the spirit of unselfishness, fraternity, honor, justice and truth, those noble ideals that make our college what it is today. We are proud to be a part of our institution that can uphold these standards, and are inspired "So to live, Alma Mater, that when we leave you we will be greater in honesty, loyalty and love."

Behind the outer surface of these principles for which our college stands, behind the different organizations and phases of college life, the word "Service" stands out prominently, ever reminding us that we are here "not for ourselves alone, but for all," and that we are living at our best when we are rendering a service to others, thereby making our lives broader, nobler and happier.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Alabama College upholds this ("Service") as one of its highest ideals. When the girls arrive at school, they are welcomed by the chairman of the "Big Sister Committee" and members of committee; the old students are made to feel that they couldn't have got along without coming back to the dear old alma mater, the new ones realize that there are girls here who are ready to render any service for them that is possible, and that the college which they have chosen for their very own embodies the fraternal spirit of service.

True sportsmanship renders an invaluable service not only to the college and individuals but to the world, for it develops those traits in us that are noblest and deniable us to render the best service to the world of which we are a part, and to which the ideals that we adopt and hold will affect, as we are brought into contact with the things around us.

A person is not fitted to cope with the problems of life until he or she can face any four squarely in the face and say: "I am here to represent the right and uphold the ideals for which I stand, and will fight honorably for my cause until the last." Everyone cannot always be the winner in the contest, but a good sportsman will be a winner in the field of honor if he can still uphold the noblest, purest standards that he knows of.

I am proud to be a part of a school in which this spirit prevails, one in which such noble, high and honorable ideals are set before us as an inspiration to bring out the best that is in us, so that we may look back over our college career and be able to say: "I have kept faith."

ber, but they are nevertheless in part composed of a substance which has the same buoyant characteristic, just as great a durability and a much wider adaptability than has the rubber in a ball. Some call this attribute "courage;" others call it "grit." Call it what you will, it is in the make-up of every man, and it is that property which makes him able to master his environment, carve his niche, and captain his soul.

EDITH DELCHAMPS.

The Fur Coat

"But, Mother dear, can't you see that it's imperative that I have a fur coat. Why—why all the girls have coats and," a sob caught her throat, "how can I be expected to make sorority if I wear that old thing I had last year!"

Mrs. Ford raised her eyes from the biscuit dough in a tired and discouraged way, but none of this showed in her voice.

"But, Marjory, it isn't that I don't want you have it, dear; it's just that I don't see how I can afford it. And, anyway, if the sorority cares only for fur coats, and not for—"

"Mother," Marjory interrupted, "you know that isn't what I mean. It's the lack of a fur coat that's so perfectly obvious to the girls. I feel, why I feel positively shabby!"

Which was, of course, not the truth. It was a puzzle to the neighbors how little Mrs. Ford, a widow with a college son and daughter, managed to keep everything going, and dress herself and them so well, out of the small profit from her boarders. Even then, as she stood ready for school, in her chic flannel dress, Marjory looked anything but shabby.

"You understand, daughter, that I would if," her voice choked.

"Mother, mother! You mustn't!" Marjory threw her arms about her mother. "You mustn't! I will do without it."

She pulled her hat down over her boyish bob, kissed her mother, and dashed out the door, trying to keep the disappointment out of her eyes.

Mrs. Ford watched her as she walked down the street, hailed some passing friends and, turning, waved good-bye to her. How splendid her daughter was! How young and alive! She was so disappointed about the coat. But it would cost a hundred and fifty dollars at least, and besides everything else, Mrs. Ford had thought of getting herself a light, inexpensive coat—her old one was quite threadbare.

Mrs. Ford smiled. Marjory was so young, and it was true she didn't have all the advantages most of the girls of her set did. Perhaps if she were extremely economical—well, she would see.

She thought about it all the morning and when Marjory came home at lunch she called her into the kitchen. "Darling, mother has decided to get you the coat," and she watched the surprised and happy look in Marjory's eyes.

"Mother, you precious! You sweet! You're too wonderful for words!" and so on and so on.

The mother felt recompensed. Marjory was happy.

"And shall we go down to choose it this afternoon, mother? I shall be home at 4. Mother, I'm so thrilled, thrilled, thrilled!" And she carried in the dishes her mother had prepared.

It seems to Marjory that the time would never pass. At 4 she hurried home, imagining excitedly how she would look with the coat on, and what kind of cuffs it would have, and if the collar would look better, large or small. It never crossed her mind to wonder about the money. Mother would find a way—she always had.

And so Marjory and her mother went to choose the coat. As they walked into Robinson's and entered the suit department, Mrs. Ford banished the thought entirely of getting herself a new coat. The clerk replied to her inquiry that he was sure he could please her.

"Now here, madam, is a coat of beautiful material, good lines and moderately priced. If you would be so kind as to try it on—"

Mrs. Ford saw that he had made a mistake and presumed that she was seeking a coat for herself. Nevertheless she fingered the soft cloth of the coat before her. It was exactly what she had pictured getting, but she shook her head.

"It is for my daughter I am choosing a coat," she told him. "And I would like something in fur."

The clerk apologized for his error and brought out several beautiful models. While Marjory puzzles over the one she likes best, suddenly her eye lit on a very attractive coat, with a huge roll collar and wide, heavy sleeves.

"Mother! The very thing! Exactly what I want! May I try it on?"

She decided on that one, and Mrs. Ford agreed that it was very beautiful, though she shivered a little at the price.

They arranged for the coat to be put away until the following afternoon when Marjory would call for it and bring a check.

When they went home, Marjory found a little white note, which sent her into ecstasy. The Zeta Phi Delta sorority requested the presence of Mrs. Ford and her daughter, Marjory, at a banquet to be given Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock!

"Oh, glory! My coat! Mother, weren't they sweet to ask us! Not surprising that they asked you, for you're positively the sweetest mother in the world!"

She went for the coat the following afternoon, the check in her purse. She wondered what her mother would wear. Her black satin dress, but her coat—why it looked as shabby as her own, she decided.

As she walked in Robinson's, a thought occurred to her. Why had her mother hesitated when the clerk showed her the first coat? Had she been planning? She paused for an instant, then tilted her head, and, with a smile, called the clerk.

When Mrs. Ford came from the kitchen from fixing supper, she saw Marjory's hat in the hall. Why, she

exclaimed to herself, that she hadn't heard Marjory come in. And had she gotten the coat? Yes, there it was on the table, and she untied the string of the big box. It had written on top in Marjory's handwriting, "Our fur coat."

Puzzled, she untied the string, and top lay the pretty little coat she had looked at the day before. And underneath was a chic little cloth coat that would fit Marjory.

Two strong arms turned her about, and Marjory smiled into her eyes: "Don't you like our fur coat?"

They were a success at the banquet. Mrs. Ford's charming ways won every girl, and Marjory was never before so pretty or witty.

When it was over, Marjory slipped back into the cloak room after her bag and she heard the girls talking in the adjoining room:

"Weren't they the dearest things!" "Did you notice how charmingly simple they were dressed?"

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Marjory squeezed her mother by the arm as they went in the door.

"This has been more wonderful than all the fur coats in the world," she whispered.

JOY CAWTHON.

Proof

There are so many proofs of God to man.

Thy very grass beneath our feet sends prayers

Of gratitude to its Creator.

And who has seen a hill with violets blue,

And not felt deep within, his very soul Shaken afresh by knowledge of a God

Whose fingers, infinitely filled with care,

Have shaped each bloom and stamped it as His own

And set it there, an altar for mankind?

There is no man who has not known His strength,

Revealed in rock and hill; who has not found

Some holy quietness steal over him

When in a valley filled with slender pines

God's silence, deep to deep, spoke unto him.

And is there one, whose spirit does not flee

Along the perfect bridge of moon-lit sea

Which mirrors back blue sky and golden haze,

In dancing joy, a path of light to God?

There can be none exulting at the foot of some giant waterfall, who, standing there,

Cannot have felt God's mighty power seize him

And yet known too that this same God has given

To us the child. This awesome strength, free power

Soothed down and changed has made for man a son

So wondrous small, so gently stamped With all the holiness of God's own love—

A God immensely strong, minutely tender.

And yet there still are some who see no rows

In rainbow's hues; to whom the sunset means

Just that; they do not realize the truth

That every sunset heralds a sunrise;

That the great sun at rising and at setting

Gives just a glimpse of Heaven shining through;

That surely then the happy souls from earth,

All floating up to God on rosy light,

Fling wide a promise and a proof: "There is a God."

—FAYE TURNER.

SLANGUAGE

"Rehearse a retreat."—J. P.

Muffle the moan."—M. R. L.

"He's a lost cause."—J. H. C.

"Flip us your farewell."—B. S.

"Commence to commute."—M. S.

"Halt the mental retreat."—L. B.

"Tell it to your ancestors."—J. H. D.

"He drives a 'pray as you enter.'"—H. C.

"Dispense with the sighchology."—E. C.

"Weight that idea; it's lonesome."—M. R.

"Waft your woes westward."—E. C. C.

"Useful as a veterinary in a garage."—P. M.

"He's a worm that the early bird missed."—C. H.

"Run along, Conclusion, or I'll jump at you."—E. G.

"Here's a yardstick; measure your distance."—V. M. B.

"Little Dora Dumb thinks a goblet is a small sailor."—H. L.

"He thinks it takes a tall man to talk over his head."—G. F. W.

TOM SIMS SAYS:

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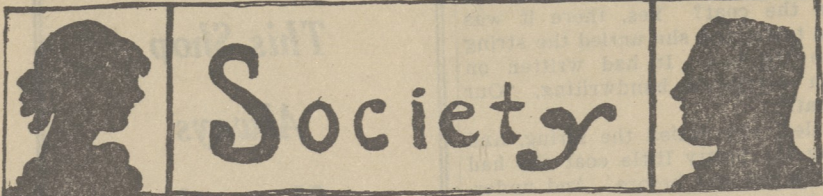
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Hallowe'en Party Given By Freshmen

The Freshman Class entertained with a lovely party in the gym Friday night, October 30, at which time the entire student body and faculty were their guests.

The gym was profusely decorated with brightly colored forest leaves and branches, the lights were artistically arranged to symbolize the Hallowe'en idea. The carnival idea was successfully carried out, and a number of booths furnished the central decorations.

A program was rendered with Nancy Elizabeth Wilson singing; Vera Boyd, dancin'; Jane Stallworth and Blanche Lazenby giving a negro love skit and Anne Jones, as Al Johnson in overalls, playing and singing a number of minstrel songs.

Novel favors were given the guests and refreshments were served, after which dacing was enjoyed until the late (?) hours of the night.

Ramsay News

Rush Week began Monday morning at 7 o'clock, and the "Rams," as usual, were on the job. Nothing but Rush! Rush! Rush! all week.

At the home of Mrs. J. Sloan, on Monday afternoon, the club entertained at Heart Dice. The winner of the highest score was Miss Frances Marchman, who was awarded the prize—a box of Nunnally's. Cream, cakes and salted nuts were served later in the evening.

Wednesday night the basement of "Ramsay Hall" was transformed into a mystic den with Hallowe'en decorations, for the feast. Afterwards the floor was cleared for dancing.

The formal affair came on Friday night, when the "Rams" entertained at dinner at the Pioneer Tea Room. Club colors, purple and white, were used effectively in decorating. Miss Helen Bishop rendered several musical numbers between courses.

Saturday afternoon, ended the long-to-be-remembered Rush Week. The Rams take pleasure in announcig the following pledges: Miss Henrietta Matthews, of Five Points; Miss Juanita Rogers, of Russellville; Miss Nell Harris, of Ensley, Ala.; Miss Ann Higgins, of Ramer, Miss Sara Cole, Ensley, Ala.; Miss Velma York, of Albertville, Ala.; Miss Alma Almon, of Birmingham, Ala.

Miss Vuran Alford and Helen Bishop visited friends in Birmingham last week.

Mr. Neilmore Letson was down from Birmingham last week, to see his sister, Vivian.

Miss Trelle Chambers spent last week-end in Birmingham as the guest of Miss Elsie Smith.

Mrs. Alphus Brown was a visitor of the "Rams" during Rush Week. Mabel Jean Long had for her guests last week-end, her father and sister, of Guntersville, Ala.

Philomathic Club Notes

One of the prettiest entertainments given by the Philomathic Club during Rush Week was an elaborate banquet at the Tea Room on Thursday night. Hallowe'en colors prevailed throughout the courses. Favors, place cards and programs carried out the Hallowe'en idea as did the decorations. Miss Roberta Northrup, president of the Club, served as toastmistress and after her toast, each guest was introduced by her escort with a unique verse which characterized her. Three delicious courses were served to about thirty girls.

Another enjoyable affair of the week was a hay ride on Saturday. Despite the fact that it rained we packed our troubles in our old kit bag and made merrey. After a long ride a picnic lunch was served at the Wayside Inn, in Calera.

The Philomathic Club takes pleasure in announcing the following pledges: Miss Evelyn Stapler, Mobile. Miss Edith Cunningham, Evergreen. Miss Elizabeth Spiers, Montgomery. Miss Emmie Carter, Montgomery. Miss Lucy Pickens, Greensboro.

Castalian Club Notes

Misses Gage Morton, Fannie J. Misses Gage Morton, Fannie J. Scott, Fannie Morton, Patty Cole and Julia Stroud were guests at a house party last week-end in Verbena, Ala.

Misses Grace Belle and Florence Dick spent last week-end in Birmingham, where they attended the fair.

On Monday night of that week the Club entertained at a "Pirate Party," which was very attractive and an unusual type of party.

Thursday noon a formal luncheon was given at the Pioneer Tea Room. Elizabeth Granberry gave two vocal solos and Permelia Snell gave toasts to the president and to the guests.

Friday evening a snappy feast was greatly enjoyed. The pretty decorations and attractive favors perfected the spirit of Hallowe'en.

The Castalians take pleasure in announcing the following pledges: Vivian Cobb, Dorothy Baughman and Rebecca Ford, Montgomery; Helen Stroud, Union Springs; Florence Dick and Grace Bell, Tuskegee; Emily Hardy, Newala; Mary McConaughy, Montevallo, and Velma Taylor, Gadsden.

The Tutwiler Club Announces Pledges

The Tutwiler Club announces the following pledges:

Miss Christine Mitchell, of Hurtsboro, Ala.; Miss Alvis Little, Miss Frances Rush, of Bessemer, Ala.; Miss Rowena Langley, of Sylacauga,

Ala.; Miss Katherine Leath, of Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Alice Barnet, of Fitzpatrick, Ala.; Miss Elizabeth, Ellis, of Maurel, Ala.; Miss Daisy Fay Killion, of Straven, Ala.; Miss Francis Lewis, of Montevallo, Ala.; Miss Helen Ellington, of Opelika, Ala.; Miss Dorothy Smith, of Mobile, Ala.; Miss Virginia Ledbetter, Miss Althea Louise Tente, of Birmingham, Ala.

The three entertainments given by the Tutwilers during Rush Week were: a feast Monday night, 8 o'clock, October 19. Picnic Wednesday, 4 o'clock, at Forest of Arden. Luncheon Saturday, 1 o'clock, at Pioneer Tea Room.

Pi Kappa Delta

The Pi Kappa Delta Club takes pleasure in announcing the following pledges:

Mildred Chambers, Brundidge, Ala.; Mae McKenzie, Greenville; Rochel Morgan, Luverne; Tommy Hall, Lucile Johnson, Elhura Bargamer, Jasper; Frances Marchman, Marianna, Fla.; Cricket Abercrombie, Montgomery; Hazel McLesky, Gadsden; Margaret Fountain, Monroeville; Lorraine Carmichael Newton, Mary Allen Rhodes, Louise Griffin, Moulton, and Nettie Coleman, Lineville.

On Tuesday evening, October 20th, the club was hostess to a dinner party at the Pioneer Tea Room, honoring twenty-eight and a color scheme of the Rushees. Covers were laid for pink and white was carried out. Each guest received a dainty favor and music and readings were enjoyed throughout the evening.

Thursday evening, October 22nd, the club entertained with a theatre party. Twenty-five girls enjoyed the picture, "New Lives for Old."

On Friday night the basement of Ramsay Hall took on a wierd and spooky appearance for a Hallowe'en feast and dance. The guests were met at the door and ushered to a corner where a witch was telling fortunes. Later in the evening the witch proved to be none other than Hazel Jackson. After dancing for awhile, the guests were invited to another part of the basement where the feast was spread. Punch was served throughout the evening by Ruth Griffin and Olene Johnson.

Ruby Foster spent the past week-end at her home in Luverne.

Catherine Prentiss spent the week-end in Selma.

Frances Freeland will have for her week-end guest, her mother, who will arrive Saturday.

Phi Delta Sigma

Heading the list in the Phi Delta Sigma part of "Rush Season" was a barbecue at the club house, the favors being crisp, white aprons, which certainly filled a need.

On Wednesday evening, October 21, the girls were entertained at a formal reception on North Highland in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Guyton, parents of the president, Miss Florence Guyton.

Spooks and goblins were present at the last affair, a feast at the club house. Hallowe'en caps and favors and every kind of Hallowe'en game, made the evening enjoyable in the "spookiest" sense of the word.

The Phi Delta Sigma Club is happy to announce the following pledges: Miss Thelma Riley, Ashland, Ala.; Miss Mae Prater, Rockford, Ala.; Miss Odelle Stewart, Weogufka, Ala.; Miss Marie Boyd, Shorter, Ala.; Miss Alice Mae Castleman, Sylacauga, Ala.; Miss Katy Belle Moore, Marion Junction, Ala.; Miss Katy Lene Stovall, Brent, Ala.; Miss Phyllis Earle, East Orange, New Jersey.

Bright Prospects for 1925-26 Glee Club

As a result of the final try-out on October 31, twelve new voices were admitted to the Varsity Glee Club. All former members of the club were retained, making a total of forty members. With these forty trained voices, much is expected to be accomplished in spite of the fact that the club is considerably young.

The Club's program for this year will not be confined to local recitals, but already dates are being booked for state-wide tours.

The Club is very fortunate, indeed, in having as director, Mr. C. B. Richmond. The Club is very fortunate, indeed, in having as director, Mr. C. B. Richmond. The Club is very fortunate, indeed, in having as director, Mr. C. B. Richmond.

With this fine material under the skilled direction of Mr. Richmond, nothing but a bright future could be predicted for the club for the incoming year.

Home Economics Club

The ex-President, Nancy Savage, who resigned, due to the fact that she finished at the end of the first quarter, biana. Ethel Drake, the new President, has already proven her ability as a leader and worker for the club. Carmenita Green, Leeta Orr and Inez Ray are also Practice Teaching in Columbiana.

The Home Economics Club is becoming affiliated with the State Home Economics Association. This will put Alabama College on the map in the Home Economics world.

The Club has taken as its project for this year the furnishing of a reception room in Black Hall.

Room number five annex is our new club room, and there club members will have access to a sewing machine; also several good magazines have been subscribed to. These will be kept in the Club-Room.

Here is a gentle hint for Home Eco-

nomie Sophomores: Work hard and make that average of "B," so that you may have the privilege of becoming a member of this select organization. Pep up, Sophs, and make the grade. The club needs you.

SOCIETY PERSONALS

Miss Mary Kathryn Willingham has as her guest for the week-end, her mother, Mrs. J. F. Willingham.

Mr. George Nebans, Jr., of Birmingham, was the guest of Miss True Marble Sunday.

Mr. John Steiner, of Birmingham, was the week-end guest of Miss Margaret Coleman.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Moody's guest Sunday was Mr. Earnest Carpenter, of Birmingham.

Mr. Goodwin Scott, of Birmingham, spent Sunday with Miss Virginia Ledbetter.

Miss Alto V. Lee and Miss Margaret Lee, of Gadsden, were the week-end guests of Miss Eloise Lee.

Misses Una Franklin, Hazel Black and Bell Weatherly were a trio of girls spending the week-end in Tuscaloosa, attending the conference and the game.

Miss Ruby Foster spent last week-end in Luverne, as the guest of her parents.

Miss Tommie Hall spent the week-end in Birmingham.

Miss Althea Hughes spent the week-end in Montgomery, attending the Auburn-Tulane game.

Miss Mary Willard had as her guest on Friday, Mr. Wishart Peace, of Sylacauga, Ala.

Mr. Varner Sutherlin spent last Sunday with Miss Velma Taylor.

Miss Julia Strand, Miss Fannie Morton, Miss Patty Cole were the guests of Miss Fannie J. Scott, at her home in Verbena, Ala.

Miss Helen Strand spent the week-end at her home in Union Springs, Ala.

Misses Mary Noble, Rosalie Creley, Helen Davis spent the week-end in Birmingham as the guests of Miss Davis' parents.

Miss Alma Baldwin spent last week-end at her home in Enterprise.

Mr. Fred Tente spent Sunday with his sister, Miss Alethea Louise Tente.

Miss Frances Selden spent last week with Miss Winfield Castleman en route to her home in Greensboro, Ala., after a six-weeks' visit in New York.

Miss Polly Gibbs and Miss Ellen Haven Goulds, members of the faculty, spent last week-end in Birmingham.

Miss Early spent the week-end in Birmingham on business.

Miss Margaret Grayson had as her guest on Sunday, her brother, Mr. Grayson, of Birmingham.

Miss Ellen Haven Gould is spending this week in Montgomery, as representative of Alabama College at the State Fair.

Little Misses Grace and Ealnor Borlow, of Piedmont, Ala., spent the week-end with Miss Mary Elizabeth Moody.

Miss Isma Long had as her guest Sunday, Mr. Alvin Lepkonits, of Columbiana.

Miss Dorothy Brooks and Miss Louise Baughman, of Montgomery, spent last week-end with Miss Dorothy Baughman.

JOKES

Freshman: "If we win that debate I think I shall have hysterics."
Sophomore: "I should like that."
Fresh.: "Like what?"
Soph.: "Like you to have hysterics!"

Husband (loaded with luggage at railway station): "I wish we had brought the piano, dear."
Wife: "Don't try to be funny, George!"

Husband: "But I left the tickets on the piano!"—Tid-Bits.

Louise Pettus at dinner one night: "We donner hav team puddin to nite."
When it came. "Dood dracious! That ain't nothin' but dinger bread."

Wanted

Small nicely furnished house, nice locality, from August 1, for nearly married couple.

Elizabeth Ward said: "When I am sad, I sing, and then others are sad with me."

When Nell Lewis went home for the week-end her father regarded her critically, and then demanded:

"Ain't you a lot fatter than you were?"

"Yes, dad," she admitted. "I weigh 140 pounds stripped for 'gym.'"

The father stared for a moment in

horrified amazement, then shouted: "Who in thunder is Jim?"

When the domestic event was due, the prospective father, being ordered out of the house, celebrated the occasion with many friends in a number of saloons. He celebrated so well that the clock was striking three in the morning when he entered the house. A nurse hurried to him, and undid some wrappings that revealed three tiny faces. The father stared reproachfully at the clock in the hall, and then, again regarding his group of children, spoke earnestly:

"O'm not superstitious but Oi thank hivin Oi didn't come home at 12!"

George: "I proposed to that girl and would have married her if it hadn't been for something she said."

Fred: "What did she say?"

George: "No!"—Life.

Dorothy B.: "What shall I give Velma for a birthday present?"

Rebecca F.: "How about a book?"

Dorothy B.: "No—that wouldn't do. She's got a book."

Ellie Dreyspring: "I'm going home 'cause my eyes are bad."

Margaret Davis, absently: "Aw—what they been doing?"

Kat Leath, our promising kindergarten teacher, questioned her tiny pupil:

"Do you know, Lella, what a panther is?"

"Yeth ma'am," Lella replied, beaming. "A panther ith a man who makes panth."

Janet Smith: "Is this 'Black Narcissus'?"

Azile Norris, with a blank look: "Naw—are you color blind?"

"I wish I could know how many men will be made wretched when I get married," said the languishing coquette to her most intimate confidante.

"I'll tell you," came the catty answer, "if you'll tell me how many men you're going to marry."

Miss Hall: "Qu'est vos none, Made-moiselle?"

Student (not understanding): "I don't know."

Irate mother (at dinner): "Johnny I do wish that you'd stop reaching for things. Haven't you a tongue?"

Johnny: "Yes, mother, but my arms are longer."—Uni. California Wampus.

She: "Do you believe in evolution?"

He: "I say I don't. I know every limb of our family tree and there hasn't been any darn monkeys hanging on them, either!"

Mother to seamstress. "I'm sorry but the dress is too tight in the bust."

Small son, who was with her: "Why muvver, don't say bust, say burst, niggers say bust!"

Why I Flunked in History

I thought that
The Battle of Tours was fought when I wanted to go to Terre Haute and my girl wanted to go to Indianapolis.
Joan of Arc was Noah's wife.
St. Bernard was a dog.
Monks had tails and lived in trees.
A fief was a musical instrument.
The Scotch Highland was a drink.
I also slept in class, now history is repeating itself—I'm taking it over again!—Yellow Crab.

A week or two ago the Baptist choir went on a "weenie" roast. Some dry sasfrass roots were found and thrown on the fire.

Miss Gibbs: "Hey! Everybody be quiet and listen how good that sasfrass root smells while burning!"

Company was there for dinner—everybody had something to tell, so the baby boy peeped in: "Well, yer know when the stork wuz bringin' me, we wuz flyin' long an I says, 'Whoa there Mr. Stork, I see my sister down there in the front yard!'"

A little girl, four years old, was alone in the nursery with the door closed and fastened when her little brother arrived and expressed a desire to come in. The following was the dialogue:

"I wants to tum in, Sissy."

"But you tain't tum in, Tom."

"But I wants to."

"Well, Ise in my nightie gown an' nurse says little boys mus'n't see little girls in their nightie gowns."

There was a period of silence, during which the astonished little boy reflected on the mystery. It was ended by Sissy's calling out:

"You tan tum in now, Tom—I tooked it off."

The schoolboy, after profound thought, wrote this definition of the word "spine," at his teacher's request. "A spine is a long limber bone. Your head sits on one end and you sit on the other."

As the boat was sinking the skipper lifted his voice to ask:

"Does anybody know how to pray?"

One man spoke confidently in answer:

"Yes, Captain, I do."

The captain nodded.

"That's all right then," he declared.

"You go ahead and pray. The rest of us will put on lifebelts. They're one short."

Mother: "And what did you learn in school today, dear?"

Elsie: "Oh, mother, I don't have to

educate you all over again do I?"—Boston Transcript.

Negro Song

"The white gal ride in the ottemobile,
The fair brown do the same;
The black gal ride in the tumble car,
But she ridin' jes the same!"

"The white gal eat the cake an' pie,
The fair brown do the same;
The black gal eat the ashy cake,
But she eatin' jes' the same!"

"The white gal sleep in the featherbed,
The fair brown do the same;
The black gal sleep on a pallet on the flo'
But she sleepin' jes' the same."

"The white gal smell of the sweet perfume,
The fair brown do the same;
The black gal smell like a nanny-goat,
But she smellin' jes' the same!"

Elsie Bedingfield told her class of six-graders to write a paragraph about some animal they had seen.

Interested little boy: "Teacher how you spell hippopotamus?"

Elsie: "Oh, what you want to write about that for, M-o-n-k-e-y, write about that?"

All Alabama College girls can sympathize!

The child went with her mother on a visit in New Jersey. At bedtime, the little girl was nervous over the strangeness of her surroundings, but the mother comforted her, saying:

"Remember, dear, God's angels are all about you."

A little later a cry from the child called the mother back into the room. "The angels are buzzing all around just dreadful, mama, and they bite!"

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The Alabamian

ALABAMA COLLEGE, MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA, DECEMBER 18, 1925

Who's Who At Alabama College Interesting Election

The annual Who's Who election was held at Alabama College Monday evening, Dec. 7, when the student body held a mass meeting in Reynold's Hall. The qualities to be indicated on the ballot slips were made known before hand so that the students would be prepared to vote for the girl who, in their opinion, most deserved the honor. No girl was permitted to receive more than one honor on that occasion, although the voter might place the name more than once on the ballot slip.

Votes ran rather close in some instances, and in a few cases one girl received two or three honors. In such an event she was allowed to choose which she desired, and those ranking second received those she rejected. Good representation in the Technala, the year book of the students of Alabama, will be given the winners of the contest. Students of the college seem to be well pleased with results, and the names and pictures to be included in the 1925 Technala are proof enough that that section of the book, at least, will be good. The following results were obtained.

"CHRISTMAS LIGHT" BY SOPHOMORES

Pretty Pageant Stared In Reynold's Hall

The Sophomore Class plans to present its Christmas pageant, "Christmas Light," in Reynold's Hall on the evening of December 17. The pageant, which has been worked out by members of the class, is written in two flickers and one flare—or three acts. The first is the story of the birth of the Christ child. It is beautiful in its symbolism of the story, and gives good pictures of the shepherd and wise men, and reveals in an exquisite way the story of the first Christmas. The "Spirit of Christmas" enters there in its infancy, the gift of "Christianity" to "Civilization." The pageant is of the growth and development of the "Spirit of Christmas." It walks hand in hand with Christianity, and civilization looms much brighter and happier when Christianity is near.

The second act reveals the "Spirit of Christmas" during the Dark Ages, and is in reality a series of tableaux expressing the "Spirit of Christmas" of the times.

Act 3 of the flare is the present conception of Christmas and Christianity. All the Christianized nations of the world bow at the feet of Christianity. Civilization is glad, for she is strong with these nations following after her companion. The "Spirit of Christmas" is the spokesman for the nations, and in a clear and beautiful voice sings praises to God the giver of "Christmas Light."

Interspersed throughout the pageant are outbursts of song and heavenly joy when the angels and heavenly hosts sing:

Glorify to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

The following are the leading characters:

Spirit of Christmas, Katherine Leath, Gadsden; Christianity, Lucy Stevens, Birmingham; Civilization, Catherine Prentiss, Selma; heavenly hosts, voices; shepherds; wise men; Mary, Eleanor Hooper, Selma; Joseph, Judge Page, Elba.

Those looking after details of the work are: Stage manager, Nina Cantzler, Eufula; advertising, Edith

Carol of the Angels

By Rev. W. J. Rutledge, In Montreal Family Herald

"WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night," The angel hastened in his flight From Heaven's omniscient throne, With tidings of transcendent grace For men of every time and place,— Best tidings ever known!

"Fear not; to you is born this day In David's town, as the Scriptures say, A Saviour, Christ the Lord; In stable where the kine repose, The Babe ye'll find in swaddling clothes," The wondering shepherds heard.

Then suddenly a multitude Of heaven's host, which understood The motions of God's love, Caroled His praise in song sublime Whose cadence swells with passing time All other songs above:

"Glory to God in highest place," Before whom angels veil their face In deep humility; "And peace on earth to men good-willed!"— Prophetic praise that shepherds filled With Faith's tranquillity!

O angels! sing again to men At common tasks, your glad refrain, Till glory shines around! We would, amid life's troubles, hear Of Him whose advent quiet fears And maketh joy abound!

Not now of manger-cradle He, But of the throne of sovereignty, Earth's great redemptive King!— Come Thou, O Christ!—create good will In men and nations, and fulfill The Hope of Peace we sing!

cluded in the 1925 Technala are proof enough that that section of the book, at least, will be good. The following results were obtained.

Most Beautiful, Aletha Louise Teute, Birmingham; Second Beauty, Sallie Mae Dalton, Opp; Third Beauty, Velna Taylor, Gadsden; Fourth Beauty, Kathleen Pope, Birmingham; Best All-Round, Hazel Black, Ashland; Most Poplar, Ann Jones, Lineville; Most Capable, Lillian Prout, Demopolis; Most Reliable, Helen Davis, Fort Davis; Most Prominent, Mary Riley, Sylacauga; Most Sincere, Anne Long, Marion; Most Athletic, Elizabeth Ward, Tuscaloosa; Most Stylish, Frances Saynor, Mobile; Most Original, Laura Johnson, Bessemer; Cutest, Frances Rush, Bessemer; Wittiest, Sara Ganzmiller, Carbon Hill; Best Dancer, Christine Mitchell, Hartsboro.

These are certainly among the most outstanding girls in school, and the student body, proud of them, thinks they are the best to be seen anywhere

Delchamps, Mobile; choruses, Parmelia Snell and Frances Loftin, Dothan; ticket sales and programs, Miriam Gregg, Demopolis; music and orchestra, Lucy Wood Baughman, Dothan; costuming, Cricket Abercrombie, Montgomery; rhythm, Mary Noble, Anniston; direction, Una Franklin, Gadsden.

An admission of 25 cents is to be charged, half of this money to go to the Senate "Santa Claus" Fund, the other half to go to Benevolence Fund of the Sophomore Class.

SENATE TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS

Less Fortunate To Have Christmas Cheer

Thirty-four names have been obtained, and on Christmas morning 34 girls and boys of Montevallo and vicinity will be happy because of Santa's visit. Thirty-four children (or more) in the vicinity of the college have hopes for Christmas—but hopes many of them feel will never materialize. They believe in Santa, the same that Alabama College girls believed in Santa, and on Christmas Day their bright little eyes and cheery little faces would be saddened of the stocking hanging by the chimney bore no sign of Santa's visit.

The Student Senate of Alabama College realizing that Santa's load is often heavy, and that there are many children he must visit, decided that that body should act as Santa Claus on Christmas Day.

It was first planned, as was noted in the last issue of The Alabamian, that there should be a living Christmas tree. The senators were enthusiastic in their plans and contemplated spreading joy on their last eve at Montevallo.

Sara Head, Montevallo, chairman of the committee, decided that it would prove better in the long run if the presents should be given the mothers of the children, so that they could be in the stockings on Christmas morning. In that way the children would never know that the Alabama College Senate played the part, but they would believe the real and true Santa Claus came to see them, even though there had been fears.

The plan was submitted to the student body when it assembled in Reynold's Hall, Dec. 9, for chapel. The plan was heartily approved, and the students showed their willingness to donate a few cents that some other might have Christmas joy.

The Changes

"Ah, how times change!" musingly began Professor Pate. "No longer—" "That's a fact!" impolitely interrupted J. Fuller Gloom, the human snapping turtle. "In the good old days we paid 10 cents or a quarter to get into the skating rink, and then slipped round and round till our feet silled and we tumbled down and dislocated our shoulders, broke our collar bones or fractured our limbs. But nowadays we purchase flivvers, and break our arms cranking them or they run off from a high bank or try to climb trees or meet other flivvers in the middle of the highway, and fracture various and sundry portions of our anatomies. Tempus does indeed fugit."—Kansas City Star.

War Finally Gets Them

Medical authorities in London are examining numerous cases of nervous strain which they believe are the result of wartime experiences. Officers who went through the war without a scratch and who still have the appearance of physical fitness, are just beginning to feel the effects of nervous and mental strain. In some cases complete collapse has suddenly stricken down men who believed that all possible effects of their service had disappeared long ago. Physicians declare that many men's brains and nerves have suffered, even while no outward sign was observable.

The Romance on the Tree by Martha Banning Thomas

HER eyes were blue
And her cheeks were pink,
She was dressed in the latest style:
Her hair was curled,
And in all the world,
She had the prettiest smile.

His eyes were black,
And he wore a coat
Of vivid, beautiful red,
His shoes were shined,
And he looked refined
From his toes to the top of his head.

"I wonder if he
Could care for me,"
She thought with a gentle sigh,
"He looks so trim,
I'm fond of him,
And his collar stands up high."

He glanced her way
As if to say,
"I wish I could get nearer,
For at every glance
You do entrance
My heart . . . and but grow dearer."

So there they hung
On the Christmas tree,
A doll and a soldier-boy,
And they longed to know
Each other so
With a wistful kind of joy.

At early dawn
On Christmas morn
A child came down the stair,
"I'll marry," said she,
"Those two on the tree,
For they'll make a handsome pair!"

'BEST CITIZEN' CAMPAIGN OPENS ALABAMA COLLEGE IS ADMITTED TO SOUTHERN ASSN.

With this issue of The Alabamian nominations are in order for the "best citizen" of Alabama College. Nominations are to be made through the pages of The Alabamian, and the campaign is to be formally conducted through the same medium, although it is expected the actual campaign may take place otherwise. The senate, which is behind the movement, plans to give at the end of the school year a silver loving cup to the girl who wins the distinction of being the "best citizen" of Alabama College.

Judgment is to be based upon scholarship, activities, capacity for usefulness, character and general abilities of the girl. Nominations are to be made keeping these things in mind. The vote of the student body will at a later date be taken as to the best citizen, but plans as worked out by the "citizenship" committee of the senate are to the effect that careful investigation will be made before any girl is awarded the cup, and the fact that she is the rightful one to receive it must be proved.

The cup will remain the property of the school and the name of the girl receiving it each year will be engraved thereon.

The winning of this distinction, it is hoped, will come to mean the highest and most signal honor that can come to a student of Alabama College.

Margaret Butler, of Montgomery, is chairman of the committee, and she is working on detailed plans for the successful carrying out of this scheme of the senate.

In each issue of The Alabamian for some time to come, there will appear nominations for the "best citizen." Any student of the college is privileged to nominate any girl she thinks should have the honor. As soon as the period in which nominations may be made closes the active campaign will open. Much publicity will be given the campaign through the school paper, and campaign speeches will be made in chapel from time to time.

The campaign is expected to be a lively one and great interest is expected to be manifested.

Dr. Palmer's Illness Of Deep Concern To Students

Dr. Thomas Waverly Palmer, president of Alabama College, has been ill for almost a month, and has been under treatment at an infirmary in Birmingham. For more than two weeks his illness was not generally known to the student body, but when erysipelas set in and his condition came to be regarded as extremely critical the students were informed, and since then have been constantly posted as to his condition.

Deep concern and anxiety was felt for him when the students learned of the extreme gravity of his condition. Prayers have been offered at

all times by the student body, organizations, faculty and individuals, and the students are ever eager to hear the latest bulletin issued by his attendant physicians.

Dr. Palmer is regarded as a real and personal friend by the students of Alabama College, and they feel a personal concern in his illness, and are deeply anxious for his safe being.

It is hoped that by the time this edition of The Alabamian comes from the press his condition may be pronounced much improved, and that the students will have faith that his recovery is but a matter of time.

BULLETIN BOARD RIVALRY EXPECTED

Senate To Feature Bulletin Board Interest

The Student Senate of Alabama College at its regular session held Tuesday evening, December 8, in Reynold's Hall, passed motions to the effect that each class and the faculty should have charge of the Senate bulletin board outside the office of the dean. Accordingly the past week has been Seniors Week. The first week after the Christmas holidays will be Juniors Week; the second, Sophomore Week; the third, Freshman Week, and the fourth, Faculty Week. Mr. W. J. Kennerley will have charge of the board the week the faculty take it over.

The Senate bulletin board has always been one of the most interesting and attractive bulletin boards to be found anywhere, and is probably more widely read than all other bulletin boards on the campus. Interesting posters, important Senate announcements, and articles are kept posted at all times. Frequent changes and variety keeps the board a most attractive one.

The Seniors have been trying to make the best possible impression this week in telling what they think of themselves and what they think of others. Their board has been changed from day to day and has been most attractive all week.

It is expected that much rivalry will ensue as the result of this stimulus to bulletin board activity, and the student body is eagerly awaiting the showing of the other three classes and faculty.

Freshmen Elect Officers

The Freshman Class at an important meeting held in Reynold's Hall Wednesday evening, Dec. 9, elected officers for the remainder of the year. Officers elected were as follows:

President, Elizabeth Prather, Sylacauga.
Vice-President, Blanche Lazenby, Monroeville.
Secretary, Alice Lowery, Gadsden.
Treasurer, Helen Stroud, Union Springs.
Executive Board Member, Eloise Lee, Gadsden.

Athletic Board Members, Louise and Pearl Allbritton, Warrior.

Miss Prather was elected chairman of the class early in the fall. Her election to the presidency indicates her favor with members of the class. The officers are all regarded as good ones, and everyone is expecting a successful year under their direction.

Christmas by WILL M. MAUPIN

THE Christmas Bells of Memory! Their sweet, melodious chimes From out the happy bring back to me— Those past bright childhood times— Those days of old when life was sweet And days were fair to see, And those we loved the best we'd meet Around the Christmas tree!

The Christmas Bells! How sweet they ring Their song of "Peace on Earth!" How sweet the story that they bring About the manger birth. The Blessed Babe of Bethlehem— Ring, Christmas Bells, until Men crown with royal diadem And live amidst Good Will!

The Christmas Bells—ring sweet and clear, Until the world shall see No more of hate, no more of fear, And men shall brothers be! Ring out, ring out, O Christmas Bells, Your sweetest clavier call, Till 'round the world the message swells To crown Him Lord of All!

Realistic
"How did Bill get in such a mangled condition?"
"While he was building an air castle it toppled over and he got hit by the falling bricks."

Value of Sport Goods
During 1923 the value of sporting goods manufactured in the United States was \$42,000,000, a gain of 30 per cent over the value of sporting goods manufactured in 1921.—Good Hardware.

alds a new day for Alabama's womanhood. Montevallo's admission has been a cherished aim of Dr. Palmer and her success, more than to any other one person is due to the patient, prayerful, earnest thought, planning and labor Dr. Palmer has expended in building up the institution from a mere secondary school to a four-year college of recognized standing.

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JOKES

By Kat Simms

Mildred C.: "How do you like my room as a whole?"
Ruby F.: "As a hole it's fine; as a room—not so good."

While Dean Carmichael was principal in Birmingham, he and his committee went on a tour of the negro schools.

As they entered a classroom the negro children were having a physiology lesson. So the teacher called on a bright pupil to recite on the make-up of the human body.

Pupil: "Well, in yer head is yer brains, if yer got any, and in yer chest is yer lungs and in yer stomach is yer vowels A, E, I, O, U and sometimes W and Y."

"How strange, a deaf wife to profer!"
"True, but she's also dumb, good sir."

What is the penalty for bigamy?
Two mothers-in-law.

Narcissus: "Looky here, black man, whut's you a' gwine gimme for my birthday present?"

Black Man: "Close yo' eyes, honey (business of closing her eyes). Now whut yo' see?"

Narcissus: "Nothin'."

Black Man: "Well, dat's whut you all gwine git."—Iowa Privet.

Hostess: "Really, I cannot place you."

Stupid: "Oh, that's all right; I'll find a seat.—Black and Blue Jay."

"I've no kick coming," said the drunk as he slid off over the horse's neck.—Cornell Widow.

Some girls are very nuesday.
They admit it under teasing;
But explain that they have got that way
Because of constant squeezing.
—California Pelican.

Eleanor H.: "Have you ever thought of committing suicide?"
Francis L.: "That's the last thing I'd do on this earth."

Dot Atkinson: "I like to hear Mr. Kendelly lecture on chemistry. He brings things home to me that I have never seen before."

Frances Carr: "That's nothing, so does Mr. Mahaffe."

"What's the matter, little boy?"
"Ma's gone and drowned all the kittens."

"Dear me! That's too bad."

"Yep, she—boo-hoo—promised me I could do it."—Bison.

Emmie C.: "Do you like hamburger balls?"

Lucy P.: "I don't think I ever attended one."

Hi: "What do you mean by telling Dot I'm a fool?"

Harry: "I'm sorry—I didn't know it was a secret."—Bucknell Bell Hop.

"My wife writes me that she is all unstrung; whut shall I do?"
"Send her a wire."

Judge: "I have listened very carefully to you, Mr. Brown, for an hour, but I am none the wiser."

Counsel (politely): "I hardly expected your honor to be, but I thought you might be better informed."—The Humorist.

Gather kittens while you may,
Time brings only sorrow;
And the kittens of today
Will be old cats tomorrow.

Little Scrofula (at the poultry show): "Ma, let's stick around till they take out the animals."

Fond Maternal Parent: "No soap, Scrofula. They don't take 'em out."

Little Scrofula: "I heard Pa tell Uncle Al last night that they'd stick around till after the show and pick up a couple of chickens."—Brown Jug.

"My ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

"It's lucky they did. The immigration laws are a little stricter now."

"Can I catch the Leipzig train?"

"It depends on how fast you can run. It left here five minutes ago."—Flegende Blaetter.

Amateur Actor (as Hamlet): "There is something rotten in the state of Denmark."

Voice From the Gallery: "You're it, old man."—Boston Transcript.

Mistress: "Hilda, what do we need for dinner?"

Hilda: "Please, ma'am, I've tripped over the rug and we need a new set of dishes."

At Christmas
by Katherine Edelman

THE hillsides of Judea
Lay in the lap of night.
Save for a gleaming star that shone
With dazzling radiance bright.
The lowly shepherds watched their flocks
Lest some might stray afar,
And gazed at times in awe and fear
Upon that far-off star.

Then on the night there came a sound
Of song, so sweet and clear,
And herald angels sang aloud:
"Rejoice, the Christchild's here!
Give glory unto God most high,
Let peace and goodwill reign,
A Savior's born into the world
To ease man's strife and pain."

Then to the hearts of those who heard—
These humble shepherd men—
There came a wish to see the Christ,
That burned deep within;
So, leaving all their scattered flocks,
They sped with flying feet
Unto the crib at Bethlehem
And knelt down at His feet.

That night is long since past, but yet
On every Christmas Day
The little Christchild comes again
To brighten life's dark way;
And to our listening ears there comes
If we bend low to hear
The song of peace the angels sang
Upon that midnight clear.

[C]. 1925. Western Newspaper Union]

No Acrobat
She had mouth and teeth but could not successfully masticate her foot.—
From a South Carolina paper.

"I want a maid who is fond of children. Are you?"
"It depends on the wages, mum!"—
Pete Mule.

On a Sense of Humor
He cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone;
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny-bone.
—Locker-Lam.

Happiness
Success is getting what you want;
happiness is wanting what you get.
The difference between happiness and contentment is that happiness isn't nine parts laziness.

The Little Peach
A little peach in the orchard grew,
A little peach of emerald hue:
Warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew,

It grew.
One day, walking the orchard thru,
That little peach dawn on the vein
Of Johnnie Jones and his sister Sue—
Those two

Up at the peach a club they threw
Down from the limb on which it grew;
Fell the little peach of emerald hue—
Too true!

John took a bite and Sue took a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue—
Paregoric, too.

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue;
And their little souls to the angels flew—
Boo-hoo!

But what of the peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is thru—
Adieu!

Margaret: "Mary Ellen's complexion is ruined; must be too many cigarettes."

Catherine: "Well, you know smoke is hard on paint."

In the old college days a girl had to be naughty but nice. Nowadays she has to be nice and naughty.—Goblin.

Rich Lover: "Will you marry me? I love you, darling; I would die for you."

Young Digger: "Is that a promise?"—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

"Did you hear about the robbery last night?"
"No."

"A garter attempted to hold up a stocking, but the stocking ran, darn it.—Rice Owl.

The passionate lover wrote to his inamorata as follows:

"Adored of my soul: If you love me, wear a red rose in your corsage to-night at the opera. If my devotion to you is hopeless, wear a white rose."

She wore a yellow rose.

The sergeant rebuked the private angrily:

"Jenkins, why haven't you shaved this morning?"

"Why, ain't I shaved?" the private exclaimed apparently greatly surprised.

"No, you ain't," the sergeant snapped. "And I want to know the reason why."

"Well, now, I guess it must have been this way," Jenkins suggested. "There was a dozen of us fellows usin' the same bit of looking glass, an' I swan I must have shaved somebody else."

A patient complained to the doctor that his hair was coming out.
"Won't you give me something to keep it in?" he begged.

"Take this," the doctor said kindly, and he handed the patient a pill box.

History Teacher: "In which of his battles was King Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, slain?"

Madge Page: "I'm pretty sure it was the last one."

Billie Boyd was wearing a new frock when Nina, her dearest friend called. "I look a perfect fright," she remarked, eager for praise.

Nina was thinking of her own affairs, and answered absent-mindedly: "Yes, you certainly do."

"Oh, you horrid thing!" Billy gasped. "I'll never—never speak to you agin!"

The baby pulled brother's hair until he yelled from the pain of it. The mother soothed the weeping boy:

"Of course, she doesn't know how badly it hurts."

Then she left the room.

She hurried back presently on hearing frantic squalling from baby.

"What in the world is the matter with her?" she questioned anxiously.

"Nothin' tall," brother replied contentedly. "Only now she knows."

Helen's eldest sister: "You know, all the stars are worlds like ours."

Helen: "Well, I shouldn't like to live on one—it would be so horrid when it twinkled."

Alice Alsobrook: "The nerve of that conductor! He glared at me as if I hadn't paid any fare."

"Toots" Moody: "And what did you do?"

Alice: "I just glared back at him—as if I had!"

Sara Binion: "I'm writing to tell Jack that I didn't mean what I said in my last letter."

"Nat" Hall: "What did you say in your last letter?"

Sara: "That I didn't mean what I said in the one before."

"The way those people flaunt their money fairly makes me ill."

"Sour grapes always did have that effect."

Sam: "Hello, Bill, been huntin'?"

Bill: "Yes."

Sam: "Shoot anything?"

Bill: "Shot my dog."

Sam: "Was he mad?"

Bill: "Well, he didn't act any too darn pleased."—Bison.

Miss Trent: "You made 99 in that last exam, why didn't you get 100?"

Lucy McArthur: "There must have been a misprint in the book ma'm."

Little tastes of lip stick,
Sticky, sweet and red,
If taken as a diet,
Will leave one sick or dead.

—West Point Pointer.

Buy our linoleum rugs. They're hard to beat.—The Scream.

Romance Is Not Dead

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright.)

ALICIA smiled dreamily into the shadows of the tall woods. She and Eric Lane often sat there at the edge of the woods and talked about their future plans. They had been engaged for several months and had been very happy. If there was one fly in the ointment of her joy, it might have been discontent because Eric was rather slow and deliberate in manner and speech. But he was a good fellow, sturdy, honest, good-looking, in a big out-of-doors way. He was clumsy in expressing himself about matters of sentiment, but fluent enough about agriculture and cattle.

"Romance is never dead," sighed romantic Alicia.

"Hasn't died of old age, eh?" grinned Eric.

"Eric! You're terrible!" she pouted. He tried to kiss the pout away.

"Eric, the Terrible, there's romance for you, honey-girl."

Alicia was silent for awhile.

"Look, dear," murmured Eric.

She looked up, her gaze startled when she saw a sun-bathed glade nearby in which strange things were taking place. On one side of the glade stood a beautiful white horse wearing gorgeous trappings of rich saddle cloth, stamped and painted leather with gay tassels. Holding the bridle was a servant—a varlet. Alicia knew he was a varlet or a knave, she had read all about him in historical novels. He was dressed in brown leather jerkin and breeches with queer shoes. Somebody shouted and into the glade sprang the figures of two cavaliers, swords were out, flashed, clashed, they stamped, they barked out crisp sentences; another voice broke harshly upon their swordplay, one of the players lunged forward, the other fell gracefully on the mossy turf.

"Dead," whispered Alicia mournfully, as the slayer walked jauntily away, mounted the horse and rode off.

Eric was talking to someone and she turned to listen. "I am sorry," he said courteously but firmly, "but I cannot allow you to locate on that south pasture. It will ruin my hay."

"Name your price," said a dark, stout man, pulling out a check-book.

"I can't sell my hay until it's grown," asserted Eric sturdily.

The moving-picture man protested, grew angry, but Eric was firm. He went with them to point out a rocky pasture that they could use as a location, and Alicia, still sitting on her log thinking of the duel scene, was startled when she saw the wounded duelist coming slowly toward her.

He was a strikingly handsome fellow, the hero of all Alicia's most romantic visions. He swept his plumed hat off and laid it on his heart as he passed the pretty girl.

Alicia was thrilled to the core. "If Eric was more like that—if life was different—" When Eric came back she chided him for refusing his pasture to the film people.

"I'm a farmer—I grow crops," he said briefly.

They quarreled and separated. Eric going heavily homeward with the diamond ring he had bought her put gravely away in his pocket.

The next day after supper, he sat on the fence of his south pasture, smoking his pipe, and staring stolidly across the pasture at the spot where he had sat for the last time with his love. He sighed deeply and wondered if perhaps it was not better that Alicia should marry some brighter, more volatile fellow. "But no man could love her better," he thought bitterly. "A man can only give his best to a woman, and if she refuses it—well, that's that."

Suddenly's Eric's blue glance concentrated on the log where he had sat with Alicia. Several persons were standing there, and a woman's voice shrilled across the field. Eric slipped to the ground and ran fleetly, for he had glimpsed the blue frock of Alicia as one of the women.

Alicia had been to the log that afternoon, drawn by the fascination of the picture makers in the next pasture. She had had distant glimpses of the film company and the romantic scenes they were taking, but she did not expect to see her dashing cavalier of the day before, when a slim, narrow-chested youth with a "pinch-back" coat and gray knickerbockers bowed before her with exactly the same grace of the bewigged cavalier.

"Again, blue-eyes, I find you, eh? I took a chance on coming over to look for you. Say, I can get you into the 'movies'—you're sure to hit old Mossby," then followed a string of offensive compliments that startled the girl to terror. Jumping up she was about to run away, when a feminine voice broke in with the appearance of a stout young woman in a yellow dress, a weird facial make-up and beaded eyelashes.

"Well, Kelly," she called shrilly, "it's no fun being your wife when I have to run around looking for you every minute."

Alicia lifted tremulous fingers to her lips. "Oh, for Eric!" she thought.

Across the field came a flying form, heavy with life and energy. Eric's form, Eric's beloved voice, commanding, brusque.

"Get out—both of you!" he shouted, and took Alicia into his arms.

"Oh," she panted, "do I still belong to you?"

Eric smiled triumphantly after the fleeing actors. "Yes, love, and I belong to you, always!" he ended solemnly.

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ZETA PI DELTA CLUB

The Zeta Pi Delta Club takes pleasure in announcing their pledges:

Miss Catharine Allen, of Bessemer; Miss Dorothy Atkinson, of Piedmont; Miss Fannie Byrson Chappel, of Aliceville; Miss Rosalie Creely, of Birmingham, and Miss Helen Agnes Davis, of Birmingham.

Miss Helen Veitch spent the week-end with her parents in Bessemer.

Miss Helen Allison, of Springville, is the guest of friends in Montevallo. "Rip" Waldrop spent several days with friends in Birmingham.

Miss Laura Johnson and Elizabeth Taylor are in Birmingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen were the Sunday guests of their daughter, Katharine.

Miss Ann Long has returned from the convention in Atlanta.

Miss Lucille Davis was the guest of her sister, Helen, last week.

ZETA PI DELTA

Misses Irnea Reaves, "Skeat" Snellgrove and Mary Noble were the weekend guests of Miss Helen Davis at her home in Birmingham.

Miss Rosalie Creely spent the week-end with her parents in Birmingham.

Miss Laura Johnson and Elizabeth Taylor are in Birmingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen were the Sunday guests of their daughter, Katharine.

Miss Ann Long has returned from the convention in Atlanta.

Miss Lucille Davis was the guest of her sister, Helen, last week.

TUTWILER NEWS

Miss Margaret Coleman and Miss Isma Long spent the week-end in Demopolis attending the Federation of Women's Clubs, but Miss Coleman's visit was brought to an abrupt close by the sudden message of her mother's illness. We are very glad that her mother's condition is so improved that we may have Margaret back with us.

Miss Aletha L. Teute spent the week-end with her family in Birmingham, where she attended the Howard-Southern football game.

Miss Margaret Grayson and Miss Ruth Little spent Thanksgiving in Birmingham with relatives, where they attended the Alabama-Georgia football game.

Miss Frances Rush spent Thanksgiving with her mother at their home in Bessemer. While there she attended the Elks' dance, which was given for the college set. She was an enthusiastic spectator of Alabama-Georgia game.

Miss Rowena Langley spent an enjoyable Thanksgiving with her family in Sylacauga.

We are delighted to have Miss Lula B. Sanford and Miss Kathleen McCormick back with us this quarter.

Miss Ruth Pardue and Miss Mary Wiley were in Birmingham for the Alabama-Georgia game and for the dance at the Tutwiler.

Miss Claude Slade and Miss Daisy Fay Killian attended a lovely house party at the home of Miss Elizabeth Ellis. They motored up to Birmingham for the Alabama-Georgia game.

Miss Christine Mitchell spent Thanksgiving with friends in Union Springs, where she was delightfully entertained.

Miss Margaret Coleman, Miss Katherine Heath and Miss True Marble will spend several days in Birmingham en route to their homes for the holidays.

Miss Alice Alsobrook will be the guest of Miss Mary Elizabeth Moody for a portion of the Christmas vacation.

Miss Annie May Skinner spent the week-end of the 21st and 22nd in Birmingham in the interest of the Technala.

ALPHA PI OMEGA

The Alpha Pi Omega Club takes pleasure in announcing the following pledges:

Clyde Wainwright, Atmore, Ala. Annie Louise Smith, Demopolis, Ala. Miriam Gregg, Demopolis, Ala. Alice Lowry, Gadsden, Ala. Eloise Lee, Gadsden, Ala. Elizabeth Huffstutler, Birmingham, Ala.

Maxine Priddy, Sulligent, Ala. Nell Jackson, Sulligent, Ala. Lydia Finklea, Monroeville, Ala. Sue Brodas Finklea, Monroeville, Ala.

Misses Roberta Bailey, Minnie Barnes and Kathryn Morrison were guests at a house party in Birmingham Thanksgiving.

Misses Florence and Annie Louise Smith motored to Birmingham to spend the week-end.

During "rush" week three delightful entertainments were given by the Alpha Pi Omegas. The first of these was a banquet given at the Pioneer Tea Room. The color scheme, old rose and silver, was beautifully carried out. An attractive program was presented. The second was a weiner roast at Big Springs. Everyone had a rollicking good time.

The third and most enjoyable was a feast given in the Y. W. C. A. Tea Room.

PHILOMATHIC CLUB NOTES

Miss Mary Hill spent last week-end in Montgomery, attending the State Fair.

Miss Birdie Foote, of Jackson, is the attractive guest of Miss Marguerite Scroggins.

Miss Emmie Carter and Elizabeth Spiers attended the State Fair in Montgomery last week.

Miss Lucy Pickens was the guest of Miss Beverly Christian in Birmingham last week.

Miss Catherine Dunn, of Evergreen, will leave for her home tomorrow, after a visit to Miss Kate Gaillard and Miss Sara Binion.

Miss Althea Hughes attended the Auburn-Tulane game in Montgomery.

KAPPA SIGMA PHI

Leeta Orr is with us again, after spending a month in Columbiana, doing practice teaching.

Faye Cotney had as her guests Thanksgiving her mother and little sister, of Lineville.

Dr. Reagan, who is a surgeon at the St. Vincent Hospital in Birmingham, spent last Sunday afternoon with his sister, Esther.

We are very glad that Grace Bramblett will be with us again next quarter. She has had a slight operation but is doing nicely now.

Vertie Mae Helms spent last week-end in Montevallo.

PI KAPPA DELTA

The pledges were the honorees at a weiner roast at Big Springs a few days ago. Games and songs were enjoyed around the huge bonfire over which the weiners, marshmallows and apples were roasted later.

Everybody had a jolly good time.

We received a telegram recently announcing the engagement of Miss Maude Boozer, of the class of '25, to Mr. Eric Collin, of Ft. Myers, Fla. The wedding will take place during the Christmas holidays.

Miss Cecil Daniel, of the University of Alabama, was the Thanksgiving guest of Miss Olene Johnson.

Mr. "Spud" Waters, of Brundidge, was the guest of Miss Mildred Chambers recently.

Miss Ruby Foster spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Luverne.

Mr. Phil Spier, of Howard, was the guest of Miss Mae McKenzie Sunday.

We are glad to have Rachael Morgan with us again, after having an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Catherine Prentiss spent the holidays in Selma.

Miss Frances Freeland visited her parents in Selma recently.

We are all looking forward eagerly to Christmas holidays, which begin the 19th.

CASTALIAN CLUB

The numerous friends of Misses Gage Morton and Julia Stroud will regret to learn that both have had to retire from school on account of ill health. Great hopes for their being back the last quarter are expressed.

Miss Lucy Stevens spent Thanksgiving holidays in her home in Birmingham.

Miss Permelia Snell spent Thanksgiving holidays in Bessemer, as guest of Miss Frances Rush.

Misses Fannie and Gage Morton were in Bessemer for Thanksgiving.

The Castalian Club is very proud to boast of having two of its members in the beauty sections of the "Who's Who" this year. They are Miss Velna Taylor, of Gadsden, and Miss Sally Mae Dalton, of Opp.

Miss Elizabeth Ward was voted the best athletic and the best-known girl in Alabama College. The Castalian Club feels honored in calling "Ward" her own.

Misses Velna Taylor, Dorothy Baughman and Rebecca Ford went home for Thanksgiving holidays.

Miss Anna Murphree, of Tallahassee, Fla., will visit Miss Bobbie Allen during the Christmas holidays. Miss Murphree attended Alabama College two years. She was a very prominent Castalian.

PHILAMATHIC CLUB NOTES

Misses Muth Luberville and Althea Hughes spent last week-end in Montgomery.

The Philamathic Club is glad to announce Miss Erin Stallworth as a pledge.

Mrs. J. S. Turberville and Miss Julia Turberville were the guests of Miss Myrtle Turberville last week-end.

Miss Minnie Holzman, who is teaching in Birmingham this winter, was the guest of Miss Helen Boykin last Sunday.

Miss Sara Johnson, of Birmingham, was the week-end guest of her sister, Miss Anne Johnson.

Miss Lucy Pickens and Emmie Carter motored over to Birmingham last week-end.

Merrill Place

(Scribblers Club (A. L. & L. P.))

It was a typical March day for Central Alabama. All day long the rain had poured down in a heavy drizzle in the little town of Lower Hill, and only the people who were compelled by necessity to go out had done so.

The old Staunton home stood far back from the street and only the negro cook had left the house during the day. In the large library a fire burned cheerfully, and before it, nearly all day, had lounged Merrill Staunton and his friend, Bob Merrill.

All morning they had read and discussed their life together at Oxford, and the strange circumstance of the similarity of their names that had brought them together, and had made an Englishman of noble family, and an American Rhodes scholarship man such everlasting friends. Since dinner they had continued to read, but Bob Merrill, the Englishman, grew restless and presently suggested:

"Staunton, let's go out and hike across country for a bit."

Staunton, with a stretch put down his book and said, "Not on your life, when I've got a good fire like this to sit by and a book like this to read. You don't catch me wading around the country ankle deep in mud."

"Egad! Are you afraid of a little rain?"

"Yes, old man, I'm afraid you'll get those English feet of yours stuck in this Alabama mud and I'll have to hire Rufus to bring his mule and pull you out."

"Well, my laddie, I'm not afraid of your Alabama mud. What's to be seen around here? You don't happen to have any moors handy, do you?"

Staunton scratched his head lazily—and then sat up with a jerk.

"I'll tell you one thing that might interest you, Bob. There's an old house about three miles from here in a little place called Briarwood. The place used to be a thriving little mining town, but the mine petered out and nearly everybody moved away. This old house belonged to a great uncle of mine—the one you know. I told you about, who had the same name that you have. It used to be a beautiful old place but since he died nobody has lived there. It was locked up then, and I gave you my word, I don't believe anybody has been in it since. Last week Uncle Rufus told me he had heard something about the old Merrill place but something happened and I never did get to hear what it was. I'll get the key and if you're dead set on walking you might as well walk over there and look it over. By George! On thinking about it I believe I'll go with you myself."

Bob jumped up enthusiastically and rumbled Staunton's hair. "Come on, do! This beastly rain even looks like it might hold up."

Staunton gradually pulled himself out of his chair, then gradually lowered himself into it again. "I can't go! I remember now I promised mother to fix that leak in the kitchen sink before time for Lukey to cook supper and I'd have to do it. Sukey's very high particular and we have to humor her to keep her going."

Bob fumbled in his pocket until he found a piece of cardboard. This he thrust at Staunton and said, "Here, draw the roads off on this so I won't go astray, and I'll start right off. And say—one more thing, does anybody live in this deserted village?"

"You bet they do," said Staunton. "One of the finest girls I know anything about lives over there with her father, who is an invalid. He used to be the owner of the mines and got hurt in one of them the same year the mines played out. They've got plenty of money but he won't live anywhere else."

Then, there's an old German couple, an old doctor, I believe, and his wife, who live just across the road from Betty and her father."

And then, there's Miss Sally Dewberry, who runs the postoffice and store, and old good-for-nothing Pete Harkins and his wife and six kids, who go hungry most of the time. I believe that's about the population of Briarwood, but you better get your mackintosh and start out if you're going. Call Peterboy when you get outside the house and let him go with you."

Bob took the cardboard road map and the key Staunton had taken from the desk and ran out of the room. Soon Staunton heard the front door bang and Bob's whistle for Peterboy. He went to the window and watched them as they went out of the gate and up the road toward Briarwood.

In Briarwood another scene of discontent with the weather was being enacted. Betty DeVore walked up and down the living room, looked out the window, turned, came back and stood irresolutely before her father's wheel chair.

"Dad, I've just got to get out of this house. I feel absolutely stuffy from having been in all day, and it's not raining much now."

"I'll tell you what, Dad, I went by the store for the mail yesterday when I started to explore the old Merrill place with Ralph, and I put it down on a table in the hall of the Merrill place and forgot to get it when we came out. There was a letter from Dean Rossman, you know, the one I hated to leave so when I finished college, and I've just been itching to read it all day. So I'm going to walk over there and get it and come right back. It won't take more than a half hour."

"Well, I hate to keep you from getting your mail, but there has been some queer rumors floating around about the old Merrill place lately, and although I didn't believe Cook Sarah when she told me it was haunted, Herr Stern told me yesterday that there were queer stories about the place now-a-days."

"Oh, rats! Dad. Herr Stern believes any tale these darkies tell him. There's not a thing in the world the matter with the Merrill place except that it is old. You know I don't like Ralph Carr very much but I did have a good time yesterday because the old house was lovely on the inside."

"All right, honey, run along, but come back before dark. I can't help worrying if you are out after dark alone."

The Children's Patron Saint

by LILLIAN F. LEWIS
in Herald and Pressbyter

KRISS KRINGLE, St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus—

Small matter which name we select—
Bestows all his thought on the Yuletide,
because

So many his call then expect!

He travels by night and he travels by day,
Not minding our snows in the least,
So eager is he to advance on his way
With tokens to brighten the feast.

No burden to him seems the play of his part,
Though heavy the load that he bears;
But, bulging with goodness, how tender his heart,
And merry the smile that he wears.

He's never disposed to be sullen or sad,
The reason is simple and plain;
By caring for others and making them glad,
A reaping of joy is his gain.

No wonder all love him and welcome his cheer,
This kindly, benevolent guest,
Who promptly appears, ere the close of the year,
With holiday greetings the best.

The song of the angels, the Star of the Sky,
Lend Christmas a halo indeed;
To no little child would the master deny
The boon of its blessing and heed.

With a pat on the shoulder and a "Good-bye Dad," she hurried to get her raincoat. After she had put it on and her rubbers and close fitting rain hat, she started briskly down the muddy road. Taking a short cut, she left the main road and took a path straight across the railroad track, and through some barren fields that would bring her into the side yard of the Merrill place. As she came in sight of the house she noticed that the rain increased, and she hurried to get out of the heavy downpour.

Hurrying up the front steps she glanced up, and caught her breath sharply, for the front door that had been slightly ajar, silently closed. Then she laughed at herself for being afraid and to calm her fears, said aloud, "I'm just as scarry as any nigger in the country even little Jake," and he went quickly to the door. As she placed her hand on the knob she distinctly heard quick footsteps in the hall, and then she heard the old stair way creak. This time she knew that her fears were real and started to ward the steps escape what the closed door hid. Just as she reached the steps a flash of lightning, followed by a clap of thunder like a pistol shot, lit up the sky that had rapidly darkened. In spite of the darkness she started down the steps, for she had heard another sound in the house, but as she did so another flash of lightning revealed a dark, crawling object in the high weeds, almost at the foot of the steps.

(To Be Continued)

Shaw on Shakespeare

Opinion of a certain noted dramatist, faintly expressed by Mr. George Bernard Shaw:

"With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I despise so utterly as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his. It would positively be a relief to me to dig him up and throw stones at him."—McNaught's Monthly.

A Success Talk

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., whose income tax for last year breaks all records, said in a recent success talk: "Every successful man has had more failures than befall the unsuccessful man."

"Take courage, then! Persevere! Success, after all, is nothing more than failure with a new coat of paint."

Profit in Exchange of National Ideas

A writer in the Berlin popular monthly Uhu believes the Germans, like the British, are too much inclined to take their pleasures sadly, and holds up the Americans as an example of what he considers a laudable "keep smiling" philosophy of life.

Comparing tourists of the two nations, he says: "The contrast is most striking. The German travels for profit more than for pleasure. He studies, investigates, researches and enthuses, but he does not obviously enjoy himself. The American is a pleasure seeker, conventional and superficial, but making a joy of his travels as he does of his life."

He concludes that it would do both countries good if each could acquire something of the qualities of the other.—Living Age.

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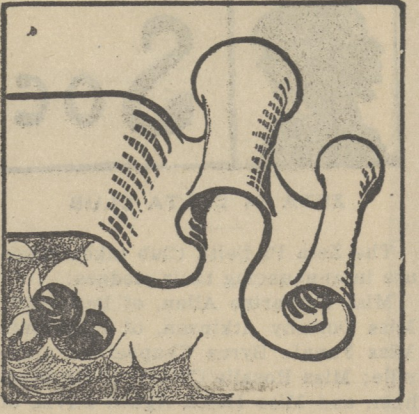
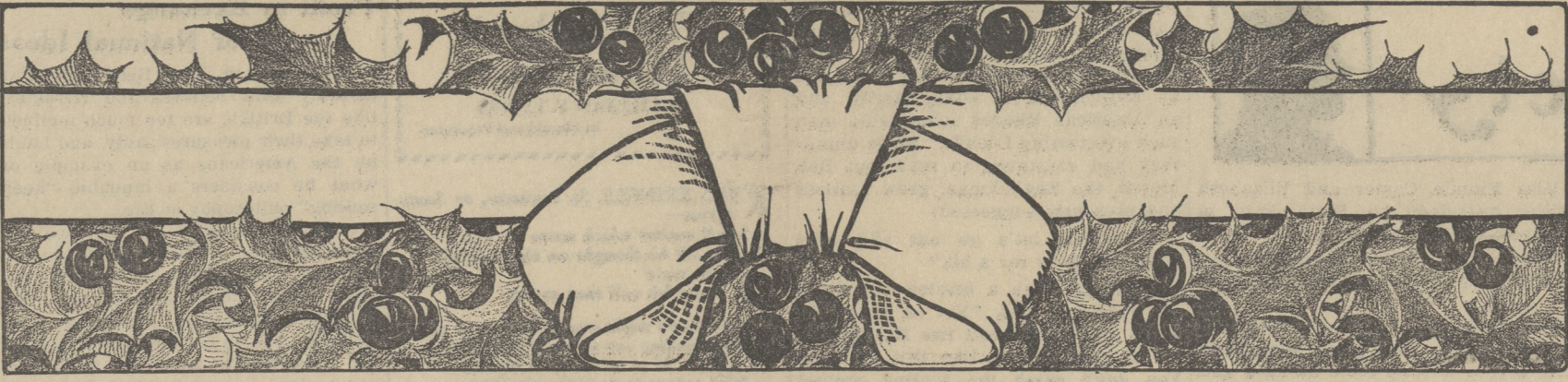
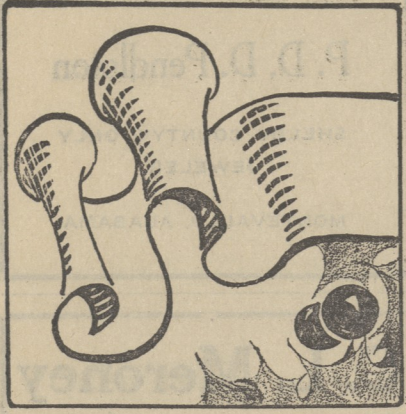
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The Spirit of Christmas

by Katherine Edelman

I AM THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS! Today I rule over the world as no king or queen ever ruled. I hold gifts in my arms that no ruler ever held and I scatter them with a lavish hand. I am loved by my subjects with a love that has no hint of fear, for they feel that I am working for their happiness.

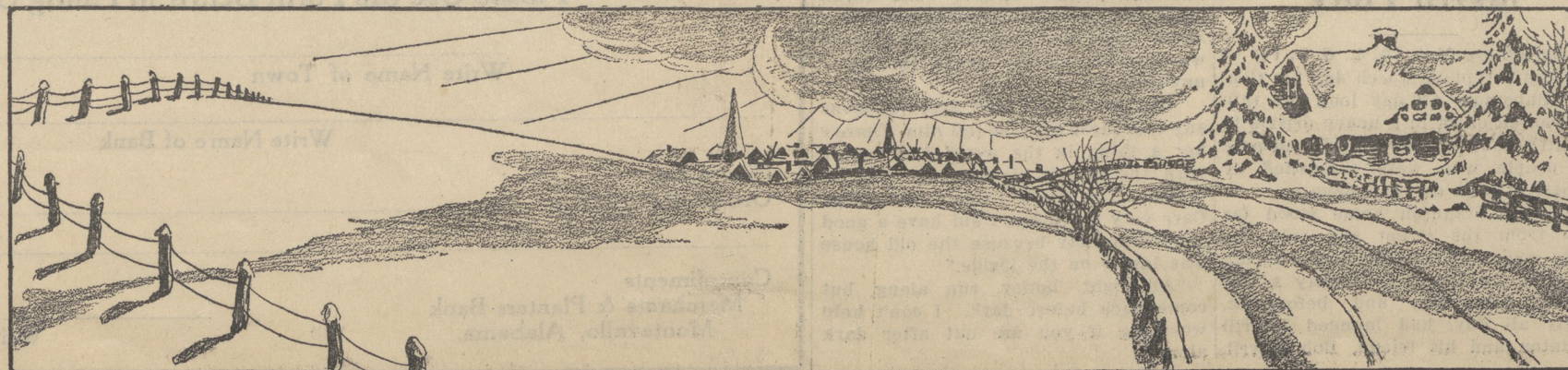
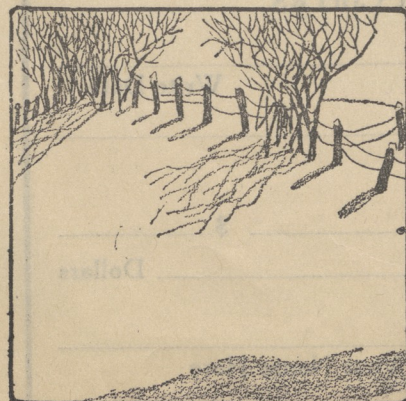
WITH my magic hand I heal the hurts in many hearts. I pluck out by the roots the resentments and rancors that make men unhappy. I bring peace and understanding to hearts that know it not. Along my way I scatter seeds of faith, of hope, of love, that will spring up and bear fruit after the last echo of my footsteps shall be heard. I leave behind me beautiful memories to enrich and gladden, unnumbered dreams to make men more happy.

WITH my touch I create new friendships—I strengthen those that are already formed and make more dear and more precious the ties of home and kindred. To the little children I bring joy beyond telling, happiness beautiful to behold; to their elders I bring again the faith they knew in childhood. I am the instigator of thousands of loving messages that go from friend to friend, from kin to kin. I have breathed something of myself into each and every one of the gaily tied packages that are coming to every home.

THE mantle that I wear is broad and encircling enough to cover the whole world, to give to every heart a shelter and protection from fears and doubts, from hates and mistrusts, from all the things that keep men and women from their heritage of happiness. Within its folds I welcome every class and creed, every race and color—for all of them I have comfort and warmth.

I AM the Spirit of Christmas—broad, tolerant, loving! Everywhere today my presence is felt—my power is unlimited, my word supreme! I rule the world from land to land and from shore to shore. I am welcome in every home and at every hearth—the most loved and most welcome monarch the world has ever known.

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The Alabamian

ALABAMA COLLEGE, MONTEVALL O, ALABAMA, JANUARY 30, 1926

Widespread Sorrow Caused By Passing of President

Widespread sorrow and genuine grief has been caused by the passing of Thomas Waverly Palmer, president of Alabama College, Montevallo. For a number of years before his coming to Alabama College he was head of the department of mathematics at the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa. Hundreds of men of every walk of life remember when "Jack" Palmer taught them trigonometry, algebra, geometry, calculus, and other branches of mathematics. Many men over the State attribute all their knowledge of the subject to the patience and teaching of their university professor, Dr. Palmer. His methods were thorough. "Why did you do that?" he would ask. When the answer came he would say "But why?" After the questioning and explanations those in his classes knew something they never forgot.

Dr. Palmer, however, is not known just to those whom he taught. People everywhere today regard his ability as an educator. Thousands of people mourn his passing.

The students at the college feel his loss more keenly than many others. It was to them he has been closest in the past few years. His spirit even now seems to be hovering near, and the students are remembering his examples and precepts.

Each one individually feels that one near to her, vital to her, has been given up. Not one but who by his passing determines to "keep faith" even more sincerely than ever—for it was his wish. Not one but who determines to make good with the life he helped develop.

He has gone. We don't see how we can spare him. But every student at the college thanks God that he was permitted to serve and live and glorify God as he did.

TEAM CHOSEN FOR INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE

Climax Reached at Try-Out

Of the 14 participants at the try-out on December 15, six were chosen to represent Alabama College in the triangular debate between Judson, Woman's College and Alabama College, which will be an important event of the spring term. The debaters who so ably proved themselves on this occasion were: Helen Townsend, Hazel Black, Helen George, Lillian Prout, Catherine Allen and Clyde Merrill. The judges for the try-out were the faculty members of the committee which was appointed in October by Helen Davis, president of student government, have worked steadily and faithfully for the debate.

Since the announcement was made in the early fall concerning the triangular debate, there have been many preliminary debates held in chapel. At times the arguments grew very heated and the silence which preceded the judges' decision was deadly, but the climax was reached at the final try-out, when the reward for good argumentation was membership on the varsity team.

Intercollegiate debating is being brought to Alabama College this year for the first time by the Student Government Association and because of the splendid co-operation and interest manifested by both faculty and students the initial effort promises to be a decided success. The committee in charge of selecting subjects and making preliminary arrangements for the debate is: Helen Davis, chairman; Misses Taber, Moul, Gould, Cope, Mr. Kennerly, Mary Hill and Edith Delchamps. The two subjects submitted by this committee and voted on according to the Nausen system by the three colleges were: 1. Resolved, That Muscle Shoals Be Sold to a Private Company. 2. Resolved, That the United States Should Adopt a Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law.

It is interesting to note that the latter was decided on by the colleges taking part as the subject for the inter-collegiate debate.

"Sight" of Angeworms

Though angeworms cannot distinguish objects, they are not blind. They have light-sensitive organs distributed along the whole length of their bodies.

Brush Up

You'll agree that this, that or the other girl has a "mean hair in her head," when your wife finds it on your coat.

Leaders Elected For College Night

A new plan for leadership college night was inaugurated Friday night, Jan. 15, at the annual election. Instead of one leader for the purple and one leader for the gold, two leaders were elected for each side—a head leader and her assistant. The leaders are Mildred Gilchrist and Margaret Grayson; the assistants are Joy Cawthon and Una Franklin.

College night is the one occasion of the year. It dims the brilliance of every other celebration in the year. It is the time that climaxes all others in contest, friendly rivalry, superlativeness of originality, leadership, "followship" and beauty. It is that night when emotions reach the highest key and hearts are filled almost to the bursting point.

We are truly fortunate in getting for leaders this year girls with not only ability but also that quality which makes other girls follow them.

Services for Dr. Palmer

The student body of Alabama College assembled in the chapel at 10:30 o'clock Thursday morning, Jan. 7, when the death knell for Dr. T. W. Palmer, beloved president of the institution, was rung. The students silently and reverently filed into the chapel auditorium to the strains of a funeral march played by Miss Polly Gibbs. After a brief prayer and silent meditation the assembled group passed out as silently as they had entered.

On Friday at the same hour the funeral services were being conducted at the First Baptist Church in Tuscaloosa the students at the college were holding a service as similar as they could make it. Helen Boykin played a funeral march; scripture was read by Robbie Andrews; Lillian Prout offered up a prayer; and the students, deeply affected by the passing of their genuinely loved president, thought of why and how they loved and had loved him.

The services, as conducted at the First Baptist Church in Tuscaloosa, were as simple as those for any ordinary man. "Abide With Me" was sung, just as it was being sung at the same time by the students at the college. Rev. P. H. Carmichael, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Montevallo, read the scripture; Dr. L. O. Dawson, life long personal friend of Dr. Palmer, and the man who was pastor of the church at Tuscaloosa while Dr. Palmer was connected with the university, told in a simple and beautiful manner why Dr. Palmer was loved. His words were few but sincere. Nothing more appropriate could have been said than what Dr. Dawson said in regard to the man, who more than any other has been responsible for the remarkable growth of the institution he headed for nearly twenty years.

Rev. J. Renfro Curry, pastor of the Baptist Church, at Montevallo, led in prayer. His words were a fitting close to a beautiful service held in respect for a beautiful life.

Dr. Palmer was laid to rest in the family burying grounds at Tuscaloosa. His casket was a rich grey, and the sole covering was a blanket of roses, a token of love from the student body. The floral offerings were beautiful and numerous, attesting to the esteem held for the man generally.

Old Superstition

A superstition that was commonly believed in England during the Middle Ages was that he would be happy in love during the year who heard the singing of the nightingale before he heard the cuckoo.

Royal Deformity

Charlemagne's mother was known as Bertha of the Big Foot, because one of her feet was much larger than the other. Bertha was the daughter of the count of Laon and the wife of Pepin the Short.

Monarchical Nicknames

"The Baker" and "The Baker's Wife" were names popularly given to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette because they gave bread to the starving mob at Versailles on October 6, 1789.

Alabama College Mourns Its Dead

The entire student body mourns the passing of its president and friend, Dr. Palmer. We are so glad to lament, so glad to grieve, because it meant enough to us to grant us that right. We feel that we have not only lost our chief executive, but also our wise counselor friend and father. To him Alabama College was made up not of masses of individuals, but girls whom he loved.

Dr. Palmer was great in big things because he was great in small ones. He was democratic, not from a tense of right, but from natural impulse. His aims, interests and loves were of those things which concerned "his girls." When on the day his mortal self was committed to the earth amid myriad flowers and tears, we could not refrain from believing that even then he saw and understood. With the same smile that greeted us on the walks and in the office, we felt that he was seeing from above. Dr. Palmer is not gone—he can never go. Always, just as when we could see him, he is with us—so gentle, so understanding and sincere, wishing for our every good and our every happiness. How can we fail to "carry on?" He cannot have lived in vain! It is up to us then to carry out his wishes, complete his dreams and deserve his love.

Alabama College Wins Over Southern

Alabama College' varsity squad deserves great credit upon winning her first game of the season. The splendid co-operation and quickness of the players in the first half caused them to be victorious over Southern.

Miss Grace Berryman was the central figure in the game. She went in first as forward, next as center and then as guard. While she was playing guard, the famous Trudie Whisenant did not score.

Misses Mildred Keaney and Ruth Jones, with their extreme accuracy and skill ran the score up to 20 points, while Southern only made 23 points.

Helen Lawson and Bill Smith won credit and admiration for their team as they previously have for the last three years.

The senior class had five representatives on varsity this year, Bill Smith, Helen Townsend, Mildred Albritten, Mildred Keaney and Elizabeth Ward.

The line-up was as follows:

Center—Ward, Berryman, Townsend, Smith.

Forwards — Keaney, Berryman, Jones.

Other games have been scheduled and we hope to come out successful. Varsity Squad, we're for you!

Many Expressions Of Sympathy Received

Expressions of sympathy from various colleges and institutions of learning, from business concerns and from individuals over the State, have been received by the college since the death of the president, Dr. T. W. Palmer. Telegrams, letters, notes and calls have been numerous; all express the sympathy of the people from whom they come and go to prove that Dr. Palmer's death has deeply affected people all over the State.

Interesting if True

A blizzard is the inside of a hen. The feminine of swain is swine. This new information is found in school examination papers at Lynn, Mass., near Boston. Now you know why teachers die young.—Capper's Weekly.

PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL SENDS DELEGATION

President's Council, of Alabama College, in a meeting held immediately following the death of Dr. T. W. Palmer, president of the college, voted to send ten representatives of the student body to the funeral held in Tuscaloosa, Friday, Jan. 8. Those chosen to go were: Helen Davis, president student body; Hazel Black, presi-

We Want Dean Carmichael For Our Next President

Dr. Lasey Again Charms Alabama College

Dr. Frederick D. Losey, of New Garls, formerly of the University of Alabama, paid his annual visit to Alabama College on Monday and Tuesday of last week. Monday morning he discussed the play of Hamlet and Monday evening he read Hamlet. Tuesday morning he discussed Channing, Pollock's The Evening, and Tuesday evening he read the Carol.

Dr. Losey is considered by critics the greatest living Shakespearean scholar and reader. His magnetic voice and appearance grip his audience the moment he begins. Never for a moment is there a loss of interest and attention. He carries his hearers through the experiences he reads. When he has concluded his audience is mentally exhausted from the gamut of emotions and thinking it has undergone.

We wish we could keep him in our midst always.

Derby Hunt

Miss Mary Kate Derby entertained a number of her college classmates and others during the New Year holidays at the beautiful Derby country home near York. On the night of December 30, the evening's entertainment was a "turtle egg hunt." The party met in the living room, elected officers and proceeded as is customary on turtle egg hunts. Before the hunt was over a 'possum and a coon had been caught.

Those enjoying the Derby hospitality at this time were Misses Lillian Prout, Roberta Bailey, Minnie Barnes, Sue Steel Spencer, Phyllis McCollum, Messrs. Bill Prout, Louis Allen, Steel Spencer, from Demopolis; Mr. Spenser from Eutaw; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Middleton, Miss Caroline Middleton, from Collierine; Miss Cathryn Morrison from Selma; Miss Fannie Tabor, librarian of Alabama College, Montevallo; Mr. Dolph Dryespring, from Waugh; Messrs. Frank Fitts and Cable from Tuscaloosa; Messrs. Wade Coleman, Jr., and Bob Derby, from Livingston.

Next day most of these guests and several others attended the Derby deer hunt December 31, New Year's eve, two bucks were killed.—Our Southern Home, Livingston, Ala.

P. S.—(Added by Lillian Prout): Thursday evening was considered the end of the deer hunt but for some it was only the beginning of the deer hunt. Although M. Hiss Taber had stood the chase of deer admirably, even the riding on a 12-foot mule, after a few hours of deer chasing, in which Mr. Derby spurred her on, she declared the pace too swift and went to bed.

Dempsey Barnes and Caroline Middleton actually went to the extreme of taking their "deer" out to ride toward the graveyard—of all places—while Roberta Bailey only rode hers nearly to York. If you think Mary Kate Derby is demure just try to sit on a certain Princeton pillow she has—and Kathryn Morrison! the way she ran after things that night was scandalous. She developed into a rival for me. Can you believe it?

Great Naval Figure

John Paul was the real name of Paul Jones, the Scotch-American naval commander, who distinguished himself in the American Revolution. He assumed the name of Jones on his appointment as naval lieutenant in 1775.

Everything Lovely

"How do you get along with the boss?"
"Fine now. He's in Europe."

Who understands us better than any other?

Dean Carmichael.

Who worked side by side with our Dr. Palmer through that trying period in our development, which culminated in our becoming an A college?

Dean Carmichael.

Who gave up promising offers to become our dean?

Who worked so wonderfully and silently for us during our president's illness, shouldering all responsibility?

Dean Carmichael.

Who so skillfully and thoughtfully planned and conducted the Million Dollar Drive?

Dean Carmichael.

Again we repeat: We want him for our president.

Welcome Home Mrs. Palmer

That sweet, familiar face so long absent from our campus, has come back to us again. It cheers our heart to see Mrs. Palmer again in our midst where we love to have her. I don't know what we would do without her, and we wish to express to her our deepest sympathy, appreciation and love.

A Prayer

Dear God, we thank thee for the great life that has just returned to thee. We thank thee for his fidelity to his ideal and his loving kindness so like that of Christ. We praise thee for his example of life and manhood, and his cup of service so gladly emptied on us "his girls." Guide our feet in his paths and when at last it is your plan for us to join him let us go gladly and tell him that we "carried on."—Elma O'Neill

RESOLUTIONS ON DR. PALMER'S DEATH

With the death of our beloved president, Dr. Thomas Waverly Palmer, which occurred January 7, 1926, we, the student body of Alabama College, feel that we have lost an able president, a true friend and a loving father.

Through his breadth of experience and wealth of knowledge, he inspired in us noble aspirations and lofty ideals. We are indebted to him as individuals for all that has come to us through contact with his rare personality.

Furthermore, as students of Alabama College, we express our appreciation for the loyal service which he rendered in the upbuilding of our college. Words are inadequate to express the deep feeling of loss enshrined in the hearts of the kindly friendliness and personal interest in each one of us, be now our hearts.

We admired him, we esteemed him and we loved him.

Since the Divine Heavenly Father has removed from our midst our president, friend and counselor, we, the students of Alabama College submit to his will and wish to express our profound appreciation of Dr. Palmer's life and works in the following resolutions:

Whereas, Dr. T. W. Palmer was our esteemed and learned president from the fall of 1907 to the winter of 1926; and

Whereas, For 18 years he has rendered invaluable service in every phase of life at Alabama College by the high ideals for which he stood. Therefore, Be it Resolved:

First, that we as students of Alabama College have lost a faithful president, sympathetic advisor and friend.

Second, that we, as students, tender our heartfelt sympathy to the members of his bereaved family.

Third, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family; that a copy be spread upon the Minutes of the Student Government Association, and that a copy be furnished the press of the State.

Married Men, Remember

"What a pity," says the Albany (Ga.) Herald, "we can't forget the slighting things which other people say about us as easily as a married man forgets to mail his wife's important letter. (Note: All wives' letters are important.)"

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OLD WITTENBERG

(Letter Written by Professor Ward While Studying in Germany Last Summer.)

I had to come! I mean the urge became so strong and persistent that I yielded. It was in my original plan, but when I reached Leipzig I had been a month without any mail, so Wittenberg was passed by in order to hurry on to Berlin. It is a question of back-tracking for a short distance. But it is worth it for many reasons. It is invigorating to leave the big, noisy, cosmopolitan Berlin and go out to the smaller places. I always travel third or fourth-class, so I can mix with the real people, the backbone of any country. The ride even buoyed me up.

Wittenberg now has about 25,000 people. Nobody knows exactly how old it is, but it is first mentioned in history in 1180. The name was probably given by the Flemish colonists who settled here on the Elbe river. In German Wittenberg would be Weiszerberg (English: White Mountain). So here it has been with all its checkered history for approximately 800 years! It is interesting to see these towns and cities that have attempted to modernize on those old foundations. Here the streets are narrow and winding. The people apparently accepted as streets, and the town grew in accord with the way the cattle of the early settlers first came home! The streets are paved with cobble stones. Here the town existed for 400 years before Luther's time and again 400 years have passed over its head.

Luther's city! That's what the world thinks when the name is mentioned. And even the Germans say with pride "die Luthrstadt." They speak of it as the Cradle of the Reformation. When in Worms, I found that that city claims the same distinction but the fact that Martin Luther lived, taught, wrote, preached, and died here would seem to give Wittenberg a clear title. Then we must not entirely forget Zwingli and Calvin, as well as the reformers in England.

As an Augustine Monk, Luther was called from the Cloister in Erfurt to the Cloister in Wittenberg, in 1508. He was also to teach in the new university that had been recently founded by Frederick the Wise, 1502. The civilized world is familiar with the main facts in Luther's epoch-making life. In 1513 he made a pilgrimage to Rome, as good Catholics are wont to do. In 1517 he placed his 95 theses on the church door and thereby started something that is still a live question today. I shall not attempt to discuss the reformation here—that would require volumes. Luther's writings alone fill 25 volumes as large as the ordinary law book. Sufficient is it to say that he went to Worms to stand before the Reichstag and Kaiser Karl V, who had come from Spain to investigate the disturbance this young monk

was raising in church circles, that he later met Eck in debate in Leipzig, that he burned the Bull of Excommunication sent to him by the pope and so broke forever from the Catholic church.

Naturally the visitor here wishes to visit the spots and the things associated with the great reformer and his famous contemporary, Melancthon. The Luther Oak is of interest. This oak was transplanted to this spot in 1830 to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the Augsburg confession and to this particular spot to mark forever the place where Luther burned the papal bull, in 1520. So the tree is almost 100 years old. There is a neat stone fence enclosing it and a beautiful little park. In the stone wall near the oak are the words in German: "In memory of Dr. Martin Luther's deed here December 10, 1520." On Christmas night, 1904, somebody cut the tree three-fourths of the circumference and to the heart. Yet it survived, and the scar is healed over. We are told that another tree formerly stood there up to 1813. After the battle of Jena, Napoleon carried here in Wittenberg for some time. It is said the French soldiers cut down the original tree together with 100,000 fruit and ornamental trees at the time. In such a spot one can give wings to his fancy. For two hours I had sat there reading and meditating, and it seemed but a short time!

The University of Wittenberg is no more, alas! After an existence of 300 years it was discontinued. Napoleon decreed that it had ceased to be a center of culture for youth. In 1817 it was united with the University of Halle. The greater part of the library was transferred to Halle, but there are still about 300,000 volumes here. A protestant seminary now occupies the main building. Divinity students are allowed to transfer from the universities and come here for one year of their work. But the main interest in the buildings now lies in the fact that Luther lived and taught there. The Luther House is the mecca of all visitors. For example, I met there two Englishmen from South Africa. The wealth of material in the Luther House is too great to explain in detail. There are numerous pictures of Luther at different periods in his life; paintings by Albrecht Durer, Cranach, et al.; a first printed edition of Luther's 95 theses; works in book form done by the monks by hand before the era of printing, showing the neatness and the skill with which they were able to write on parchment letters so small as almost to require a magnifying glass to read them, and the richly ornate initial letters for paragraphs to which we can trace the origin of capital letters in both German and English (to some extent). There are groups of books representing all the knowledge in the different departments of life at the time of Luther—for example, science, geography, grammar, mathematics, law, medicine, history, language, the Bible and the spiritual life. The text books of that period are shown. Copies of the Bible setting forth a complete history of the various translations and stages through which it passed before Luther's work are presented. One could easily spend a day in this one room! Luther was first to translate the whole Bible into German. A copy of this first edition, 1534, is on display. Luther stood for the reading of the Scripture by the individual himself and not by a priest in Latin, a language he could not understand. For that reason he was so zealous in translating the Bible into the German. In this connection the renowned scholar, Melancthon, should be mentioned, and whose home stands not far

away. One can still see the room in which he lived, taught, studied and died.

But the Luther House is a regular museum of the reformation period. The pamphlets, single sheets, and books are carefully catalogued according to the different stages of the reformation, from the date of the theses to long after Luther's death, 1546. One sees the fight not only in books, pamphlets, debates, sermons, letters, but also in picture and caricature. Both sides resorted to this latter means. So we have presented the significance of books for the reformation and the significance of art for the reformation. As I pondered over many angles of that period, the thought came: Since printing had not yet been invented! Would the reformation have been possible? Certainly a much longer time would have been required. It is conclusively shown that Luther took full advantage of the printed page. He printed thousands of short tracts, his sermons, disputations, as well as quite large books on every conceivable angle of the movement. His contemporaries did likewise. So the debt humanity owes Gutenberg of Mainz, another German, is incalculable.

One passes on to a large lecture room. Here we see a stand from which Luther used to deliver lectures to his students. We are told that frequently as many as 2,000 students came here from all parts of Germany to hear Luther and Melancthon. Over the stand is a likeness of Luther; also there is a painting representing Christ on the cross. Two words on the cross, fide sola (faith alone) are significant of Luther's teaching. One can stand in that lecture hall and think of the voices that have echoed and died away there through the centuries; yet some of them, at least, still live. They live in the works into which they breathed life, in the program of progress which they gave the world. The voices of Luther and Melancthon will ring on down the ages, as they have done for 400 years. Again we must not forget the potency of the printed page.

The Schlosskirche (the Castle church) is the one to which Luther nailed his theses. These were simply 95 propositions written in Latin (in those times professors lectured only in Latin and, of course, church matters were discussed in that language) concerning doctrines and practices of the Catholic church. With many of these he took sharp issue and proposed to debate them with any comer, either in person or by letter. We know how the whirlwind became a cyclone. The original church burned centuries later, so the door we now see is not the one of Luther's day. In 1857 King Frederick William IV gave the church two bronze doors containing

the 95 theses written in the bronze in accord with Luther's arrangement of them for the original printing of same. This is the door one sees today. It is interesting to know that an original copy of the theses as Luther gave them to the printer is preserved in the Royal Library in Berlin. Inside the Castle Church Luther and Melancthon are buried. Their grave stones are to be seen. Chief importance attaches to this church from the fact that it marks the real birthplace of the reformation and is the burial place of this illustrious pair. There are many things inside the church besides the graves to claim the attention—pictures, coats of arms, the chancel. Among the coats of arms Luther's may be seen. On the outside, in addition to the These Door, the high tower is of interest. Near the top of it one reads, among other quotations, this: "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," which we know and sing in English as "A mighty fortress is our God." Luther was a writer of hymns, as well as being a theologian and reformer and educator!

The City Church (Stradtkirche) is just as historical as the Castle Church. Inside it is much the same as when Luther used to preach in it 400 years ago. The first evangelical church service in Germany was held in this church by Luther shortly after his return from the Wartburg, 1522. Many things inside claim the attention. Noteworthy are a baptismal font of bronze made by Herman Vischer, of Nuremberg, and painting representing Luther's preaching. Two holes in the painting near Luther's throat are said to have been made by the dagger thrusts of a Spanish soldier in 1547 who said: "This demon still rages even in death." I was in the church Saturday afternoon and witnessed the christening of an infant by the present pastor. Later he invited me to his home, where I had the leisure of tea and a long, delightful conversation with him and his wife.

This pastor is well educated, having studied at the Universities of Bonn, Berlin, Tubingen, and Heidelberg. He has the Ph.D. from Heidelberg. He studied also one year in Holland. I asked him many questions and received valuable information. I found him broad and tolerant in his attitude. The protestants are facing a crucial period in Germany. In the first place, the protestant cause in Germany was closely associated with the various kingdoms, especially that of Prussia. Wilhelm II, in his capacity as King of Prussia, exercised a kind of directorship over the protestant church. In other words, it was a type of episcopacy heading up in him. Then when, in 1871, the King of Prussia became Emperor of all Germany, the position of the protestant church was strengthened. Consequently

many protestants were adherents of a monarchical form of government. The church was wont to look to Berlin, to the great Dom there, as a religious center just as they did to the Kaiser as the governmental center. Now what is the situation? The church has been shaken from center to circumference. The war went against them, and they became bitter and sore. Many fell away from the church, but the pastor says they are gradually coming back. But here is the problem: They have no center, no head, any more. Not only Wilhelm II (as Prussian King), but all kings in Germany had to resign. The church is at a loss what to do. It doesn't seem to be able to manage itself, as they have always been accustomed to a control and a direction from above. In fact, they are just as free today as the Baptists of the United States, but they have no experience to guide them. Consequently the world may see the Lutherans organizing themselves under a system of bishops, within a few years. They haven't the capacity for self-government the Baptists have, for example. We Americans can see this, if we think. The government of the United States is established on the basis of absolute and rigid separation of church and state. People here are unacquainted with the idea except as they read of it. Now suddenly their patriarchal system is swept into the discard. We can readily understand why they are non-plussed.

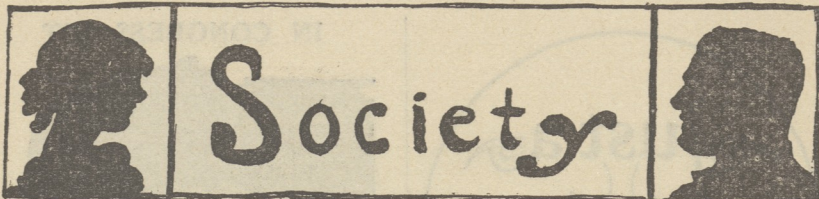
This pastor of Luther's old church tells me the German people will never have another monarchy, that they are done with it. He says Germany was unfortunate at the beginning of the war in that the general staff controlled the political situation. If Germany had had a strong Emperor, that would not have been the case. But the Emperor was too weak. Holweg tried to stand out against militarism, but he had no assistance from the Emperor. Holweg's idea was, says the pastor, to announce to the world that Germany wanted not one foot of foreign soil, that she would stay off Belgian territory, that she would fight in accord with the rules of war, and that all she would demand at the end of the war would be to keep her boundaries intact. But the military arm of the government was too strong. Holweg was brushed aside. The German army was pushed ruthlessly Belgium and hurried on towards Paris. In addition boastful policies were announced. Of course, we will admit that, if the first had become Germany's war aims and not the second, then Germany would very probably have been victorious. Public sentiment would have been with her instead of against her. The United States would never have entered the war then. Of course, Germany's doom

(Continued On Page 3)

Service With a Smile
AT
WILSON'S DRUG CO.
The Corner
The Rexall Store — Montevallo, Ala.

STRAND
THEATRE

MONTEVALLO, ALA.



Tutwiler Club News

Miss Helen Grey McNeil returned to Alabama College after Christmas from Converse College. We are very glad to have her back again.

Miss Kathryn Angle spent the past week-end with Miss Helen Grey McNeil.

Miss Claudia Slade spent the week-end in Birmingham.

Miss Alice Alsabrook and Miss Mary Elizabeth Moody will spend the week-end in Birmingham.

Miss Daisy Fay Killian and Elizabeth Ellis will spend the week-end in Birmingham, going up for the game.

Miss True Marble had as her guest Saturday and Sunday Mr. Louis Stephens, of Birmingham.

Miss "Kat" Leath had as her guest Mr. Bill Gough, of Birmingham, over the week-end.

Mr. John Steiner was Miss Margaret Coleman's guest on Saturday and Sunday.

Ramsay News

Miss Henretta Matthews spent last week-end in Birmingham with her parents.

We are glad to have Miss Lean Chester back with us again, after being detained at home, due to illness.

Mrs. Mack Killcrease, of Daytona Beach, Fla., was the recent week-end guest of her sister, Vivian Letson.

Miss Mable J. Long had as her guest Sunday Mr. Torman Smith.

Miss Neil Harris had as her guest Sunday her mother, Mrs. Harris.

Miss Alma Almon was called to her home in Ensley on Sunday, on account of a death in the family. The club extends utmost sympathy.

Miss Elsie Smith, of Birmingham, spent the week-end with Miss Irelle Chambers.

Mrs. Cole, of Ensley, was the guest of her daughter, Sara, on last Sunday.

Miss Frances Matthews, of Birmingham, is expected Saturday, to be the guest of her sister, Henrietta, over the week-end.

Miss Elizabeth Wilson recently had as her guest Miss Dorothy Smith, of Birmingham.

Alpha Pi Omega Club

Mr. Dayton Riddle, of Howard College, and Mr. Dick Aldridge, of Birmingham, were the guests of Miss Miriam Gregg and Miss Florence Smith, Sunday, Jan. 10.

Misses Caroline Middleton, Roberta Bailey, Dempsey Barnes and Kathryn Morrison attended a deer hunt at the country home of Mr. F. I. Derby and daughter, Mary Kate, near York, Ala., during the Christmas holidays.

We regret to announce that Clyde Wainwright, one of our pledges, failed to return for the winter quarter. Dame Rumor has it that she is shortly to embark upon the perilous sea of matrimony.

Philomathic Club Notes

We are happy to be together again, after delightful holidays spent in various cities. We have come back refreshed and with hopes of better work in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Honeycutt, of Bessemer, were the guests of their sister, Miss Mary Hill, on Sunday.

At present the Philomathics have discarded social functions and are hard at work renovating the club room. It has been improved very much as yet, although we have a week or two more of hard work to make it the attractive and cozy home we wish it to be.

Merril Place

(By E. O. and B. A.)
(Continuation)

A wild shriek almost as piercing as the pistol, that of thunder, escaped the girl's lips as the lightning revealed the crawling figure at the foot of the steps. With the quickness of a wild animal Betty retreated toward the darkness of the wall. At that instant a hand from the blackness of the door, pulled her into the room.

The clock chimed 11 in the library of the Stanton home. Young Stanton lifted his eyes from the book he was reading, to the clock.

"Gad" he exclaimed "What's keeping Bob? His English feet must have gotten stuck in Alabama mud!"

"Son, don't you suppose you'd better go look for Bob? Maybe he's lost his way in the night," suggested Mrs. Staunton, who was popping corn over the fire.

"But, mother, Peterboy's with him.

He couldn't lose himself anywhere in this country! I guess maybe he stopped by DeVore's on the way back. But still he'd never met Betty and I don't think he'd do that. I'll wait up awhile longer for him."

At 11:45 Mrs. Staunton arose, kissed her son good-night and went to her room.

Merril settled himself comfortably in his chair and prepared to wait awhile longer before going to search for his friend. The rain continued to fall monotonously, the wind whistled through the trees and around the corners of the house. In spite of himself Staunton's mind went back to old England and the mysteries of her moors. So akin to the moors was the wild stretch of ground around Merrill place and so akin to the English Earl Buckingham waiting for his murdered brother was he perhaps waiting for his friend! Merrill arose with a jerk from his meditations, his fire had died and the clock hands pointed to 1.

"Not here yet!" he exclaimed. By this time the rain had changed into a melancholy drip. He hastily went into his room to prepare himself for his long wet tramp through the dark woods. When he came back into the library he heard a knock on the door.

"There he is now!" he exclaimed with a sigh of relief. "But why in thunder should he stop to knock on my door?"

He hurried to the door to let in his drenched friend, only to open it on the drawn, frightened face of old Mr. DeVore.

"Merril, my God, have you seen Betty?"

Merril reached out his hand to assist the staggering old man to the fire.

"She left about 5 o'clock this afternoon for the old Merrill place—"

"Merril place!"

"Yes, she wanted to go over there to get a letter she left yesterday. She said she would be gone just a little while. I must have dozed in my chair, because when I woke up everything was dark and when I lighted a lamp the clock said 11:30. I looked everywhere for her but she was no where to be found. Then I thought of you and I knew you would help me look for her." With this the old man turned his eyes, brimming with tears, to Merrill Staunton, whose face had gone ashen white at the mention of Merrill place.

"I was just leaving for Merrill place myself, Mr. DeVore. Bob, my friend you know, went to Merrill place this afternoon and he hasn't returned. I guess they must be charmed with the place," he said with a mirthless laugh, attempting to give the assurance which he did not feel.

Merril heard a rattling sound at the door. Suddenly an undefensible terror filled his heart. Before directing his gaze toward the sound he looked to see if the old man had noticed it. Mr. DeVore was gazing vacantly into the fire. Staunton turned cautiously to the door—a sheet of white paper was making its way through the threshold.

(To Be Continued)

OLD WITTENBERG

(Continued From Page 2)

was sealed the day the United States declared war! I asked the pastor if that was not just the danger any nation runs when it permits its military arm to become too strong. Certainly it will dominate the civil if it can. He admitted that this fact proved Germany's undoing. We know that it was militarism having full sway that enabled Von Tirpitz to inaugurate his fiendish policy on the high seas. When he did this, it became more than the United States could stand, so—here is Germany, a republic, if you please!

It is seldom that I attend two preaching services the same morning, but that pleasure I have had today. I stayed over to hear preaching in these two churches so intimately associated with the reformation and with Luther and Melancthon. There is many an impression I could relate just here, but I must hold my peace for the time being.

J. S. WARD.

August 16, 1925.

Wittenberg—Luther's City.

Author Lost to Fame

The author of the old English ballad, "Babes in the Wood," is unknown. The ballad was entered in the Stationers' register in 1595. The first play by that name, produced in 1601, was derived from the Italian.

Memorial Service

DR. THOMAS WAVERLY PALMER

1860-1926

President of Alabama College

1907-1926

COLLEGE AUDITORIUM

January 28, 1926

11:00 A. M.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again"

Hon. James B. Ellis

Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of Alabama College, presiding

ORDER OF SERVICE

Reading of the Scripture

Rev. J. R. Curry

Pastor Baptist Church, Montevallo

Prayer

Rev. G. E. Driskill

Pastor Methodist Church, Montevallo

Hymn—"O Mother Dear, Jerusalem"

Anon

Thomas Waverly Palmer, The Citizen

The State at Large

Hon. W. W. Brandon

Governor of Alabama

The Town of Montevallo

Mr. Robert A. Reid

Mayor of Montevallo

Thomas Waverly Palmer, The Educator

University of Alabama:

The Faculty

Dr. C. H. Barnwell

Dean of University

The Alumni Association

Hon. Alto V. Lee

Past President The Alumni Association, Gadsden, Alabama

Solo—

"I will Lay Me Down in Peace"

"The Triumph of David"

Buck

Miss Augusta Hardin

Alabama College—His Magnum Opus

Board of Trustees

Hon. R. B. Evins

Member of Executive Committee, Greensboro, Alabama

The Alumnae Association

Mrs. C. N. Parnell

Vice-President Alumnae Association, Maplesville, Alabama

The Student Body

Miss Helen Davis

President of the Executive Board Student Government

The Faculty

Mr. O. C. Carmichael

Dean of Alabama College

Chorus—"Ave Maria"

Beethoven

Alabama College Glee Club

Thomas Waverly Palmer, Factor in the Development of Alabama

Dr. R. E. Tidwell

Assistant Superintendent of Education, Montgomery, Alabama

Hymn—"How Firm a Foundation"

Anon

Prayer and Benediction

Rev. H. P. Carmichael

Pastor Presbyterian Church, Montevallo

Hymn—"O Mother Dear, Jerusalem"

Anon

O Mother Dear, Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints! O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flow'rs as nowhere else are seen.
Right thro' thy streets, with silver sound, The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side, The trees of life do grow.

Those trees for evermore bear fruit, and evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels are and evermore do sing,
Jerusalem, my happy home, Would God I were with thee!
Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see!

Hymn—"How Firm a Foundation"

Anon

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee, Oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.

When through the dark waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow,
For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

JOKES

By Kat Simms

Teacher (to class in natural history): "What kind of birds are frequently kept in captivity?"

Tommy: "Jail birds."

John: "What would you do if the girl on whom you were calling said that she never wanted to see you again?"

Tom: "I'd jump to my feet and leave."

John: "And let her fall to the floor?"

Johnny hated his early bedtime. In the course of one of the nightly arguments his mother told him how all the little chicks went to sleep with the sun.

For the woman he was silent, then he peeped up: "But the old hen goes to bed with them, you know, mama!"

Frances: "What happened when your father told your fiancé he ought to put something aside for a rainy day?"

Velmer: "A little later dad missed his raincoat."

Ethel: "Did you hear about Gladys? She has a position as detective in one of the big department stores."

Clara: "Well, I don't envy her. Imagine being known as a plainclothes woman."

John: "I hear Bill was kicked off the squad."

Jack: "How so?"

John: "He was told to tackle the dummy and he tackled the coach."

Mistress: "Oh, Jane, how did you break that vase?"

Maid: "I'm very sorry, mum; I was accidentally dusting."

One of the ladies assembled at the club was describing the wedding she had just attended:

"And then, just as Frank and the widow started up the aisle to the altar, every light in the church went out."

The listeners exclaimed over the catastrophe.

"And what did the couple do then?" someone questioned.

"Kept on going; the widow knew the way."

At the time when petroleum began to be used instead of whale oil for burning in lamps, a kindly old lady was deeply perturbed by the change.

"Do bat," she wanted to know, "will the poor whales do now?"

The poet, in a fine frenzy, dashed off a line that was really superb: "See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire."

The devilish compositor so tangled the word that, when the poem was published, this line read: "See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

What is the use of quarreling my dear girl? Let us forgive and forget.

"That is just the trouble. I am always forgiving and you are always forgetting."

Pamla Snell's little tongue-tied pupil calls her Miss Hell!

Miss Early calls the roll for her gym class down on the hockey field. Estell Broadway!

Pupil: "She's in the infirmary."

Anne Jones!

Pupil: "She's in the graveyard."

"Botta be careful about politeness at the movies."

"What now?"

"I stood to let a woman pass me and she slipped into my seat."

Him: "Can you take a joke?"

Her: "Oh, Jack, please don't propose."

Madge: "It must be awful to be an heiress."

Lucy: "Good heavens! Why?"

Madge: "There would be nothing to get married for."

The clock struck eight, nine and then nine-thirty. Still the new maid did not get up. Reluctantly the mistress went to the foot of the stairs and called:

"Mary, are you awake?"

"Yes," answered the maid, "why?"

"John," she said timidly, "Are you sure—perfectly sure—certain that you love me?"

"Darling," he said, soulfully, "if I don't you'll have the laugh on me after the preacher gets through."

Teacher: "Who can name one important thing that we didn't have 100 years ago?"

Tommy Hall: "Me."

I know a girl who paints and she certainly can draw men.

Mistress: "Who was the gentleman

who came in just now, Mary?"

Mary: "That wasn't no gentleman, mum, it was the master come back for his hat."

"You surely are fresh," said the hen as she laid the egg.

"What! Dinner isn't ready? Then I'm going to a restaurant."

"But wait just five minutes."

"Will it be ready then?"

"No, I'll come with you."

She: "You raised your hat to that girl who passed. You don't know her, do you?"

He: "No, but my brother does and this is his hat."

The Sunday school teacher had been telling her class about the benefits of being good.

"Where do good little girls go when they die?"

"To heaven," was the prompt reply.

"And where do the bad girls go?"

"To the depot to see the traveling men come in."

"Hello! I want to order a box for tomorrow."

"What size?"

"There will be six of us in the party."

"But they only come in single sizes; we'll have to have it made special."

"Is this the Lyceum?"

"No, this is the undertaker."

Wife (at 2 a. m.): "Wake up, John, wake up! There's a burglar in the next room."

Husband (sleepily): "Well, give no revolver. You go in and look daggers at him."

Tommy: "It's raining, daddy."

Daddy (testily): "Oh! Let it rain."

Tommy: "I was going to, daddy."

Young Husband (to wife): "Didn't I wire you not to bring your mother with you?"

Young Wife: "That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram."

Harold: "What did she say when you turned out the lights and kissed her?"

Rupert: "Said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again."

"I say, that's my umbrella."

"I don't deny it. I bought it at a pawnshop."

Visitor: "What is your new brother's name, Ethel?"

Little Ethel: "I don't know yet. We can't understand a word he says."

A Warm Reception

"A batch of jokes I sent to the editors were rejected as no ood; but when I threw them in the stove the fire just roared.—Boston Transcript.

"Is the motor car an asset to the church?" inquires a religious paper.

Well, of course, it brings a good deal of business to the churchyard.—Christian Advocate.

Oriental in Hawaii

Take English Names

Honolulu.—Girls in Hawaii do not wait for marriage to change their names.

An account given recently by David Akana, of the Territorial birth registration bureau, says that upon entering the teens, Chinese and Japanese children give themselves English names.

According to Akana, the same must change when the native costume does, and oriental flappers and sheiks search for names that will be better suited to the dash of American sport clothing. Consequently the names of Yoshi, Yuki, and Haru become re-incarnated in Elsie, Daisy, and Rose.

Girls are more fickle than boys in the matter of changing their names, and when oriental parents register a birth, the officials encourage them to give the baby an American name, to obviate any later changes. However, the majority of the parents, especially the Chinese, are insistent that their children follow the old names.

Following an ancient custom many oriental babies are named after holidays if the birth occurs then. Consequently some oriental children in Honolulu have such names as Easter Sunday, Armistice Day and Victory Day, and so on, down the list.

Original "America"

The name America was originally used only for a portion of central Brazil, the territory explored by Vespucci in his voyages to the New World. It was first employed for the entire western world by Mercator in 1541.

Obedience First

We need only obey. There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word.

—Emerson.

Wit and Humor



TAKING NO CHANCES

"Going to town?" asked Sammas of Tomuel.

"Yep."

"Will you inquire for my mail?"

"Nope."

"Rather unneighborly of you," commented a friend.

"Can't help that. Last time I inquired for his mail I had to lug a grindstone out to his place."—Kansas City Journal.

Only Sign of Progress

A man who had settled in America, who had been visiting his old home in England, was asked what he thought about the changes that had taken place in the village during his absence.

"Changes!" he exclaimed. "Gee, there's only one worth notin'. The village pump's been swapped for a gas pump!"—Stray Stories.

Had His Answer

"Mabel," he said, "I had such a realistic dream last night. I dreamed I proposed to you, and you said, 'Go to father.'"

"Yes, Harry. And what did father say?" she cooed.

"Well, that part is a little hazy. All I know is that I woke up and found myself on the floor!"—Stray Stories.

DIFFERENCE IN WEAPONS



"He was held up by a bobbed-hair bandit who compelled him to marry her?"

"Well, it amounted to that—only she used a bundle of love letters instead of a gun."

Was a Gentleman

When Adam delved and Eve span, Ad may have been a gentleman. For he did not forfeit paradise! When playing out of cuppy lies!

Took His Advice

Alice—What happened when your father told your fiancé he ought to put something aside for a rainy day?

Helen—A little later dad missed his raincoat.

No Danger

"Think it would be safe to insult that prize fighter?"

"Uh huh! He wouldn't fight you for less than \$2,000,000."

Beat Him to It

"An' when 'at robba' man said, 'Hol' up yo' hands!' what did you say?"

"Me? Ah jes' laughed at him. Ah already had 'em up."

Didn't Miss It at All

Professor—I believe you missed my class yesterday.

Student—Why, no, I didn't, old man not in the least.

CAKE-EATER NOW



"So Jim has become a cake-eater, eh?"

"Yes—married the baker's daughter last night."

Callous Conscience

Hands tell the tale. Looking at his With pride the toiler understands That many a rich man's conscience More callous than his lily hands.



SUCH A WASTE

"Key, vot is dot book you vos read in?"

"About Chulius Caesar, fader."

"Und vot business vas he in?"

"He was a soldier, und ven he von a great battle he sent de message home, 'Veni, vidi, vici.'"

"Only three vords? Oy, vot extravagance! He could have sent seven more vords for de same money."

Proper Procedure

Two pickpockets had been following an old man who seemed a likely subject for their nefarious designs, when suddenly he turned into a lawyer's office.

"What shall we do now?" asked one of the pair, nonplused at the turn events had taken.

"Wait for the lawyer," promptly replied the other.

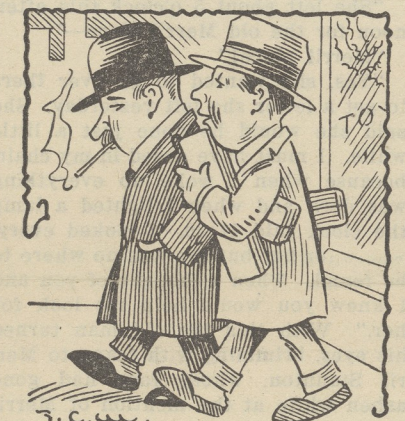
A Financial Wizard

Gentleman—What would you do with a nickel if I gave you one?

Hobo (sarcastically)—Get a new suit, mister, an' some supper, an' a night's lodgin', an' breakfast and dinner tomorrow.

Gentleman—My good fellow, here's a quarter. Go and support yourself for the rest of your life.

DIDN'T ASK MUCH



Johnson—My son-in-law can just about keep my daughter in gloves. I pay for everything else.

Thompson—Then he deceived you as to his circumstances?

Johnson—Oh, no. He only asked me for her hand.

No Joke

Though running out of gas Is not so doggone funny, It is not half so bad As running out of money.

Repatee

"Why do you punch that hole in my ticket?" asked the man of the railway official.

"So that you can pass through," was the reply.—Good Hardware.

After Kipling

Singleton—What's that Kipling said about the female of the species?

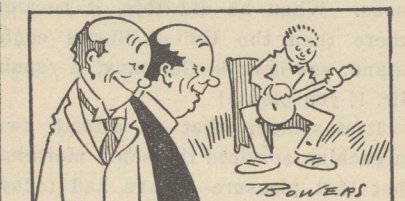
Wedmore—Don't remember; but he might well have said that she spends more specie than the male.

The Useful Cat

"But, dear, your cat has very strange markings!"

"Yes, my husband is writing a new book in a hurry and he doesn't look where he wipes his pen!"

A RAG-PICKER



"Pity such a fine banjo player as he should fall so low."

"What do you mean?"

"Heard a fellow say he was known as a good rag-picker everywhere."

Inscrutability

We find in our affairs of state Likewise on every hand— The more that we investigate The less we understand.

Mean Brute!

"Do you think it is safe to trust money to the mails?" asked Mrs. Pender.

"A hanged sight safer than trusting it to the females," growled her penurious husband.

IN CONGRESS SET



One of the most charming of the new hostesses in congressional society is Mrs. Goff, wife of Senator Guy D. Goff of West Virginia. Mrs. Goff is no newcomer to Washington, however, as Mr. Goff was an assistant attorney general in the Harding administration.

Catching, or Being Caught

The early bird catches the worm, but how am I to know which I am.—The Third Link.

W. J. Mitchell

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John Holmes

REPRESENTING

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The Alabamian

ALABAMA COLLEGE, MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA, FEBRUARY 27, 1926

OLIVER CROMWELL CARMICHAEL IS MADE PRESIDENT

On Monday, February 8, Dean Oliver Cromwell Carmichael, then acting president of Alabama College, was elected president of the institution at a meeting of the board of trustees at the State Capitol. The students of Alabama College were naturally vitally interested in the election of the president, and had unanimously and wholeheartedly voted that the man of their choice was the man who had acted so ably in the capacity of dean for three and one-half years.

On the date set aside for the election of president the Student Government Association of Alabama College wired Governor William W. Brandon, telling of the attitude of the student body.

At chapel that same day it was announced that if the chapel bell should be rung it would indicate that news had been received from Montgomery, and that all students were to come to the front of the main dormitory.

At 4:30 in the afternoon Helen Davis received word. She ran down the steps of Haley Moore Hall toward the chapel—hardly touching a step. "He's it. He's it"—was all she could say. Nearby students, understanding that she was headed toward the chapel bell took it upon themselves to ring the bell. Helen Davis, president of the Student Government Association of Alabama College, Mildred Gilchrist, Una Franklin and Virginia Ledbetter pulled the rope with all their might, making much of the opportunity of ringing a bell rung many times every day.

The students ran from all directions to the lozzia. When an official announcement was made they literally "ran wild." Cheering, genuine pep and high spirits reached an unprecedented pitch. A snake dance was formed and every indication was that the students were as happy as possible over the outcome of the proceedings in Montgomery. In fact, had the decision of the trustees gone any other way the student body would probably not have revealed any good points of its character! People are too happy to even think of what might have happened!

At 6:30, dinner over, a snake dance was formed, in which, no doubt, every student of the college took part. They "snaked" in and out, making their way to town. As soon as they turned at Latham's corner behold whom should they see on a high pedestal at Wilson's corner but their own beloved and idolized new president. As each student in the long line turned the corner she let out a wild scream. All the townspeople were witnessing the spectacle. It was an impressive sight to see a body of nearly seven hundred college girls, the citizens of the town, the American Legion members, and others gathered round him. Such cheering as was the spontaneous result of their seeing the new president had never been known in Montevallo! It was quieted with difficulty, but when it was known Mr. Carmichael wished to speak every voice was hushed and reverence and respect seemed to be emanated. As he talked tears ran down his cheeks. Every student there pledged him in her heart, her fondest devotion to him as president. Every student promised earnestly to co-operate with him in making Alabama College a higher and a better institution. President Carmichael made them really feel that he in truth was prouder to become their leader than to accept any offer that could possibly come to him. After the downtown festivities were brought to a finish the body wended its way back to the college. The American Legion and the president's own car passed down the avenue of girls as they made their way to the college, and all met together in the lozzia. A renewal of cheering took place. It could not be hushed. Repeatedly the president bade them good-night and repeatedly they refused to let him go. Every student shook hands with him and expressed to him her supreme joy. At last they concerted "We Love You," and then "Good Night."

It was learned later that the president of the Student Government Association and a few other members of the executive board, Edith Delchamps, Eloise Lee and Mary Kate Derby had gone to Calera to meet him. When they got there (he was coming through the country with a few members of the American Legion, who had taken him to Montgomery) several families and cars were there to meet him. It seems they had quite a scramble, but he was persuaded to make the trip to Montevallo with the girls. When they drove into town they on turning the corner, met the file of girls coming down from the hill—where the college of which he was the new leader commanded a noble view. It was then that he was



PRESIDENT O. C. CARMICHAEL

lifted on the pedestal by the American Legion.

The next day he was early at his duties. He has given every minute of his time since then. The students love him and respect him; they want to help make his task lighter; they intend working with his heart and soul that Alabama College may meet the ideals and aspirations he has for her.

When the new president walked into chapel on Wednesday every person rose and remained standing until he was seated. Since that day the same token of respect has been paid him whenever he has walked into any assembly.

The man chosen to be president is one perfectly capable of filling the position—aside from the fact that student opinion is so strongly in favor of him. His name is among those listed in the "Who's Who in America" (1926 edition). People all over the South speak his name with praise. Wherever he is known or known of he is respected and admired for his character, his Christian gentleness, his ability as an educator and a leader, and for the wonderful part he has played in world affairs within the past few years.

Oliver Cromwell Carmichael was born at Goodwater, Ala., October 3, 1881. He received his degree of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts from the University of Alabama, the first in 1911, the second in 1914. That same year he was awarded the Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford University, England. He went over in the fall of 1914, and entered school. The Oxford terms are only two months. The fall that year was from October 10 through December 10. On December 7, however, his winter vacation was to begin. He and a chum, at that time planned to go to Edinburgh, and from there to see much of Scotland. The day came for their departure. A railroad ticket had been bought and reservations made. The telephone rang (it was afternoon). Herbert Hoover was talking. He wanted to know if Mr. Carmichael and his friend would go with him to Belgium to reorganize the work of the Belgian Relief Commission. Mr. Carmichael remembers the call not only because Herbert Hoover was at the other end of the line—and making a great offer—but because it was one of the few times he was in England he made use of the telephone. They just aren't used, he says.

Within one-half hour plans had been changed, and Mr. Carmichael and his friend were on their way to London. That same night they sailed for Rotterdam. Mr. Carmichael says he has often thought of those days. Mr. Hoover was a man of few words. But his actions and skillful thought played havoc with opposing efforts. Mr. Carmichael has often thought of Hoover as a young engineer giving up everything he had that he might organize the Belgian Relief Commission and do this part to allay the sufferings of maltreated humanity. In the first interview Mr. Carmichael had with Mr. Hoover not more than one hundred words were said by the statesman and engineer. One thing he said was: "You're not going to get anything out of this. You'll find compensation in the knowledge that you're helping the world along." Mr. Carmichael found his work in Belgium not so pleasant and easy, but constant encouragement came from Mr. Hoover. Two months after he arrived in Rotterdam he was standing on a street in Brussels. Mr. Hoover came up and asked how things were. After receiving a reply he said, "I reckon we'll be rewarded somewhere—but not here."

Sometime after that Mr. Hoover went to Berlin in order to try to conciliate the Germans and English on a plan relative to their food supplies. At this same time Mr. Carmichael was delegate-in-charge of the district in Belgium.

Mr. Carmichael for a time was stationed in Malines (French) or Mechlin (Flemish) both of which happen to be the same town. It happens, also, that this was the home of Cardinal Mercier, world figure in Catholicism. Cardinal Mercier recently died, and Catholics the world over mourned his

(Continued From Page 2)

WOCOALA PLAYS ALABAMA COLLEGE

The greatest amount of "pep" ever seen at Alabama College was displayed on Friday night, February 19, when an M was formed in front of the main dormitory to welcome Woman's College, Alabama's champion basketball team. Both yells and songs were given. After the team arrived the student body snake danced down town.

All Saturday morning great excitement was shown on both sides, and during lunch the singing was the best ever done in our dining room. At 2:30 the student body, dressed in white, carrying purple and gold balloons, horns and rattlers, met in front of Ramsay Hall for a snake dance; and our cheer leaders, Joyce Jackson and Mildred Gilchrist, dressed in purple and gold Blue Boy suits, each led a line, one singing "Three Cheers for the Purple and Gold," and the other "Fight, Fight, Fight Team, Fight." The pep never for once died out during the game.

Woman's College had about one hundred and fifty representatives, and their cheer leaders, dressed in their colors of red and gray, kept up "pep" all during the game by their yells and songs. They displayed a very effective stunt during the intermission between halves.

At 3 o'clock the whistle blew, and the biggest and best game of the season began. During the first quarter we ran the score up to 10-0. During the second quarter the score changed to 19-16, still in our favor. In the third quarter the visitors got ahead of us and in the end the score was 35-27 in favor of Wocoala.

Our "can't be beat" Berryman held the famous Colvin to a comparatively few fouls. Even though Pruitt was on hand guarding; Jones missed very few chances to make her shots count. Keahey did the prettiest pass work ever seen, thereby helping Jones to shoot the goals. Every player on both teams did their best and the game was enjoyed by the great crowd which witnessed it.

Even if we did lose the State championship to them, variety was ours. We lost this year and the year before, but we ain't going to lose any more.

Fifteen rahs for Alabama College. The line-up was as follows:

	Guards	Ala. College
Pruett	Berryman	
Lewis	Griffin	
	Forwards	
Tate	Jones	
Calvin	Keahey	
	Center	
Boyd	Ward	
Substitutes:	Townsend, Grayson, Leth Jones.	

THE WORK OF THE EXTENSION DEPARTMENT OF THE WOMEN'S INTERCOLLEGIATE ASSOCIATION OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT AND SOUTHERN INTERCOLLEGIATE ASSOCIATION OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT

The Women's Intercollegiate Association of Student Government and the Southern Intercollegiate Association of Student Government have recently created a distinct department for the extension of student participation in government in secondary schools. For several years the two Associations did this kind of work independently. In the Southern Association a Graduate Adviser directed the colleges in carrying on this work, and in the Eastern Association a committee of college students did it. Then as the amount of work increased, the two Associations realized that college students could not do this extension work efficiently on account of their many other conflicting duties. They, therefore, voted to employ a secretary whose whole time was to be devoted to extension work for both Associations. Such a secretary was secured and her work began in the fall of 1925.

Everyone always asks how the colleges happen to be doing such work for high schools. It came about in this way: College student government officials visualized how much Freshman training would be simplified if the Freshmen had experienced the advantages of student government in the high schools and preparatory schools from which they came. They felt that their efforts would be repaid, if by helping secondary schools to develop such government, they would better prepare the oncoming college students for the responsibilities of self government there. It was not long, however, before the Intercollegiate Associations broadened their purpose in the extension work and saw the fine chance of helping secondary school students develop their sense of honor and good citizenship whether or not they ever attended a college.

Since the territory in which the Ex-

Welcome, High Schools

It is to you dear high school representatives that we set aside the last three days in this week. We love you and we receive you into our midst with warmest welcome. Enjoy yourselves and call upon us if we can be of any aid to you. And when you have closed the door of your high school days—come back to us!

FAMED CELLIST IN CONCERT HERE

Felix Salmond to be Heard

Felix Salmon, eminent violincellist, will be heard in concert at Reynolds Hall, Alabama College on the evening of March 20. He is under the management of the Wolfsohn Musical Bureau of New York City, and the manager of the Alabama College Artists and Lecture Course feels pleased at being able to secure this artist.

Felix Salmond was born in London, of a musical family, his father being Norman Salmond, the noted British baritone, and his mother a well-known pianist. At the age of twelve he began his first cello lessons from Prof. W. E. Whitehouse, one of the leading members of the faculty of the Royal College of Music, with whom he studied for seven years. In his third year he won a scholarship, which he held until he went to Brussels four years later to become the private pupil of Edouard Jacobs.

His London debut was in recital in October, 1909, and he was at once acclaimed by both public and press as one of the elect among the world's cellists. Since then he has appeared in practically every important concert series in the leading cities of Great Britain. In 1919 he had the honor of being selected by the composer to take part in the world-premiere of the Elgar concerto for cello and orchestra, first played at Queen's Hall, London, on October 27, 1919, by the London Symphony Orchestra, with Sir Edward Elgar conducting. Later he repeated the triumph with the composer in Birmingham, and has since played it with Albert Coates in the Halle Concerts in Manchester.

Felix Salmond is known in London and New York for the number of new works which he has made known to concert audiences. His repertoire is of exceptional range and includes a great many numbers rarely heard, by both modern and classic composers.

Mr. Salmond made his first appearance on the continent in a recital at Amsterdam in 1921, meeting with tremendous success. He then associated himself with the Chamber Music Players, which included Lionel Tertis, the English viola player and Albert Sam-

tension Secretary was to work necessarily had to be limited in some way, it has been restricted to the states in which there is at least one college that is a member of the W. I. A. S. G. or the S. I. A. S. G. This makes in all, twenty-three states in which the work is carried on. It reaches over 3,000 secondary schools.

The work of the Department consists in gathering up information about student participation in government and relaying it on to secondary schools. It tries always to gain the cooperation of state educational officials before approaching the schools. It attempts through correspondence to interest principals, faculty and students, and where specific help is needed, to give it. The Department is not originating plans or proposing new schemes of government; it is rather making it possible for the high schools that have worked out successful methods of government, to share their knowledge gained through experience, with thousands of other schools.

It is a fine thing the college women of the South and East are doing to support such an undertaking. Their support, however, must not end with their college years, for it is when they are teachers and workers in the secondary schools that they must remember this extension work and personally help the students to take upon their shoulders their share of the responsibility and privilege of governing their own school community.

The Student Body of Alabama College readily understands the need of student government in secondary schools. Many girls and boys who do not have the opportunity of coming to college can be benefited by this work in the schools. Pupils are ever on the alert when they realize they have a voice in government. It trains those who have the privilege of coming to college and by this training makes student government in college a greater success.

It is interesting to note that Alabama College is a member of the Southern Intercollegiate Association of Student Government, and through this Association it will put forth every effort to make the work a success.

The next meeting of the S. I. A. S. G. will be held at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., sometime in April. The presidents of Student Government for 1925-26 and 1926-27 will attend this meeting and they hope to bring back new thoughts and ideals for the betterment of student government at Alabama College.

SENATE HOLDS LONG SESSION

NUMEROUS REPORTS RECEIVED BY GOVERNMENT BRANCH

The Student Senate in session Tuesday, February 2nd, in Reynolds Hall, disposed of much business in addition to the routine matters of regular sessions. A number of committees submitted reports, and the Freshmen members, newly elected, were taken into this branch of the Student Government Association.

The session convened at the appointed and regular time. As soon as President Beach tapped with the gavel for order, Senators were in their designated places, ready to undertake the strenuous business and to give their best mental energy to the solving of problems that might be brought up.

The session began with the concerted repetition of the college creed. Roll call and minutes revealed the fact that Senators pay particular heed to the attendance clause of their constitution.

The Committee on May Day Plans submitted a very favorable report. The Senate entered so fully into the proposed plans for May Day, that the time seemed only a few weeks off instead of nearly three months. In taking action on the report, however, the Senate voted that detailed plans for May Day would be kept secret until the events take place.

A number of reports proved so interesting and well made that the Senate voted that several should be published in full in the Alabamian. Hence they appear with this article.

Senator Lucy Holt read a report on the keeping of the College Motto. The report is as follows:

As Chairman of the Committee on the Motto, I beg leave to submit the following report:

Our Motto, "Keep Faith," is a motto that will ever inspire and lead us to nobler things.

To have faith we must trust, love, honor, respect, believe and have uttermost confidence.

Faith is the light of the world. Without it, all would be dark.

"Keep Faith" means to "Keep Faith" in God that our souls may be lifted to the skies.

"Keep Faith" with those who sent us here.

"Keep Faith" in your fellow man,

mons, the violinist. He has appeared as soloist with foremost orchestras and conductors, including Sir Henry Wood, Sir Landon Ronald, Sir Edward Elgar, Hamilton Harty, Albert Coates, Walter Damrosch, Frederick Stock and Willem Mengelberg, Fritz Reiner, Bruno Walter, Bodanzky, Walter Henry Rothwell, Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

Mr. Salmond made his American debut in the Spring of 1922, when he was hailed unanimously by the New York critics as a true artist, and one of the foremost cellists of the day. In his two seasons in America he has already appeared as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the New York Symphony Orchestra, Detroit, Cincinnati, Friends of Music, Los Angeles, at the Pittsfield Chamber Music Festival, in recitals at Yale, Harvard, Vassar and Cornell Universities, in Baltimore, Toronto, Washington, Boston, Utica and Holyoke, and numerous other public and private concerts, as well as four recitals of his own at Aeolian and Town Halls. He has also made seven appearances with the Beethoven Association in New York, and he has played with such noted pianists as Ossip Babrilowitsch, Harold Bauer, Arthur Schnabel, Ernest Hutcheson, Alfred Cortot, Mischa Levitzki and Ernst Dohanyi, Padarewski, Josef Hofman. Particularly noteworthy have been his appearance in Sontata recital with Ernest Hutcheson, first at the Pittsfield Festival and later at Aeolian Hall, where their reception was a veritable ovation.

It would be idle to speak of Mr. Salmond's technical proficiency. He is a master of the finer qualities. He is warmly emotional without ever sinking into the slough of sentimentalism. He appeals to the heart as well as to the mind. Nor with all his ability does he stand between the music and the hearers. Personality is no doubt an important factor in popular success, the true artist leads one to forget the individual interpreter; to be conscious of the composer's music.

Mr. Salmond's exceptionally large repertoire includes: Sonatas for piano and violincello—Bach G minor No. 3, Beethoven's M major opus 5 No. 1, G minor opus 5 No. 2, A major opus 69, C major opus 102 No. 1, Brahms F minor opus 38 and F major opus 99, Cesar Franck Sonata in A (violin sonata transcribed for violincello), Mendelssohn D major No. 2, Chopin G minor opus 65, J. Guy Ropartz G minor, Jean Hure F sharp minor, Frank Bridge D minor, Rachmaninoff B minor, Dohnanyi B flat minor, Grieg A minor, Saint-Saens C minor, solo Sonatas and old classical pieces (accompaniments by Joseph Salmond of Paris)—Veracini, Vivaldi, Sammartini, Duplators and many others. Concertos: Dvorak, Elgar, Lalo, Brahms Double Concerto, Strauss "Don Quixote," Haydn, Saint-Saens A minor, Boellman Variations Syphniques.

PURPLES WIN COLLEGE NIGHT

The Purples, led by Margaret Grayson and Joy Cawthon, won over the Golds on College Night, February 23. The Golds, led by Mildred Gilchrist and Una Franklin, ran a close second. The dining room was gorgeously decorated in hanging colors—purple and gold. Among the notable features were the Purple stunt, the radio broadcast by Governor Brandon and Dr. Frank Willis Barnett, and the Gold treat rendered by Catherine Allen, of the freshman class. This toast, exquisitely written by Una Franklin, and tenderly given by Catherine, was one of the most beautiful and meaningful toasts ever given at Alabama College. It toasted one whom we all love and revere, Mrs. Lulu Rainer Palmer, widow of our beloved Dr. Palmer. College night was dedicated to Mrs. Palmer, and a letter in appreciation of that dedication, written by her son, Shamas Palmer, was read by Helen Davis. After the letter had been read Mrs. Palmer rose in acknowledgement and expressed in sweetest tones her love and appreciation for our student body. Then she took the hand of Mrs. Carmichael (wife of our new president, Mr. O. C. Carmichael), and presented her to us as not our mother as she had been, but a big sister. There was not a dry eye in the dining room; the imminent decision of the judges seemed to be as unimportant as the blowing of the wind; nothing mattered but Lula Rainer Palmer and our sincere devotion for her.

see as many virtues in him as you can.

"Keep Faith" in your ideals and be what you are rather than seem to be.

"Keep Faith" in your college and her standards, and they will "Keep Faith" in you.

"Keep Faith" in the world about you, your life on the campus here.

"Keep Faith" in truth, love, loyalty and last, "Keep Faith" in thyself.

Do not think that you are sounding brass

Or a tinkling cymbal as you pass,

But know that you are sincere and true

And the right motto prompts the things you do.

"Keep Faith."

Senator Faye Turner, Chairman of the Alphabet Committee, read the following report:

As Chairman of the Committee on the Alphabet, I beg leave to submit the following alphabet:

Ability to do your work in life,

Beauty of spirit, free from shame or strife;

Courage to stand for what you know is best;

Dutiful always though you long for rest;

Energy, for there is much work to do;

Fairness to all, and to yourself be true;

Goodness, not silly priggishness or pride;

Happiness to be scattered far and wide;

Inspiration to strive ever up and on;

Justice to all and unfairness to none;

Knowledge that lifts your from the lowly sod;

Loyalty to your fellow man and God;

Mercy, for there are many who are weak;

Nobility the hard, right paths to seek;

Obedience for those to whom you owe;

Prayer, that your soul may be nourished and grow;

Quickness to act in times of need and stress;

Readiness at any time to do your best;

Sportsmanship, the game of life to play;

Thoughtfulness to all other on life's way;

Unselfishness, so that your soul grows broad;

Vigor to carry more than just your load;

Will power to stick the hardest labor through;

Xcelling in the work you have to do;

Yielding when sure that you were in the wrong

Therefore

Zest for life's labor; in your heart a song.

This Alphabet to you would be our gift,

Hoping that it will help you live and lift.

—o—o—

Senator Joy Cawthon read a report on Honesty. It is herewith given:

"No school with an honor system can ever be a success until its students are honest. There are different standards of honesty among different people, but realizing the diversity of opinion, I think every Senate member will understand what is meant by the words as applied to herself and her school. Above all things, it does not mean a New England; on the other hand it means truth with one's self and rules which she must live up to to be a good citizen and to live in perfect social unity.

"Honesty must not seem a vague idea that were a student asked about it, she would answer that it is an ideal

(Continued On Page 4)

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Amerika und sein Problem

von
M. J. Bonn

Americans are well acquainted with the effusions of Europeans who tarry for a time in New York city and possibly a few other large cities and then hurry back home to write a boog purporting to deal seriously with some vital phase of American life. This criticism can not apply to the recent book, entitled Amerika und sein Problem, written by Prof. M. J. Bonn, of Berlin, Germany. In the first place, he seems to have given much time to travel throughout America, to observation of American life in general and in detail, and to the gathering of material bearing upon his subject. In the second place, he says frankly that he who would understand America and her kernel problem must not stop his investigation in New York, "New York is not America," "Around the world in New York," is not an empty phrase. It is simply a great cosmopolitan assembly of national groups from every section of the globe, where one can observe the various races and nationalities living exactly as they did in their former homes beyond the sea. The frame only of the picture is America.

What is America's problem? Representatives from every nationality on earth have come into America and have gradually occupied the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Mexico to northern Canada. They have been pressed into state forms with a certain unity and similarity geographically, physically, socially and economically. Now, will it be possible for these varied sections of different peoples with all their differences, resulting from race, climate, geography, and former customs to be unified into one single, distinctive nationality, not so much through physical mixture as through a social assimilation to the Puritanic type? "Or will it, when the driving stream has come to a stop and movement grows rigid, develop into an American manifoldness in which the galaxy of European existence is reflected?" That is the question.

It is the contention of the author that practically all boundaries in America have been wiped out. Had there been no union of the states as a result of the Revolutionary war and had each state been able thus to continue the development of its own peculiar characteristics, America would present today a hodge-podge similar to that of Europe. Any differences that may exist in this country of such unlimited area are encompassed by a "transparent glass shell," as it were, a "rigid unity." This has been brought about by the gradual spread westward of New England Puritanism. The states east of the Alleghanies have maintained faintly, to be sure, some of the characteristics of their former individualism. But gradually the New England idea has won out, the idea of uniformity and conformity. Not only has the idea followed the pioneers to the Pacific shore, but the states of the highly individualistic South have succumbed. It was the New England idea of insistence upon conformity that forced the South into secession and the consequent war. It is a type of religious fanaticism, and its adherents are unalterably fixed in their opinion that this view must be dominant. It is dominant at present in the United States. The farther one travels westward the more indistinct become state boundaries. State patriotism is on the wane. Even in the South is this true, since it is being slowly but surely industrialized. On the whole continent north of Mexico there reigns a continuous going and coming. Thus it is that a veil of uniformity and conformity has been cast over the thought and life of the American people.

Professor Bonn sees one boundary in America, however, that does not fade from view. Rather it becomes more and more outstanding. Whereas, a social system of Americanism has developed from Mexico to the Canadian Arctic and from California to New York and has gradually but surely toned down the differences of the peoples, bringing them ultimately to conform to the American idea, this on boundary will not allow itself to be effaced. "It is a social boundary, which moves, which slowly pushes to the South, West and North. It is the boundary, which separates French Canada, the heart of the old new France, from the rest of America." This civilization in the Province of Quebec will not yield to Americanism which has pervaded the rest of the continent north of Mexico—that Americanism which, according to the author, is the result of the grain of leaven back there in the New England theocracy.

"New France is a little island, in truth an Isle de France, in the mighty sea of the American continent." The author goes into the mat-

ter historically. New France, now the Province of Quebec, was founded by French absolutism. It represented the transplanting of feudalism to American soil. The Catholic church came upon the scene at the same time. There grew up a system in which the church ruled spiritually; the king, politically; and the feudal baron, socially. Though won by England, 1759, this part of Canada has remained steadfastly French. Through the church its ideals and culture are perpetuated. Nowhere has the church such a hold on the life of the people. It regulates the way of daily life, as well as that of eternal life. It has complete control of the schools. Education is considered a matter of the family and the church. Through the faith of the church, even the Scotch and Irish are made French. England's system of parliamentary government is admirably suited to the perpetuation of this living block of French tradition on American soil. This element, this foreign tone and color will continue to live. Through the church and under the protection of Britain it escapes Americanization. That explains why Quebec, or "New France," holds to England. That explains, too, the oft-repeated statement that "the last shot to be fired on American soil for the British flag will come from a French gun."

With all the influx of foreigners through the years, America has not been Europeanized. The great expanse of territory and the New England Puritanism have prevented that result. This New England spirit has followed on the heels of the pioneers to the Pacific shore and has achieved uniformity and conformity. Europeanization has been successfully resisted. Today, however, America a problem. It no longer possesses the great surplus of lands on which foreigners may settle and so be more readily Americanized. The famed melting-pot is no longer turning out as a residue Americans after the primitive type. America herself recognizes this. The rapid growth of the Ku Klux Klan is proof that the New England spirit has lost its efficacy. Positive steps must now be taken to cope with the situation. The government recognizes. Witness the recent immigration law. Insistence is now made upon outward conformity only. Several factors have contributed to bring about this situation. Capitalists and corporations have preferred to let foreign laborers live in a foreign environment, for to Americanize them would mean they would demand higher wages. Hence as the country has become industrialized, we see in the big centers hundreds of thousands of people living in their native element, though on American soil. Religion and politics add to the problem. Then there is the New France in Canada that will never be Americanized.

"The colonial episode in the life of the American nation is at an end," America can not practice isolation. She comes in ever closer association with other nations. What shall be the prevailing type in the United States, must be considered on the basis of the certainty of immigration. It will be allowed; it must be allowed. The interests of the country demand it. What is going to be the result in the years to come? Will a single race or type of people evolve here peculiar to America through Amalgamation? Or will there develop a system of separate nationalities after the fashion which the crazy-quilt of Europe presents? In the opinion of Prof. Bonn neither is likely. America has perhaps stretched the idea of sovereignty in the past. Still one can not deny here the right of fashioning her social structure in accord with her own ideals, and not in accord with those of Europe. The solution will not come either through amalgamation (this is not possible), or through a disintegration into separate racial groups. "She will make the effort to create an America that bespeaks her own ideals, even if those are not the ideals of the past." The author believes the example of Canada and Great Britain worthy of emulation—unity through the multimform. Then will America no longer be the land of monotony, as it is today by

virtue of unity through enforced conformity, but its life will reflect the tone and color the various peoples of European extraction will lend it.

J. SKILLMAN WARD,
Professor Modern Languages, Alabama College.

OLIVER CROMWELL CARMICHAEL BECOMES PRESIENT

(Continued from Page One)

death. He has been in the limelight for years, but his name was startlingly brought before the public at that same time. It occurred that while Mr. Carmichael was in Mechlin Cardinal Merlier wrote a letter to all the Catholics in Belgium. It was an astonishing epistle; it created a sensation. The cardinal was severely reprimanded and his printer was arrested.

The day following the publication of the notorious letter, Mr. Carmichael met him. The cardinal gave him an autographed copy of the letter. (The publisher got out of jail after four days).

Not long afterward—it was April, 1915—he returned to Oxford, where he studied one more term. He was back in America June 28.

During that same summer he was given a position of trust with the English Y. M. C. A., and became its traveling secretary to India. He set sail on July 31. Except for six days which he spent in England he was on the waters until September 4, 1915.

He landed at Bombay. From there he went to Poona. From there he went to Hydriabad, 24 hours away. Hydriabad is in Central Southern India, and is the capital of the largest native state in India. From there he intended going to Calcutta, thence to Madras.

As soon as he reached Hydriabad, however, other honors and opportunities were awaiting him. In less than ten days after landing on Indian soil he was in Hydriabad as housemaster in the household of the 12 native princes of the state. He was in the employ of Nigan, the ruler of Hydriabad, a country of 12,000,000 people. Mr. Carmichael relates his experiences there as though he must have had a most fascinating and enjoyable time. He says everything in Hydriabad is Mohammedan. Numerous Christians are in the state, however. The Mohammedan sabbath occurs on Friday, therefore Friday was a holiday. The children then went to school on Saturday, but Sunday, too, was a holiday, for the Mohammedans of Hydriabad observed both sabbaths.

One of the tasks befalling Mr. Carmichael was that of keeping books for the household. Since there were about forty servants, and since the Indian calendar is divided into 13 months the task was no simple one.

In the winter of 1915 the war between the Germans and English began to be felt in the possessions in East Africa. Consequently, on January 4, 1916, Mr. Carmichael sailed from Bombay for Mombasa, East Africa. Mombasa is a British town just south of the equator and requires a ten-day boat trip to reach—from Bombay. Mr. Carmichael, after landing on the coast of East Africa, sailed up the Nairobi, to his destination.

At Mombasa he began to organize the field force canteens. He then was placed under the command of General Smuts, premier of South Africa, and who has since proved himself one of the greatest British war heroes. Major Webster, of Australia, was Mr. Carmichael's closest personal friend at this time. Mr. Carmichael speaks of these two, and especially General Smuts, as civil leaders of highest order. General Smuts was commanding general of all forces in British Africa. General Smuts assumed charge in March, 1916. For two years the Germans had been in control in British territory; six weeks after General Smuts arrival every German had gone, and General Smuts' forces were in control of the capitol of German East Africa. General Smuts desired to make Mr. Carmichael a captain in the English army. But the American saw in his mind's eye the stars and stripes of Old Glory. He could not forswear allegiance to that flag. Consequently

(since no one can be an officer in the English army who will not become a subject of the king) Mr. Carmichael refused. He felt very grateful to General Smuts, therefore when he made him an honorary captain he granted him the privilege of wearing the regulation uniform of a regular British captain.

During that same spring he was called back to India. A serious difficulty had arisen in the household of the princes, and they at once thought Mr. Carmichael the man with the necessary foresight, tact, and insight to straighten it out. He was in India for two months, after which, his mission accomplished, he returned to England, instead of going back to East Africa, as General Smuts so earnestly insisted. Back again in Oxford, he remained until he completed his degree. Furthermore, in June, 1917, he received a diploma in Anthropology.

He then returned to Alabama and immediately thereafter went into training at Camp Oglethorpe (the second officers' training camp). He was made a first lieutenant of infantry, and was transferred to Columbia, S. C., where he was assigned to the Eighty-First Division. Shortly afterwards he was transferred to the intelligence section and became a member of the general staff.

It was in Columbia, S. C., he met Miss Mae Crabtree. In July, after having met in the preceding January, they were married just before Mr. Carmichael sailed for France. He was in the training area for six weeks, and then went to the front lines on the Swiss border (the last lap of the Hindenburg line). He was here five weeks. From there he marched to Verdun. He reached there November 5, 1918. He was there till the last. Mr. Carmichael said he would never forget the day the Armistice was signed. Cannons were opened up; all were fighting in fury; clouds of smoke and fire filled the atmosphere. Noise was terrible. And then at 11 o'clock it all died down so that not a sound was heard. Mr. Carmichael, as all others, had a peculiar sensation. Somehow they felt "nothing more to do."

Because he had been a member of Hoover's Belgian Relief Commission, Mr. Carmichael was transferred in January, 1919, back to America ahead of his division.

Back in America Mr. Carmichael felt "lost," as did so many American boys just after the war. He did not expect to go into the field of education, although when he was at the University of Alabama that had been his aim. He intended rather going into business. Yet he fell into a close association with Dr. Phillips, of Birmingham. Mr. Carmichael was anticipated going to the T. C. I. when Dr. Phillips persuaded him to become head of the French department of Central High School. This was for the session 1919-20. The next year he was principal of the Henley Grammar School; and during the following summer was director of the Birmingham-Southern summer session. Enticing offers came to him from time to time. In 1922 he became Dean of Alabama College, turning down many alluring offers to come to Montevallo. He was a notable success as Dean. His unanimous election to the presidency

to succeed Dr. Thomas Waverly Palmer, who gave his life for the uplift of the youth of Alabama, was a deserved tribute and honor to his past service and his unflinching zeal for the cause he was representing.

It is further interesting to note that Mr. Carmichael is a Phi Beta Kappa, and that for two years after receiving his A. B. at the University of Alabama he was an instructor in the same institution. Mr. Carmichael then taught at Florence. In 1917 upon his return to America he was elected Elizabeth Proctor Fellow to Princeton University, but resigned to go into the army.

Mr. Carmichael, while in Birmingham, was a member of the Speaker's Bureau in a campaign for \$5,000,000 bond issue for the Birmingham public school system. He was also a member of the speaker's committee in the Presbyterian Education Campaign in Birmingham in 1921. He was chairman of the committee to revise the high school course of study for Birmingham in 1922. Since coming to Montevallo he has been chairman of the Shelby County Tuberculosis Association. From April, 1924, to January, 1925, he was director of the Montevallo Equipment Fund Campaign—one-half million dollars being raised.

"College Night" has once been dedicated to Mr. Carmichael, and the Technala has once been dedicated to him. He is perhaps loved as few college presidents are loved, and Alabama College is proud to boast that she has such a wonderful leader in a man only 35 years of age.

SILVER-TONGUED ORATORS NEEDED

Montevallo Enters National Contest

The name of Alabama College has been sent to the Better America League of California which is sponsoring a national inter-collegiate oratorical contest, with prizes totaling something like five thousand dollars in cash. The Forensic Club of Alabama College, has taken the matter over and will sponsor the local contest. The contest within the college will shortly open, at which all students interested may enter.

It is thought that the Forensic Club may likely put on various campaigns, to interest the various organizations of the college in the matter, so that the real orator of Alabama College may be chosen.

The rules of the contest are few and simple. They state that the oration must be original, and must be not more than 10 minutes in length. The College champion must be determined by April 15, and her name sent in to headquarters. At a time to be announced the winners in each college and university will go up for the sectional meet. This means that the winner from Montevallo must go up against the best orator, man or woman, from Tech, Alabama, Vanderbilt, A. and M., Florida, Tulane, Woman's College, Judson, Howard, Mercer, Wesleyan, and all other schools which may enter the contest. Whether or not Montevallo's champion has much to put up against the silver-tongued specimens of the male specie is yet to be determined, but Montevallo is

not baffled by the knowledge that there is a big fight ahead. At least, it will be interesting to know who stands first at Alabama College.

In June the champions of the seven sections of the United States will meet in Los Angeles for the final contest. First prize is two thousand dollars cash; seventh prize is three hundred.

The subject of the oration will be "The Constitution."

The relation of one man such as Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Monroe and Lincoln, with the Constitution, may be discussed.

This is the second year the college oratorical contest has been going. Montevallo is expected to show up well and the students have been reminded that women ought to play a big part in the contest; it's natural for woman to speak!

ANNUAL TUORNAMENT NEARING

Girls From Over State to Flock to Montevallo

The fourth annual state tournament will be held at Alabama College February 25, 26 and 27, at which time several hundred girls from all parts of the state will be guests of the college. Nearly every accredited high school in the state is sending at least one entry for the contests which are to be held her. Contests are held in expression, art, music and home economics, while the chief attraction is the basket ball tournament which takes place. The prize in the first named contests are scholarships to Alabama College. The prize in basket ball, to go to state champion team, is a silver basket ball, the Birmingham News trophy.

Last year more than 300 high school students were here for the tournament. This year it is expected that an even larger number will be present.

M. L. Orr, principal of the high school, has taken charge this year. The heads of the departments concerned will have charge of the various contests.

The tournament is a big boost for Alabama College, and proves successful to the college as well as to the students who come here to take away the trophies.

Holidays are given the student body and the college girls "bunch up" in order that the visitors may properly be cared for.

Tobacco in England

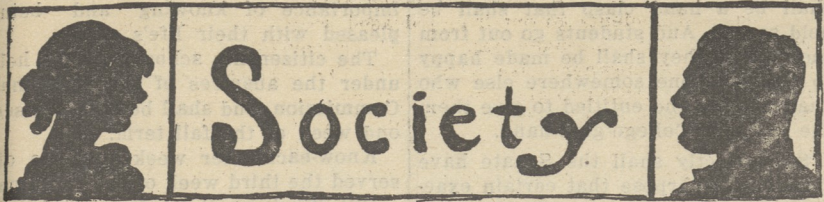
Many authorities have stated that smoking was unknown in England before 1584. But it is certain that, long before this period, herbs such as coltsfoot and yarrow were smoked for medical purposes. Pipes have been found belonging to an earlier date than the Sixteenth century. There is a difference of opinion as to whom belongs the distinction of introducing tobacco into Great Britain: Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Ralph Lane (governor of Virginia) or Captains Amidas and Barlow.

Oldest Bell in Europe

Lanark claims to have the oldest bell in Europe. It is in the town steeple and still is in good condition.

Service With a Smile
AT
WILSON'S DRUG CO.
The Corner
The Rexall Store — Montevallo, Ala.

STRAND
THEATRE
MONTEVALLO, ALA.



Castalian Club

Miss Rebecca Ford had as her guest last Sunday Mr. Kill Right, of Montgomery.

Mr. Cedric Goodwin, of Birmingham, was the guest of Miss Helen Stroud last week-end.

Misses Mary McConoughy, Jo Scott and Patty Cole motored up to Birmingham to hear Kreisler last week.

Mr. Max Falkner, of Bessemer, was the guest of Miss Permelia Snell last Sunday.

Misses Gage Morton and Julia Stroud will arrive from Union Springs Sunday to spend a few days at Alabama College.

Pi Kappa Delta

The eight trembling girls who appeared at the club room Saturday night will long remember the experiences which they gained therein. Amid shrieks and cries for help they became bona fide Pi Kappa Deltas thinking that nothing could be worse than initiation. But they were mistaken—it could have been worse.

We are proud of the fact that Margaret Fountain has been elected as a representative of the freshman class to the student senate.

Ralph Foster and Phil Spier, of Howard College were the guests of Ruby Foster and Mae McKenzie Sunday.

Milton Hay, of Birmingham, was the guest of Mrances Marchman over Sunday.

Frances Freeland had as her week-end guest her mother, Mrs. Freeland, of Selma.

Tutwiler News

With the coming of spring many old girls seem to change the adage, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," to "In the spring we all want to come home" and so it is that we are looking forward to the return of Miss Alice Mabler, who spent the winter months studying in the East at Rochester School of Music. Miss Ina Mae Malone found Tallahassee Woman's College lovely, but the love for her old Alma Mater was too strong and so we have all happily welcomed her back as we have Miss McNeil, Miss Sanford and Mc McCormick.

Miss Helen Grey McNeil spent the week-end in Birmingham as the guest of Mrs. E. C. Morrison.

Miss Ruth Pardue, Miss Mary Wiley, Miss Elizabeth Keller will spend next week-end in Saginaw as the guest of Miss Pardue's parents.

Mr. Ray Moody was the guest on Sunday of Miss Ruth Little; this affair is creating much interest among her "loyal sisters."

Mr. Fred Lute was the guest on Sunday of Miss Althea Louise Lute.

Miss Emily Reynolds, of Birmingham, was the Sunday afternoon guest of Miss "Kat" Leath. Miss Reynolds will spend a week with Miss Leath on her return from Cuba.

Miss Althea Lute and Miss Virginia Ledbetter, Claudia Slade, Elizabeth Ellis, Daisy Fay Killian spent the week-end of the Howard-Alabama College game in Birmingham.

We regret very deeply that we had to part with Miss Margaret Coleman who left school last week for the remainder of the year due to the fact that her mother is dangerously ill. Cards and letters report no improvement in Mrs. Coleman's condition. We sincerely trust that we may soon hear of her recovery.

Alpha Pi Omega News

Instead of having only Alpha "Pis" as a dessert this week, we changed the usual menu and had a few hommes."

Messrs. Bill Wells and A. Love, of Birmingham, were the guests of Florence Smith and Miriam Greeg, and Mr. Finklea Nettles, alias of Birmingham, was the guest of Misses Sue Brodus and Lydia Finklea.

Caroline Middleton had as her guest Mr. Elliot Lyons, of Birmingham.

Misses Sue Brodus and "Lit" Finklea were among those who motored to Birmingham to hear Kreisler.

Miriam Gregg, Florence and Weezie Smith spent Sunday, Jan. 31, in Vincent, Ala.

"Shorty" Ernst is mighty little to be going to Birmingham by herself, but she had plenty of protection after she arrived there.

Messrs. Frank Holle and Edward Beason, from the University of Alabama, were the guests of Miss Catherine Ortman and Miss "Shorty" Ernst.

Mr. Lester Roberts, from Demopolis, Ala., on his way to Nashville, Tenn., stopped for the week-end to visit Florence Smith.

Miss Roberta Bailey spent last week-end in Selma, having her eyes examined.

The past few weeks have been very strenuous for some members of this club, and I daresay they are glad that initiation is over and that they continue the regular routine of college work.

Personals

Miss Josephine Riddle has returned to Alabama College to resume her studies after a 10 days' absence due to illness.

Miss Joyce Jackson, Althea Hughes, Anita King, Dot Bollar, Daisy Fay Killian, Elizabeth Ellis, Claudia Slade, Fannie Jo Scott, Patsy Cole were a group of girls going up to hear Kreisler last Tuesday evening.

Miss Kathryn Vickery, Miss Marguerite Cope, Miss McMullin, Miss Claire, Miss Harris, Miss "Polly" Gibbs, Miss Patty, formed a congenial group of faculty members attending the concert Tuesday evening in Birmingham where many gathered to hear "Kreisler."

Miss Ina Mae Malone returned to Alabama College Monday to resume her studies after an absence of many months.

Miss Hattie Lyman and Miss Sara Gansmiller have returned from Columbiana, where they have been practicing teaching.

Miss Margaret Grayson and Miss Ruth Little spent the past week-end in Birmingham, going up for the game.

Miss Mary Kathryn Willingham and Miss Helen Grey McNeil spent the week-end in Birmingham.

Miss Margaret Davis is very ill at Peterson Hall. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Bill Knight was the Sunday afternoon guest of Miss Rebecca Ford.

Mr. Fred Mankin, Mr. Bob Forman and Mr. Clarence Hill motored from Gadsden Sunday afternoon and were the guest of Miss Josephine Riddle.

Mr. Bill Gough was the week-end guest of Miss Kat Leath en route to Pensacola, Fla.

Mr. Louis Stephenson was the guest on Tuesday of Miss True Marble.

Many girls are hilarious over the fact that their "campus" has been lifted and they are free to roam at will. This is a happy ending to many useful days because many guests are expected—always on Sundays.

Mr. "Veazie" Cook was the guest of Miss Mare E. Noble on Friday afternoon.

Mr. "Ben Turpin" was the guest of Miss Mary Elizabeth Moody, better known as "Toots," on Sunday afternoon.

The various clubs seem to fully realize, on Saturday evening that the love for their younger sisters should be shown, so consequently many lovely parties were held between the hours of 9-11; one fad particularly noticed was all parties bore the same name, "Initiation."

Miss Mary E. Noble, Miss Helen Davis, Rosalie Cody were a trio of attractive girls going to Birmingham to attend the Alabama College and Howard game.

With a glorious victory over Howard and Jacksonville the teachers, students and officials fear the worst for Woman's College on February 21 when she meets Alabama College here on the home court, where defeat has never been known.

Miss Virginia Ledbetter, Miss Aletha Louis Lute spent the week-end of the Alabama College-Howard game attending the game and dance given by "The Mask" Club of Howard College.

We are all very glad indeed to have Miss Lula Palmer with us as a member of the faculty. She is very popular among the students as well as the faculty, as she received her degree here some few years ago.

IN CAPITAL SOCIETY



One of the newest of Washington's social leaders is Mrs. Leland Harrison, wife of the assistant secretary of state. Before her recent marriage to Mr. Harrison she was Mrs. Anne Coleman Biddle of Philadelphia.

Dad's Prompt Comeback

Telegram to dad from son in college:

"Am broke. Send something to mend me."

Telegram sent by dad to son in college:

"Mend your ways and you won't be broke so often."

IS SHE HAPPY?—THE QUESTION

By MICHAEL WHITE

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

MR. NOYO HIROSHIMA was not quite as other Japanese, that is, you did not run up against a mental blank wall the moment you passed the region of conventional courtesy. If his use of English acquired in Japan was perhaps a trifle quaint, he made up for this disadvantage by an evident desire to be pleasing. That was why Bingham exerted a special effort to respond to a letter of introduction on behalf of Hiroshima. That was how they came to be seated together at the grand opera, waiting for the raising of the first curtain.

Hiroshima regarded the scene through his gold-rimmed spectacles with much interest, never having witnessed a grand opera before. He watched the filling up of the house, the entry of the orchestra, then swept his eyes over the tiers of boxes, and expressed his admiration for the exquisitely gowned and bejeweled occupants. What Hiroshima thought of our decollete custom, which would be so terribly shocking in Japan, he kept discreetly to himself.

As a matter of fact his whole interest was presently centered on a particular box. Among the party that took possession of it was as charming and dainty an appeal to the eye as was to be met with in the whole house. In contrast to her fashionably attired companions, a Japanese woman's picturesque kimono and rich obi was most effective. And after her kind she was extremely pretty.

Bingham, following Hiroshima's gaze, also noticed the stranger, and recognized her as the bride of an American who had resided in Japan for some years. Mr. Garelock, the husband, stood behind his wife's chair, and seemed proud of the attention she received in glasses leveled on her from other boxes. She was evidently more of a novelty than the latest extravagance in diamond tiaras. Then the curtain went up on the first act.

Hiroshima was too polite to stare continuously at the box containing his fellow countrywoman, but Bingham is certain he saw and heard little of the opera. His eyes, it is true, were fixed steadily in front, but it was as if the present scene were lost to view, in some far-off reminiscence of which his impassive features failed to disclose any significance. Toward the end of the last act he seemed to display more interest in the theme of the opera, and at its conclusion rather surprised Bingham with a pointed comment in the form of a question.

"I think your opera very nice, yes, very nice; but the lovers were—as you say—to be happy in the end?"

"Yes, I guess that was about how it finished up," replied Bingham.

"Ah!" ejaculated Hiroshima reflectively. "We wish it should be—as you say—like that finish up. But with you it is always so in that way?"

"No, I am afraid not always," replied Bingham.

"Ah! not so always," nodded Hiroshima.

To complete the evening's entertainment Bingham took Hiroshima over to a fashionable restaurant. Hiroshima was much pleased, gratified, and impressed with the whole mise-en-scene—the artistic decorations, the flower-adorned tables, and the prevailing atmosphere of sparkle and gaiety. At least he was struggling with the English language to express himself in such wise, when the party from the opera, of which the Japanese woman was a member, entered. Hiroshima at once grew silent. He did not turn toward the table occupied by the opera party, but looked as if he were again abstracted. In the meantime Bingham nodded toward one or two members of the party whom he knew, and addressed his Japanese guest.

"What a delightful picture your fellow countrywoman makes," he said, with genuine admiration. "She is remarkably pretty."

Hiroshima came out of his mental haze with as much of a start as is possible with one of the rigorously self-controlled subjects of the mikado.

"Ah, she looks, yes! yes!—as you say—very pretty. That is how she looks."

"Well," ventured Bingham, detecting a subtler meaning in Hiroshima's words than lay upon the surface. "Well, if she feels as happy as she looks, I guess there's not much more to be said."

Hiroshima methodically removed his spectacles and wiped them, adjusting them again so that the focus was exactly right. He was particular about his spectacles, having, as he casually explained, once found difficulty in training a gun on the Russians owing to a slight imperfection in one of the lenses. That was merely an incident relating to the capture of a whole brigade of Russians, the important thing being the necessity for absolutely perfect spectacles in such contingencies, which he reported to the proper authorities. Presently he waved his hand toward the bouquet of flowers on the table.

"They look very pretty. In the garden in which they grew, I think they were happy. In this place so—so different—so much finer than their garden, they still look very pretty. But because—as you say—they were cut off, they are dying. I would like to know if they are as happy as they were in their garden."

Bingham stared at Hiroshima with some wonder, because a sentiment of that kind coming from a man who talked indifferently about capturing brigades of Russians, was, to say the least of it, unusual. It sharpened his desire to probe further.

"Do you mean to draw an analogy between—"

Hiroshima bowed slightly as he interposed.

"Only I would like to know if they are happy. As you say—that Japanese woman is very pretty. I will tell you about her, because I know. Yes, I know about her. Before she married Mr. Garelock—a very fine man—she was once happy. That was when she was loved by a young student. He thought her very pretty, and that she would make him a good wife. She loved that young student very much, and was happy."

"Then that young student was told something about her which made him angry. He would not listen to what she said, he was so—so, yes, that is what you say, a fireblood. He did not like there to be another man. It was not true what he was told, but he did not know until it was long, long too late. So he discarded her, is that what you say, threw her away? Yes, that is it. He threw her away and married another girl he did not much like, not the same as the first girl, never so because she is now always lost."

"It was very—ah, yes—very unhappy for her, that girl he so foolish throw away. So loved the young student—yes, I know—and her parents were angry, too, because they think she miss a good match. So she went to be a geisha and make others happy. That was sometimes—as you say—a hard work, because she was herself sorrowful. I think that is why she was so successful as a geisha girl. The tea house at which she sang was always full of customers, and made so much money."

"Then Mr. Garelock came to the tea house. He thought, too, she was very pretty, but he did not know what was in her heart. She made laughter and sang for him, and he thought she must be happy. She was so pretty, he wished to—as you say—I think, kiss her. But she was not like that. She was still very sad—yes, I am sure—still very sad for the lover who had thrown her away. But Mr. Garelock, he was much in love with her. He sent her many presents, he talked with her parents, he said he wished her for his wife to make her happy. He loved her very much—yes, I think that—and wished to make her happy. He was very kind to her. She—yes—perhaps grateful at last marry Mr. Garelock."

Hiroshima paused, seemed to regard the menu with interest, and presently glanced upward toward the ceiling.

"Yes, Mr. Garelock marry her, and—as you say—she is very pretty. But I would like to know—yes, that is all I would like to know—if she is happy. But I do not think I shall know that. I do not think she will tell anyone what lie so far down."

The orchestra struck up a spirited air, and Hiroshima relapsed into abstraction. At the table of the opera party the Japanese bride seemed to be enjoying herself. Was it but the repeated effort of the tea house, prolonged into a lifetime of secret regret? Who could tell? Certainly not Bingham. Hiroshima shortly made an excuse to retire, regretting that some pressing work prevented his being introduced to the opera party.

Subsequently he rushed upon Bingham that his guest might have been the young student referred to. He was sorely tempted to gratify a natural curiosity, but Hiroshima politely set aside every reference to the subject. When a Japanese prefers to adopt that course, as well may you try to break into a time-locked safe with a pocket knife. The secret had been buried again in the depth of an impenetrable nature. During the remainder of their intercourse Hiroshima wore an attitude of keen interest, even delight, in everything which made for material progress. A stranger would have scoffed at the idea of sentiment in Mr. Hiroshima, and Bingham wondered.

Hiroshima presently went back to Japan, doubtless unable to answer his own question—is she happy? One hopes she is, but hope is a faint light with which to search the unspoken. Certainly in her smiling, happy laugh, apparently so full of artless mirth, you will never detect any sob that may lie underneath. In that respect she remained of the same tribe as Hiroshima.

Immortality Won by Appeal to Appetite

A writer in the New York Times the other day made the statement: "Fame is never more benign than when she prevents immortality on a platter." And he proceeds to illustrate that the Parker house roll is a delight long after the famous Boston hotel for which it was named fell in ruins. Who remembers the earl of Sandwich except for his happy thought of placing meat between two slices of bread? The marquis de Bechamel was great in his day, yet what remains of his glory? Nothing but Bechamel sauce. Cardinal Mazarin is recalled more often for his cake than his religion. Who was Sally Lunn but a bun seller on the streets of Bath? Had she not invented a noble form of hot bread her name would be as dust. So likewise with Louis XVIII, whose truffles a la purée d'ortolans is served to men who cannot place him as a king. So, too, with Lucullus, and Vitellius the Glutton, and the lesser Richelieu, who invented mayonnaise.

The United States has exported \$150,000,000 worth of typewriters during the last twelve years.

Merrill Place

With stealthy steps Stanton crept toward the door—toward that piece of white paper—nearer he came. Finally, he stooped to pick it up. But De Vore, sensing that the silence of his friend must have a meaning, turned from the fire—just at the instant Stanton was reaching for the mysterious message from an unseen hand. His first impulse was to flee from some unseen danger, which might overtake him with his white sheet of paper. But, thinking of Betty, he staggered in half run, and grasped the paper, which Stanton had picked up. Together they hastily devoured its contents. An ensuing silence for a half minute was broken by a hearty laugh from Stanton. De Vore stared inquiringly at him. With a shrug of his shoulders, Stanton threw the sheet of paper aside.

"Only a page from the cook book. Sukey had it on the porch this morning, showing it to Old Lady Harkins."

But De Vore did not laugh. Nor did Stanton really feel the merriment which he tried to portray—the storm which raged on the outside seemed to have settled in both their hearts; they sensed danger, probably a realized danger to Betty and Bob.

Spurred on by this unsolved mystery which had suddenly become a vital part of their lives, they hurried out into the storm: the uneasing down-pour. Without a glance at his buggy standing at the gate, Mr. De Vore hurriedly proposed:

"Let's take the path by the spring, that the shortest way."

The much-trodden path had become a mire of mud in the down-pour, and no other noise was heard, as they stumbled along, than the squish of their boots in the mire. Now and then a flash of lightning revealed their path. It seemed miles and miles before they came to the clearing. On the edge of the clearing a vivid flash of this torch of the storm revealed the cold, black house of Merrill, dull gray, and on the other side of which stood Merrill Place, still, against a stormy sky.

But the unwelcome aspect of the house only spurred them on. They tried to pierce the darkness in search of a light in all this space of ghostly mystery. The gate creaked on its hinges as they passed into the grounds. A light, probably that of a match, flickered for an instant in an up-stairs window, then—darkness again.

Then suddenly out of this heavy darkness in which they were enveloped, there came a stern and domineering command:

"Hands up!"

Before they had time to move, a flash light blinded their eyes and they found themselves facing a forty-four revolver. Behind the forty-four was a masked figure.

"What brings you two gentlemen here at this hour of the night and in this storm?" the voice from behind the mask inquired.

"We are in search of friends who came here in the latter part of the afternoon, a young girl, who is this gentleman's daughter, and a young man, who is my friend."

Never lowering the forty-four for an instant, the masked face commanded them to march in front of him to the porch. Once on the porch, he commanded them not to move and disappeared into the house. To calm his nerves, Stanton reached for a cigarette and match. The mist from the wind and rain made it difficult for him to light the cigarette. To shield the flame, he squatted down with his face to the wall. The flickering light from the match revealed to him a small piece of cloth that had once been white. De Vore saw it, too, and both reached for it. Stanton held it up and blood dripped from it. Just then the match went out. Stanton, holding the object in one hand, reached for a match with the other and struck it with his finger nail. This time they saw more than this piece of cloth—they saw the place from which they had taken it—a pool of blood. De Vore jerked the piece of cloth from Stanton's hand. It was a handkerchief; a lady's handkerchief. Stanton lit another match. In one corner was a small, daintily embroidered "Betty."

De Vore staggered and fell just as the door opened and the masked figure reappeared. Stanton tried to help De Vore to his feet again, but his body was limp; only a groan proved that he was not lifeless. The masked figure bent over them and began to speak.

"A young lady and gentleman were here in the early part of the evening, but they left a short while ago. The man had an accident and the girl had him carried away in a wagon. That is all I can tell you, but I think you had better hurry on. Your friend will receive better attention elsewhere," and he disappeared through the door, which was slammed behind him.

Stanton knew that it would be foolish to try to find out more with the burden of the old man on him. He knew that he should bear him to place of safety. He managed to raise him to his shoulder and started toward the De Vore home. The rain fell into the old man's face and he moved restlessly. The path was slippery and Stanton's burden grew heavier, but he finally reached the door, through which could be seen a dim light. The old man struggled and raised his head. Stanton opened the door. Betty was standing by the fire trying to get dry. Stanton, not wishing to frighten her, started to speak and explain about her father. But Betty had heard the door open. Her nerves had been under too great a strain, for, seeing Stanton with his human burden, she cried, "My father!" and fell to the floor.

Stanton did not have to place the

on man on the couch, for the rain had partly revived him and the scream of Betty for whom he had been searching, made him wide awake.

Soon Betty opened her eyes and began to try to explain.

"Oh, it's terrible—"

"Where is Bob? For goodness sake tell us."

"He's in the room there. Don't look so wild—he's not dead—just a shot in the shoulder; and he is very weak from loss of blood."

"But how did you get him here?" asked Stanton, wondering if the story of the masked man were true.

"Old Man Harkins brought us in his wagon. I thought we would never get here, for he had been drinking as usual. Oh, do send for a doctor at once—I'm so worried about him."

"Let's go see him first," suggested De Vore. He could not yet understand all that he had been through and all that he was bearing.

Bob was not unconscious, but he was extremely pale from the loss of blood. The pain from the wound was intense, this being shown by the expression on his face.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" queried Stanton, bending over his friend. "Did you see enough of the Merrill Place?"

"I saw the place alright, but not enough of it, even though you might think so from this ugly shoulder. Believe me, I'm going to find out more, too. It's lucky that shot didn't go right through my heart."

When Bob said that he was going to find out more about the place, Betty's thoughts went back to the slow trip with Harkins in the wagon.

"Believe me, I've seen all I want to of the place," said Betty. "Dad, you were right in begging me not to go. I'll never get a letter which will be worth the scare I had when I was pulled into that room."

"You were pulled in, Betty," asked De Vore.

"Yes, My! I was stupefied. I couldn't tell a thing about the man, for he wore a mask. I had been in the room only a few seconds when a noise overhead sounded as if the whole sealing was coming through. With this the man ran out of the room and up the stairs almost five at a time. Then's when I made time, too. When I got to the steps I saw Bob wounded and he immediately told me he was also fleeing. That was introduction enough, for both of us felt that we had been life-long friends as we hurried toward Pete Harkins' home. I don't see how he ever walked there, after losing so much blood."

"But didn't they pursue you?" asked Stanton.

"No; that's the peculiar part. We thought, of course, that they would, but we heard not one sign of pursuit."

"Well, of all things," said Stanton. "Betty, how did you get Pete to bring you and Bob here," asked De Vore.

"I saw he was getting drunk, but Mr. Merrill was getting weaker and I just had to do something. I've always heard that a drunk man will do anything for you if you're kind to him, so I ran in at the Harkins place and, as luck would have it, Pete was just driving up in his wagon. I don't know where he'd been, but he was wet clear through. I told him about Bob and asked him to please help me out, and he grinned and said 'Crawl in.' We did, and after an eternity it seemed, we got here. Pete helped me, as a drinking man can, get Bob where he is now."

"I don't see how you stood it, Betty," said Stanton admiringly.

"Neither do I, but do call the doctor. I was too exhausted to even do that when I first came in."

"He went to Birmingham yesterday and won't be back until tomorrow," said De Vore. "We'll have to dress the wound ourselves as best we can."

Stanton had done the thing often in the war, so he tried to close his mind to the mystery around, while he administered to his friend.

"Dad, you know I believe old Pete Harkins knows something about this. All the way here he mumbled to himself, and once I heard him say, 'Huh, I know about that Merrill Place, but I ain't gonna tell,' and then he laughed a perfectly hideous laugh."

Bob had been almost unconscious again while Betty told her story, but while Stanton was dressing the wound he suddenly sat up in bed.

"Now I have it," he almost shouted. "The man who shot me, I can almost see him now. I'd know him anywhere. Black hair, piercing gray eyes and a huge scar on his chin. The lightning flashed just as he shot and I saw him. If a would-be murderer can look frightened, he did."

The eyes of De Vore, Stanton and Betty met. There was an understanding look between them, as Mr. De Vore nodded his head, and said:

"Yes, I think I know who it was."

(To be continued)

Literary "Find" Acclaimed

The finding of another "Tamerlane," the first printed work of Edgar Allan Poe, has been acclaimed as the greatest literary find in years. "Tamerlane" was published by Poe when he was just sixteen and it is the highest priced of American first editions. It is the greatest desideratum of book collectors. The British museum has one. The latest copy was found in a small bookshop in Boston.

Ambition

"Men's ambition is generally proportioned to their capacity. Providence seldom sends anyone into the world with an inclination to attempt great things who have not abilities likewise to perform them."—Ben Jonson.

JOKES

AT EXECUTIVE MEETING

N. F. B.: What is the punishment for going from Ramsay Hall to dormitory in bedroom slippers and bathrobe?
M. K. D.: Pneumonia.

Kat Simms

When the bishop was entertained at an English country house, the butler coached carefully the new boy who was to carry up the jug of hot water for hsaveing in the morning.
"When you knocks," the butler explained, "and he asks, 'who's that?' then you must say, 'It's the boy my lord.'"
The lad, in much nervous torpication, duly carried up the hote water, but in answer to the bishop's query as to who was at the door, he answered: "It's the Lord, my boy!"
The butler overheard and was horrified. He hammered into the youth's consciousness the fact that a bishop must be addressed as my lord. Finally, he was satisfied that the boy understood and permitted him to assist in serving the dinner that night. The youngster was sent to the bishop to offer a plate of cheese. With shaking kneer, he presented the dish to the prelate and faltered:
"My God, will you have some cheese?"

The master of the house returned from business somewhat early. He did not find his wife about, and so called downstairs to the cook:
"Bridget, do you know anything of my wife's whereabouts?"
"No, sor," Bridget answered, "Sure, I know nothin' but I'm thinkin' son, it's likely there in the wash."

A noted humorist once spent a few weeks with a tribe of western Indians. On his return, he was asked concerning his experiences. One question was:
"Did you ever taste any dog-feast stew?"

"Yes," was the melancholy reply. "I tasted it twice—once when it went down, and once when it came up."
It's all a matter of taste, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow.

The grateful woman on the farm in Arkansas wrote to the vendors of the patent medicine:
"Four weeks ago I was so run down that I could not spank the baby. After taking three bottles of your Elegena Elixir I am now able to thrash my husband in addition to my other house work. God bless you."

The little girl reported at home what she had learned at Sunday school concerning the creation of Adam and Eve.
"The teacher told us how God made the first man and the first woman. He made the man first. But the man was very lonely with nobody to talk to him. So God put the man to sleep. And while the man was asleep, God took out his brains and made a woman of them."

The noted story tellers at a dinner party related an anecdote, and was at first gratified by the hearty laughter of an old lady among the guests, and later a little suspicious, as her mirth continued. As he stared at her, puzzled, she spoke in explanation:
"Oh, that story is such a favorite of mine; the first time I heard it I laughed so hard that I kicked the footboard off my crib."

The "bungalower": "Shingled in back, painted me out, and has no attic.—Plainsman.
He: What would you say if I threw you a kiss?
She, Laby, lasy.—Clemson Tiger.

He: "Have you ever let any other man kiss you?"
She: "Never, honey—only a few college boys."—Davidsonian.

What could be more passionate than an eight-arm octopus loving a giraffe with nine feet of neck?—Clemson Tiger.

"Jane lost her job in the grocery store because she wouldn't do what the boss asked her."
"What was that?"
"He asked her to lay some eggs in window."—Cornell Widow.

Lehigh: I lost a lot of money once.
Valley: How come?
Lehigh: I proposed to a wealthy girl and she refused.—Lehigh Burr.

He: May I call this evening?
She: Oh, I'd be tickled.
He: I'm not that kind of a boy.—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

A TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS

Senior
Deep Wisdom—Swell head.
Brain Fever—He's dead.
Junior
False Fair One—Hope fled.
Heart Busted—He's dead.
Sophomore
Went Skating—Tis said.
Floor Bumped Him—He's dead.
Freshman
Milk Famine—Unfed.
Starvation—He's dead.
—Stimulator.

Silent Fish

Customer—Do you really think sardines are healthy?
Grocer—Well, madam, I never heard one complain.

AN OPTIMIST

"Gosh! You had a close call! That certainly was an awful accident!" exclaimed the friend who had dropped in at the hospital to call on the bandage victim.
"Yes," he replied dreamily; "but thank goodness I got an eyeful of what I was looking at before the car hit that telephone post and I was knocked unconscious."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Spoke English

A native minister in India was telling the missionary in charge of the district that a sparrow had built a nest on the roof of his house.
"Is there anything in the nest yet?" asked the missionary.
"Yes," replied the Indian, proud of his English; "the sparrow has pups."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Cause for Celebrating

Tipton—I hear Harry had a big party last night. Why was he celebrating?
Lipton—Because of a distant relative.
Tipton—Who?
Lipton—His wife. She's gone to visit her mother.

Quick Action Needed

Mrs. Cameron—There's Chrichton's cow broken into our yard again. What shall I do?
Mr. Cameron—Well, don't stand there doing nothing. Milk her and put her out.—Sydney Bulletin.

Sharp

Melancholy Barber (with a soul above his business)—I don't get much of a living by it, sir.
Customer (through the lather)—Then you ought—for you scrape—hard enough—for it!

With a Crook in His Tail

"What kind of a dog is that cur?"
"He's a shepherd."
"Oh. Then that's the reason he has a sheepish look, is it?"

Big Fish in Home Puddle

McAllister—Those pants are about eight sizes too big for you. Where did you get them?
Lancaster—A tailor in my home town made them for me.
McAllister—They look as though they had been made for a man twice your size.
Lancaster—Well, I'm a bigger man in my home town.—Loew's Circuit.

Otherwise Occupied

"If you must whistle," shouted the irate boss, "whistle while I am out to lunch."
"But I can't then, sir," protested the office boy.
"Can't? Why can't you?"
"You just light one of those big cigars of yours and try it yourself."—American Legion Weekly.

Very Much So

Brunette—Is Jack stingy?
Blond.—Stingy? Say, he gets in an uncomfortable position to eat so he won't eat so much.

TOO FUNNY

"Hullo! What are you laughing at? Is it me?" demanded the bad but angry golfer.
"N-no, sir," stammered the caddie.
"Then who are you laughing at?"
"Your opponent, sir."
"Oh, I see," said the golfer, somewhat mollified. "But what's so funny about him?"
"Well, sir," replied the caddie, incautiously, "he plays exactly like you do."—Tit-Bits.

Wanted Protection

"Say, boss," cried a dark-skinned customer, rushing much perturbed into a store, "a no 'count boy has threatened mah life. Ah craves pertection."
"How about a bullet-proof vest?" queried the man behind the counter.
"Wuthless, plumb wuthless. Ain' yo' got no razzor-proof collahs?"—American Legion Weekly.

Thankful for Sleep

Alumnus—Professor, I have made some money and I want to do something for my old college. I don't remember, what studies I excelled in, if any.
Professor—In my classes you slept most of the time.
Alumnus—Uh! Well, I'll endow a dormitory.—Kansas City Journal.
Things Were Brighter
Jones met his old friend Smith, who had been out of a job for months, and the following conversation took place:
"Well," said Jones, "how's things? Any brighter?"
"Brighter!" repeated Smith. "Why, things are so bad at home that the mice are giving themselves up to the cat."

Undertook Her Grandma

"Who was that, auntie?" inquired six-year-old Ethel as a man passed them and raised his hat.
"That's Mr. Blank, dear. He's the village undertaker."
"Oh, yes. I remember him now. He undertook my grandma."

Let Neighbors Alone

"Do you suppose there ever was a human being who didn't talk about his neighbors?" asked the cynical man.
"Yes," said his companion.
"Name him."
"Robinson Crusoe"

SENATE HOLDS LONG SESSION

(Continued From Page 1)
we seek for. The need for honesty is with us in every thing we do, in every thing we say. Let me ask you this:
"Are you honest with your own knowledge of right and wrong?"
"Do you realize that you are as much a part of student government as an honor board member?"
"Do you repeat every story exactly as it is heard? Or do you stretch it a little to make it more interesting?"
"Are you always sick when you go to the infirmary?"
"Are you sure?"
"Do you throw paper on the campus when you know and have known ever since the first month you got here that it is wrong?"
"Do you put up a busy sign when you have a book in partnership with a friend and you know that she wants to study, too?"
"Do you take books out of the library when you have been asked to leave them on the shelf that others may use them also?"
"Do you know and understand the rules of your Student Government? If not, have you tried to?"
"Are you trying to 'Keep Faith?'"
—o—o—

When President Beach called for the report of the Committee on "The Senate Five Years From Now," Senator Sara Head took the floor and explained that inasmuch as the Committee felt unable to predict what the Senate would be in 1931, and since they were likewise dubious about expressing their hopes for the Senate, they had felt justified in seeking the aid of Madame Sascisti, the world's most renowned fortune teller. Senator Head explained the trouble to which the Committee was necessitated in order to consult Madame. "When we asked her about the future of the Senate, she took up her magic crystal—and looking into the future, saw a hazy, indefinite existence. Looking again, she divined that the crystal told her to look in a certain spot and there she would find the records of the gods. So Madame looked and, lo she brings to us tonight the very record woven by the Fates of Olympus centuries ago. Madame Sascisti is the only person in the world who holds a record of the gods. I think she'll be here in a moment; you see, we asked her to come here tonight to tell us of the Senate's future. We sent Bruce for her, but I fear he has been having car trouble."
About that time, however, the famous Madame Sascisti made her appearance. She was a woman of rather average size, was of hideous coloring and her garments consisted of flesh shoes, red hose, orange skirt, short yellow overskirt, white waistie, red sash, short flesh jacket, green tie, blue scarf, and a red bandana handkerchief tied around her head. She was innumerable strands of beads of every color and description. In one hand she had her magic crystal, in the other the decree of the gods. Madame made a brief introductory talk—confusing the audience more and more. Who was this strange figure in their midst. It was only when the Gypsy dropped her character and read the report in her natural voice that the Senate divined her to be one of their own number. Senator Una Franklin had changed her identity. The report she read, and which was signed by the Olympian Muses, Latheses, Clotho and Atropo, in the period of Chaos was as follows:

THE FUTURE OF THE STUDENT SENATE
1931 AS PREDICTED BY THE FATES OF OLYMPUS
The Student Senate shall have been organized five years. That day it shall be known wherever student government is known. Many schools shall have organized one similar in form and purpose; and wherever student government shall be recognized the Student Senate shall be regarded as the best means of welding into great and stable school spirit the spirits of the hundreds of individuals on many campuses. On that day it shall be no wonder that the name of Lillian Prout shall be held dear at Alabama College; it shall be no miracle that O. C. Carmichael shall be hailed by the student body of the same institution as a man of vision, of foresight, and practicability. For indeed the two together shall in that day be hailed by the students on that same campus as two who more than any others were responsible for the remarkable position Alabama College shall have made for herself within the few years just passed. It shall indeed be met that Miss Prout shall be proud of having been the president of the student body at the time the Senate shall have been organized in the college. It shall be just that Dr. Carmichael (for he shall be Dr. Carmichael then) shall be proud of having had the opportunity of so gloriously rendering the college a service—in suggesting the organization of the Senate. As originally planned by these two it shall have been an organization that would be identified with the best interests of the college and the student body. Listen, and you shall hear the story of what it shall actually become and how it shall become the most powerful and most influential organization on the campus—and an organization more influential than its organizers ever even dared dream.

Listen well. The fates themselves have woven the story. Lachesis holds the distaff, Atropos the threads, and Clotho the shears. At any time either may decide to snap the thread. Then it shall be that the future history of the Alabama College Student Senate may not be known. All things herein decreed shall come to pass because of

that efficient body known on the campus as the Student Senate.

In that day it shall come to pass that the Senate shall have the most perfect organization on the campus. It shall be perfect not merely because it shall be organized according to the correct form, but because every girl shall hold it in her heart to say that she will do nothing to mar 'ts perfection, to dim the light of influence it shall shed over the lives of individuals in the college. Then it shall be that the senatorship shall be regarded as the hieghts honor an underclassman shall attain, for no girl shall then be elected to the Senate whose record shall be less than B (80-90). Furthermore, no girl who has ever been conditioned in even one hour's work shall be permitted to have her name put before the class as a candidate for Senator. Scholastic attainment and success, however, shall in that day be regarded as service and character. No girl shall be elected by the Senate who has not rendered in some definite way a service to her school or class. This may consist of many things. Office holding shall be regarded as a distinct service. Any girl who is morally unfit shall in that day be not at all considered for the Senate, and any girl who at any time shall have been campused or otherwise punished by the Executive Board of the Student Government Association shall be forever denied the privilege of serving in the capacity of senator. Harsh, you say? Not at all—for standards at Alabama College shall be greatly changed by 1931.

The officers of the Student Senate in that time shall be President, Vice Uresident, Secretary, Treasurer, Speaker, Parliamentarian and Floor Leader. The President shall be elected from the student body, the other officers from the floor of the Senate. The Senate shall consist of 58 active members. Four honorary members also may be given voting power in the Senate, at the discretion of the Council. Any girl who shall be qualified to be a member of the Senate shall be qualified to be an officer of the Senate.

Senatorial committees shall be as follows: Steering, organization and procedure, inter-relations, Freshman Commission, social service, credentials, judicial and ways and means. The following officers shall be chairmen of committees: President, the steering; Vice President, the social service; secretary, the judicial; treasurer, the ways and means; Speaker, the inter-relations; Parliamentarian, the organization and procedure; Floor Leader, the credentials; the Sophomore who shall have been president of the class during her freshman year (if she shall be on the Senate during her Sophomore year), the Freshman Commission.

Minor committees shall be those appointed by the President or Council at will to look after functions of the Senate such as May Day, Pill Week, Know-Each-Other Week, Vocational Week, Campus Beautification and the many other things the Senate shall attempt and put across. Every committee chosen shall consist of a chairman and four others aptly chosen.

The regular meetings of the Senate shall occur every second Tuesday and shall be held for one hour immediately following the evening meal. Meetings shall be held in the Senate Chamber of the Student Activity Building. Standing committees shall meet regularly within five days preceding the regular meeting of the organization. The Council shall be composed of the officers and chairmen of standing committees. Meetings shall be held on the Wednesday evening preceding the regular Senate session. The work of the Council shall be to generally supervise the work undertaken by the session. A gavel shall be used at all meetings, and every member of the Senate shall wear regulation garb. All reports submitted shall be typewritten.

And in that day it shall come to pass that no senator shall ever be absent from a meeting except in case of illness. The Senate shall be regarded, together with the Executive Board, as the first organization on the campus, and attendance at its sessions shall be given precedence over attendance at any other meeting. This place and importance of the Senate shall be voluntarily recognized by all other organizations of the college. Not only shall every member be present every time possible, but every member shall always be on time. To be tardy for any reason shall be regarded as an unpardonable error and sin.

In that day, also, it shall come to pass that members of the Senate shall be entitled to the wearing of the Senate pin, especially designed for them. One year's service in the Senate shall entitle them to the pin for life.

The privilege of using Senate stationery and receiving a card announcing Senate meeting shall be deemed an enviable one. According to the qualifications, the girls serving in the capacity of Senator shall be honorable, worthy, conscientious. They shall "KEEP FAITH" with the obligations and duties it shall be theirs to perform. So highly shall the Senate be esteemed that when a girl shall be placed in an unfortunate position the first person she thinks of is a Senator. Truly the Senators shall play the part of big sister at Alabama College. Such a wholesome and happy spirit may be permeated because of the influence of the Senate that every girl on the campus shall speak to every other girl on the campus. A democratic spirit shall at all times prevail. Every girl shall feel the responsibility toward girls about her that is hers. In Alabama College handclasp shall have been devised. It

shall be a hand clasp that shall be held sacred. And students go out from the college they shall be made happy to find someone somewhere else who shall be able and entitled to give them the Alabama College glad hand.

So perfectly shall the Senate have fulfilled its purpose that certain exactions placed upon the underclassmen shall be removed. In that day, largely because of the upbuilding influence of the Senate, all students shall have the privilege of going to town at any time during the day.

The Senate shall help the Executive Board in sponsoring "College Night," although the Senate shall not have direct supervision over it. A portion of the funds necessary for the procuring of "College Night" award, however, shall come from the treasury of the Senate.

The Senate shall be friendly to the sisterhood of classes and at any time the plan seems to lag will be ready to lend assistance, so that the Sophomore-Senior, and the Freshman-Junior sister plans may be permanent.

The Senate shall co-operate with the Young Women's Christian Association of the College, in providing a Bible for each room at the beginning of the scholastic year.

In the spring of the year the Senate shall edit a book containing all college songs. Each year thereafter all songs used by the college on any occasion shall be added thereto.

All rules and regulations passed by the Executive Board shall before going into effect, be approved by the Senate.

All nominations made for major offices shall be signed by 75 names before the nominations are valid. The Senate shall make the recommendation to the Executive Board, and it shall gladly enact the regulation to that effect.

The beautiful spirit of the student body of the college shall be its wonder and fame. The students shall with one accord unite to do those things asked of them. When the president of the college shall enter the chapel, dining room or other place where students are assembled they shall rise reverently and remain standing until the president shall sit.

Much due senatorial influence a senior honor society shall be organized. It shall be an organization of highest standards.

In that day it shall come to pass that no student without first receiving the proper permission shall under any conditions take food from the dining room.

Recommendations shall be made to the Sophomore-Seniorhood that a daisy chain be a feature of the procession to chapel for final commencement exercises.

Under the influence and leadership of the Senate each class during the year shall give a public entertainment. This shall start with the class of 28, their first performance being given in their freshman year.

Religious activities of every denomination represented in the college shall be on the bound, and girls shall feel ashamed not to identify themselves with some of their denominations activities in the college. This shall be partly brought about by the Senate, though indirectly.

Every student shall in that day be interested in the reading of the bulletin boards, all of which are always interesting due to Senate Bulletin Board Campaigns.

Absolute quiet shall prevail at chapel. To be heard whispering or seen making a sign of any nature or reading letter or books shall be regarded as most embarrassing. Speakers shall always note the cordiality and interest with which they shall be received.

Perhaps the most important feature in connection with the campus life of Alabama College shall be the Perfect Hour System. The students shall consciously strive to live up to the college creed. Many rules formerly necessary shall be regarded as useless, and because of the honor of the students the Executive Board shall annul them. Every student who shall break any rule at any time shall not wait to be reported, but shall report herself. All tickets, cards and articles of any description for sale may be left without a salesman and the purchases will be honestly and honorably made—no money ever being lost on the venture. Absolute quiet shall prevail during study hall and Y. W. C. A. and any girl who is thoughtless enough to ever make noise during such hours shall be held in disrepute by her schoolmates. When examinations shall be given the instructors shall feel free to allow students to remain in room alone—or to take the exam in any place they desire without supervision.

The Student Activity building shall be a permanent structure, the most handsome on the campus, and shall be a monument to the endeavor of the Student Senate of Alabama College. The Senate shall rule to get the building and it shall regulate and carry on a campaign all its own for the securing of the necessary funds. The building shall meet the needs and dreams of the student body.

A silver loving cup shall be awarded to the student body and each year the girl who shall mean the most to her college shall have her name engraved thereon.

The campus of Alabama College shall be noted for its beauty of landscape, and the way in which it shall be kept. A campaign shall be put on at which time shrubs and plants shall be added to the campus collection. These shall at all times be given proper attention. No paper or trash shall ever be thrown on the campus.

Vocational Week shall be observed in order that students may realize the

importance of knowing and being pleased with their life's work.

The citizenship school shall be held under the auspices of the Freshman Commission, and shall be held the second week of the fall term.

Know-each-other week shall be observed the third week of the fall term. Pill Week shall be held the week preceding May Day.

The speaker of the Senate shall be its official spokesman on all occasions, and shall seek to harmonize the Senate with all other organizations on the campus.

The floor leader shall see that all senators sit in their designated places, answer roll call, and are qualified to sit in the Senate Chamber. At any time the judicial or credential files a ruling affecting the status of a senator, the floor leader shall attend to the carrying out of the regulation.

The judicial committee shall be concerned with the conduct of members of the Senate. It shall have authority over the conduct of the senators as the Executive Board has over other students, although the executive board must be favorable to action taken by judicial committee in regard to Senator.

The Senate shall edit a monthly magazine, which shall be known as The Voice of the Students. It shall be given wide circulation. The editors and business manager shall be elected from the Senate floor.

The Senate shall at all times seek to harmonize its purpose with that of the Executive Board, and to work in sympathy with it. Every thing done shall be for the betterment of student government.

Thus the fates have woven the future of the Student Senate; and thus may it be seen that much shall have been accomplished. The things herein decree, however, are conditioned upon one thing—that the Senate shall from its first year "KEEP FAITH." The college shall make a vow to stand by all that is noble, and honorable and right. The students individually and collectively must make a response to that vow if these things shall come to pass. But they shall "KEEP FAITH" and these things shall become realities.

Immediately following the general session of the Senate, a Freshman caucus was held, at which time the newly elected members took their oaths and were formally pledged as faithful members of the Senate of the Student Government Association of Alabama College.

W. J. Mitchell

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The Alabamian

Vol. IV ALABAMA COLLEGE, MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA, APRIL 15, 1926 No. 1

FIRST TRIANGULAR INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE NEARS

Montevallo Anticipating Debate Victories

The first intercollegiate debate with Judson College, Woman's College, and Alabama College as the contestants, is slated to occur on the evening of April 19.

The plans for the debates provide that there will be a debate at each college. Judson debates with Alabama College at Montevallo; Alabama College debates with Woman's College at Montgomery, and Woman's College debates with Judson College at Marion.

The question for debate is: "Resolved, that the United States Should Adopt a Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law." The team of each college remaining at home takes the affirmative and the team of each college going elsewhere takes the negative.

The debaters remaining at Montevallo to meet the negative of Judson are: Lilian Prout, Helen Townsend and Clyde Merrill. The debaters going to Montgomery to meet the Woman's College affirmative team are Hazel Blach, Helen Genze, and Una Franklin.

Alabama College intends putting up a strong fight. It is hoped that the team may have the wholehearted support of the student body.

BLUE RIDGE FUND SECURED

Montevallo To Be Well Represented At Summer Conferences

The Blue Ridge Fund campaign, sponsored by the Young Women's Christian Association of the college, has grown until a substantial revolving or perpetual fund can be created, whereby any student desiring may borrow money to the amount of \$50 in order that she may be enabled to attend the summer conferences at Blue Ridge. Alabama College annually sends a large number of delegates to the Assembly and for the past several years a number of P. W. G.'s have been selected from Alabama College applicants.

Quite a large number of girls are planning to go to Blue Ridge this year and a number have put in their applications to be P. W. G.'s on the conference grounds during the summer.

Blue Ridge is ever recommended to all Y. W. C. A. workers, and it is hoped that the revolving fund will enable a greater number of girls to attend the inspirational and very helpful conferences. The trip is considered an enviable one, and the Y. W. C. A. is making it easy for any girl to go.

Any student not thoroughly familiar with the fund plan may secure any desired information by consulting Anne Long, past president of the local organization; Ellie Dreyspring, the new president, or any of the cabinet members.

Student Election Quiet Affair

Mud-Slinging And Politics Virtually Absent This Year

Student elections for the session '26-'27 quietly came off on the designated date, March 19, at which time the leaders for the new administration were chosen. The ballot as prepared before hand by the various nominating committee was used, and the affair quietly passed. In fact, Montevallo's '26 election was perhaps the most tranquil one of several years, very little political spirit being manifested.

Those elected to head the six major organizations of the school for next year were:

Mary Ellen Spinks, President of the Executive Board of the Student Government Association; Alice Quarles, President of the Senate of the Student Government Association of Alabama College; Ellie Dreyspring, President of the Young Women's Christian Association; Margaret Grayson, President of the Athletic Association; Joy Cawthon, Editor-in-Chief of the Technala, and Una Frauhlin, Editor-in-Chief of the Alabamian.

Other officers of the same organization elected on the same day were:

Sara Head, Vice President of Executive Board; Faye Cotney, Vice President Young Women's Christian Association; Elizabeth Weatherly, Secretary Young Women's Christian Association; Eloise Lee, Treasurer Young Women's Christian Association; Mildred Gilchrist, Vice President Athletic

Class of '28 Chooses New Leaders

Fannie Morton, of the class of '28, will be known during the coming year as the President of the Junior Class. Miss Morton seemed to be the general choice of her classmates and they were confident in bestowing this honor upon her that she would prove a faithful and efficient leader.

The Sophomore Class this year under the leadership of Lucy Stevens has been outstanding in many respects and has been ever in the public eye, as it was last year with Una Frauhlin as President.

The class anticipates unprecedented progress with Miss Morton directing activities. She has the good wishes of a host of students. The other officers of the Junior class are: Eugenia Harper, vice president; Dorothy Hixson, secretary; Mary Vinson, treasurer; Elizabeth Weatherly, athletic board representative; Mary Wylie, Elizabeth Graves and Margaret Davis, executive board representatives.

The Junior Class is entitled to fifteen members in the Senate this year. They were elected the same night, but their names occur elsewhere in this paper.

Forensic Club Elects For New Year

Members of the Forensic Club at their meeting the last week in March elected officers for the new administration year and considered the initiation of students who are to be taken into the organization as soon as the spring Forensic activities have been brought to a finish. Virginia Thomas succeeds Carrie Lee (Cricket) Abercrombie as President; Elizabeth Ward is Vice President, and Cricket Abercrombie is Secretary-Treasurer.

The Forensic Club is the newest official organization on the campus, this being its first year of activity. It was organized for the purpose of fostering debating and public speaking among the students of the college. Membership may be granted at the discretion of the club to any student winning honors in debating or public speaking.

Ellen Haven Gould, head of the Department of Expression and Director of the Alabama Prayers, is the official advisor of the organization. The Forensic Club bids fair to become one of the most outstanding organizations on the campus.

National Oratorical Contest Draws Interest

Second Intercollegiate Speech Meet On Constitution Planned

The name of Alabama College was sometime ago sent in to the national headquarters in Washington, D. C., stating that the institution could select its champion orator to meet with the representatives of other higher institutions of learning in the South on April 30. The local contest is slated to occur on April 15, at which time a number of contestants will speak before the student body.

The subject for the contest is The Constitution. Six phases of the constitution have been suggested. Each of the six deals with an individual who was influential in the formation and adoption of the United States Constitution. If the subject is taken simply as "The Constitution," it may be approached and developed from any angle. The orations must be original and may not be more than ten minutes in length.

The contest is being sponsored by a Los Angeles, California, business concern approved by the Bureau of Education at Washington. The United States is divided into seven regions. The champions from each institution entering the contest will meet at a designated city within each region where, on April 30, the Regional contest will be held to decide the regional championship. The seven there winning will go in June to Los Angeles, where the national contest will be held. Prize awarded in Los Angeles will amount to \$5,000 cash. The first prize is \$2,000, the seventh is \$300. Thus all regional champions receive prizes in Los Angeles. It is hoped that all institutions sending speakers to either the regional or the national meet will bear the expenses of representation.

The judges for the local contest have not yet been announced.

Students who have fully qualified for the local contest to date are: Hazel Blach, Helen George, Una Franklin, Helen Townsend, Lilian Prout, Association; Lucy Hood, Secretary Athletic Association; Ruby Jo Snellgrove, Treasurer Athletic Association, and Louise Brooks, Business Manager of the Technala.

CLASSES TO HAVE REGULAR MEETINGS

Proposed Schedule Meets With General Favor

Suggestion has been made that the classes have definite meeting times and places in the future, in order that a better class spirit may be felt and a closer and more helpful spirit of co-operation realized. While no class has incorporated any amendment or by-law into its constitution providing for regular meetings of the class, the idea seems to have met with general favor and the leaders of class activities say it is very probable that the classes will provide for regular meetings with a definite time and place.

The movement is endorsed by the Senate and has met the hearty approval of the leaders of student activities.

Charter Senate Dissolved

The Charter Senate has been dissolved, its last meeting being held Tuesday, March 30, in Reynolds Hall, at which time the new president of the Senate and the new president of the Executive Board were both present.

The meeting began with the membership repeating the college code. The secretary then called the roll and read the minutes of the previous meeting, after which reports were given by the various committees.

All the reports were adopted and voted most excellent. The officers of the Senate then made their farewell talks. The treasurer noted that after paying expenses for last year's May Day, Pill Week and other public functions, and after paying all Senate expenses for the present session and sponsoring the Martha Young recital, which provided for a scholarship to the College, substantial sum was left in the treasury.

The membership in the Senate during its initial year was as follows:

Seniors (graduating in 1925): Mary Armstrong, Marjorit Andrews, Lucile Bell, Ethel Brown, Winifred Castleman, Laura Carmichael, Mary Easterly, Marion Grant, Lula Hawkins, Agnes Hardy, Madje Jacob, Florence London, Gladys Lumpkin, Gladys Martin, Louise Purifoy, Frances Selden and Mildred Walker.

Seniors (graduating in 1926): Robbie Andrews, Margaret Butler, Wanda Burks, Patty Cole, Theresa Conway, Annie Crossley, Celia Cumbee, Margaret Embry, Carmenita Green, Lena Harris, Lucy Holt, Mildred Keahey, Sara Ganzmiller, Hattie Lyman, Leta Orr, Lilian Prout, Bill Smith, Agnes Stewart, Louise Ward.

Juniors: Joy Cawthon, Maybelle Conner, Mildred Gilchrist, Martha Grantham, Margaret Grayson, Mary Hungerford, Ann Jones, Inez Ray, Colie Roan, Joyce Staples, Faye Turner, Dorothy Williams, Norine Martin, Estelle Broadway, Mary Catherine Wilingham, Louise Brooks.

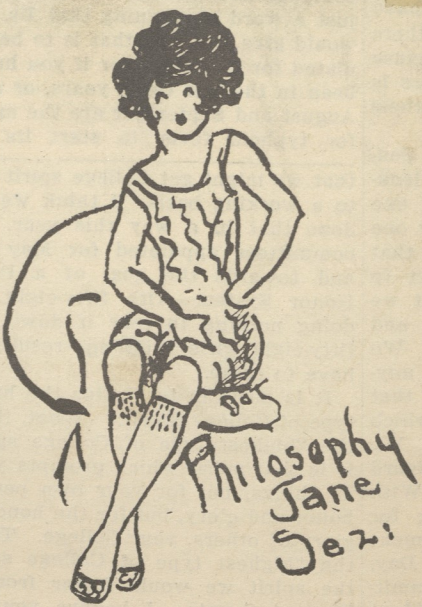
Sophomores: Lucy Wood Baughman, Una Franklin, Sara Head, Eleanor Hooper, Annie Rawls, Lucy Stevens, Mary Vinson, Elizabeth Weatherly, Frances Loftin, Lydia Finklea, Verdie Strickland.

Freshmen: Estelle Blann, Margaret Fountain, Rebecca Ford, Alice Lyman, Mary McConaughy, Clyde Merrill, Dorothy Smith, Katyleene Stovall and Elizabeth Prather.

Clyde Merrill, Cricht Abercrombie Sara Maud Patillo, and probably others. There are others who lack only formal notification to the committee concerned with detail for the contest.

The Forensic Club is sponsoring the local contest and keen interest has been aroused in anticipation of the meet.

The Southern regional meet will be held in Atlanta.



"Some girls are so pressed for time they have to sign up for pressing rooms."

SECOND PILL WEEK TO BE OBSERVED

Capsules And Pills Found En Masse In Two Weeks

The week preceding May Day will this year be designated as Pill Week, in the same fashion as it was last year. Plans are now being tentatively made by the Senate. Arrangements provide that the program will consist chiefly of the same elements making it up last year. Pills and capsules are the most prominent features. As planned each students and members of the faculty as she goes into the dining room on noon of Saturday preceding Pill Week will draw a name from a box placed outside the door. If Bell draws Sue's name then Sue is Bell's pill, while Bell is Sue's capsule. The whole matter is kept a secret the entire week. The custom and plan is that the capsule does an act of kindness or in some way presents a gift to her pill each day. The spending of money for the occasion is greatly discouraged but it is expected that the students will contrive clever and ingenious gifts for their various pills.

On the last day of the week which is May Day each capsule sends her pill a May basket filled with flowers, fruit, candy or anything she chooses. In the bottom as cleverly as she is able she conceals here name.

Pill week last year was a momentous success. The entire personnel of the college keenly awaits it this year, and all indications point to the fact that it will be even more successful than was the observance last year.

Montevallo Girls Win In District Contests

In the district elimination contests last week, sponsored by the Alabama Federation of Music Clubs, in which students of piano, voice and violin participated, two Alabama College girls were winners. They will enter the finals in Selma which will take place April 14 and 15.

Miss Mary Riley, of Sylacauga, student of Alabama College and pupil of Miss Carlton-Clare, won first place; Miss Celia Roebuck, of Birmingham, second, and Miss Minnie Peebles Johnson, also student of Alabama College and pupil of Miss Augusta Horden, won third.

Miss Helen Boykin will accompany Miss Riley and Miss Alice Quarles will accompany Miss Johnson. Miss Boykin and Miss Lucy Stevens will be the official representatives of the Calkins Music Club at the convention.

Holidays Est Flue

Spring holidays are a thing of the past in reference to the '25-'26 session. By most of the students they were spent in their respective homes. Many visited their schoolmates and about seventy-five remained on the campus during the entire season. The seventy-five are using much persuasive ability in an effort to convince all who went away that they had the better time. Students who spent Easter elsewhere, however, call that sour grapes!

All students report a most enjoyable Easter vacation; many wardrobes are replenished, and all have made up their minds that spring has really come. Already they are counting the Sundays before summer will be here, and some joyfully exclaim that only six more will be spent at Montevallo!

FROM THE FACULTY

The faculty congratulates this opportunity to extend congratulations to the new editor and her staff of co-workers. With this issue of "The Alabamian" a new year is begun. The old staff has left the field, having carried forward the work for the past 12 months. The new staff takes up the work with a determination to make the 1926-'27 "Alabamian" the best the school has had. Just what success shall come to the new staff in this endeavor, remains yet to be seen, but this is certain—success will be just as great as the effort which is put forth to accomplish the desired end. All of us can help to make "The Alabamian" the best school weekly in the state, but in order to do this we must pull together. Turn that criticism into praise; submit an article occasionally for publication and then after submitting this article, submit another.

From time to time the faculty will have an article in "The Alabamian" and we hope that through it we may come to know each other better.

Again we congratulate the new staff and wish for them every success.

W. J. KENNERLY.
Hear Townsend in Send-Off.

The New Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

The new officers and cabinet members for Y. W. C. A. for 1926-27 are: President, Silie Dreyspring; vice president, Fay Cotney; secretary, Elizabeth Weatherly; treasurer, Eleanor Payne; chairman of home mission committee, Katylene Stovall; chairman of world fellowship committee, Catherine Prentiss; chairman of music committee, Mytyle Plant; chairman of social committee, Margaret Davis; chairman of Big Sister committee, Dorothy Smith; chairman of program committee, Alice Lowery; chairman of publicity committee, Eugenia Harper; chairman of tea room committee, Fay Cotney; undergraduate representative, Lucy Stevens. The new cabinet is composed of girls of exceptional talent. They are planning big things for Y. W. C. A. for next year and will endeavor to hold the standards as high as the efficient outgoing officers. Y. W. C. A. should hold an important place in the life of each college student. The big aim of Y. W. C. A. for the next year is to fill the spiritual needs of the students and to put Y. W. C. A. "over the top." The hearty co-operation between the student body and the cabinet is anticipated for the coming year.

SENIORS ELECT RUTH JONES

The class of '27 surely like the odd name of Jones. The president of the class, each year anyway, has been a bearer of that nomen. Ruth Jones, newly elected president of the class of '27, succeeds Anne Jones, who for three years has been the capable leader of the first large class Monte knew. Miss Jones was a nominee from the floor, and her overwhelming majority indicates that the bulk of the class is back of her to the fullest. She is considered highly deserving of the great honor of being president of the class during their last year.

The officers who will assist Miss Jones in the executive work of the class are: Colie Roan, Vice President; Ruth Little, Secretary-treasurer, and Mary Parrent and Ibbie Jones, Executive Board Representatives.

This class has twice won the Athletic Board Loving Cup, and is generally considered one of the finest classes Montevallo has produced.

Prunella Dustdown Contributes

The staff feels particularly fortunate in being able to secure the services of Miss Prunella Dustdown for the remainder of the year, and probably for next session. Miss Dustdown is the world's greatest college writer and her writing is always of painful interest to students. Indeed, she is peculiarly clever in missing her hit, and is said to have a very rare insight into student problems. Miss Dustdown is quite an exclusive writer and has signed a contract whereby none of her material will be syndicated or otherwise published except through the pages of the Alabamian.

Her writings at first may appear to have a rather mysterious note, but all morons will eventually catch the significance of her subtle meanings.

Students of Alabama College have a great privilege in store for them and should be on the watch for the first contribution Miss 9Dustdown makes.

"POLLY WITH A PAST" TO BE TOURED

Engagements have been secured for "Polly With a Past," and Miss Ellen Haven Guild, Director of the Alabama Players, announces that it will be presented in Montgomery (Woman's College), Saturday night, April 17, and at Judson College on April 23. "Polly With a Past" is said by many to be one of the best amateur plays ever staged in this part of the State, and probably the outstanding production of the Alabama Players. Frances Rush takes the leading role. She is said to be particularly good and much of the success of the out-of-town performance is resting upon her interpretative and histrionic ability. Elizabeth Ward, the hero, is perfectly cast for the role, and is said to be better at each performance. Strength is given the cast by such staunch players as Gladys Waldrop, in the role of the gardener; Bill Smith and Mildred Gilchrist, as friends of the hero, and employers of "Polly."

The play is one spiced throughout with wit, laughter, youth and love. The plot thickens at every step. On the whole, the play is as delightful an one as seen this season, and Alabama College boasts the cast and director with pride.

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP KEYNOTE OF CONFERENCE

Montevallo Entitled To Thirty Delegates

Alabama College is entitled to thirty delegates to the Interdemonimational Young People's Conference held in Birmingham April 16, 17 and 18, 1926, under the auspices of the International Council of Religious Education.

Alabama is entitled to 1,000 delegates. At first Montevallo was assigned only four representatives, but later information was received stating that the school is entitled to the thirty mentioned.

Students from several countries will be present at the conference which is the closing conference of the International Council on Religious Education.

The program as arranged for the Young People's Conference provides for addresses and discussion groups led by leading Christian educators and thinkers. Among them are: Mrs. Grace Sloan Overton, counsellor and speaker, whose special topic will be Christian Citizenship and the Family; E. D. Soper, counsellor and speaker, dealing with Christian Citizenship and Social Problems; Harry Holmes, who counsels on Christian Citizenship and the Nations; W. W. Alexander, who discusses Christian Citizenship and the Races; Stanley High, speaking for Christian Citizenship and the Churches, and Howard McCluskey, dealing with Christian Citizenship and the College Student.

Mrs. Overton is a member of the faculty of the Chicago Training School. She is especially popular and influential with young people.

E. D. Soper is vice president of Duke University. He was formerly a professor in both Northwestern and Ohio Wesleyan University. His book dealing with current Christian problems are numerous.

Harry Holmes, as field secretary of the World Alliance of International Friendship Through the Churches, is especially fitted for his position as counsellor and speaker with reference to the convention.

W. W. Alexander is director of the Commission of Interracial Co-operation.

Stanley High, a youth himself, is widely known as a writer for youth. He is assistant secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Howard McCluskey is a member of the faculty of the University of Michigan. He is notable for his leadership in student life.

The four students who will officially represent the college at the meeting in Birmingham are: Fay Turner, Helen Davis, Mary Kate Derby and Fannie Morton. The other twenty-six will be announced at a later date.

Senior Inspection Approaching—Juniors Duly Warned

Members of the class of '26 are silently and secretly making plans for senior inspection. They have duly warned the members of the class of '27 to expect much more than the class of '29 received at the hands of the '28ers in the fall. That started the '27ites shaking in their boots! The seniors are divulging no plans whatever and the rest of the school is perfectly mystified concerning the approaching event. Juniors are more shaky for the simple reason that they are not even to know when senior inspection is to be. At present they are humbly yet pleadingly soliciting the lordly seniors to live and let live!

This is the first year such a program has been planned by the seniors at Alabama College, and the entire student body is impatiently awaiting the results.

Senate Plans Big Year

The first regular meeting of the new Senate will be held tonight in Reynolds Hall, at which time plans for the year's program will be outlined by the President, Alice Quarles. A sketch of his history of the Senate during its initial year will be given by one of the old members of the Senate. "My duty as a Senator" is the very tempting title of one of the talks to be made.

Committees will be appointed and work will be launched immediately. A heavy spring's program has been inherited from the old Senate, and the new President is determined that the work so well begun shall not lag in the least.

Pack Reynolds Monday night.

Keep Faith With the Debators Monday Night

Helen Davis Retires From Presidency

Helen Hines Davis, president of the Student Government Association of Alabama College for the administration year 1925-26, has retired. In handing over the reins of office to her successor, Mary Ellen Spinks, she very feelingly said:

"When I stop to think that the fourth year of my college life is rapidly drawing to a close, it is with a feeling of regret that I realize I will soon be leaving all of you.

If, from the wealth of things which my Alma Mater has given me, I have been able to return some little in service, I am sincerely grateful. Each year has made Alabama College more dear to me and the four years spent within her halls will ever be cherished as happy ones.

"Happiness comes to most of us in many ways, but the exceptional happiness that I have had here has been in working with each of you through the Student Government Association. It was your splendid co-operation which has enabled your representatives to carry on the work of Student Government at Alabama College. May I stop at this time to thank the members of the executive committee, students and faculty for their loyal support in the solving of problems which have confronted us this year.

"No one realizes more than I that everything passed on by a governing body cannot please all, but it has always been the attitude of the board to study out problems from every angle and render decisions to the best of their ability.

"Since you have shown your faith in these girls, the representatives of the executive board 1926-27, by electing them to these responsible offices; I trust that you will continue to show that faith by backing them in anything which they may undertake to do; for, as the years go on the project of student government is becoming more like a big, happy family, all working together.

"Before Mary Ellen Spinks is installed, I would like to say to the student body that you have acted wisely in your selection of Mary Ellen as your leader for next year. She is a girl who will ever strive toward the betterment of student government by being untiring in her efforts and faithful to her trust."

Quarles Inaugurated As Senate President

Alice Quarles was inaugurated as second president of the senate of the Student Government Association of Alabama College Wednesday evening, April 7, in Reynolds Hall. After accepting her office and taking the oath she said the following:

"The torch is handed down—and now to carry on—to keep faith. To carry on is not easy but it is our duty. It is not only a duty, but a privilege as well, for it is no less than a joy to feel that in some small way we may serve those around us.

"The Student Senate, being only one year old, has already made itself famous in the history of Alabama College. How could this organization fail to mean much to each Alabama College student when under the leadership of such a capable president as its former and first, who kept faith with all the strength given her?

"It is the purpose of the senate to foster the highest type of school spirit, (has anyone known or heard of a year in the history of our college when the spirit was better? It is also its purpose to preserve the best traditions of the college and to raise its standards and ideals along all lines of development.

"Finally, this organization is yours, it is your voice, and you must use it. We want to solve your problems; to build upon your ideas. We await you, we are listening to you and we expect your co-operation. Already we feel that we have your support for the coming year, and that you have said, 'I will keep faith.' In so doing, you join with us, our representatives, in striving to uphold the standards of Alabama College and thus keep faith.

Spinks State Policy

Mary Ellen Spinks, newly elected president of the Student Government Association of Alabama College, was duly inaugurated Wednesday evening, April 7, in Reynolds Hall, before the student body and officers of the institution. After Mary Ellen took the oath of office she addressed the assemblage in a tone so sincere and earnest that every person in the house was completely won to her. An applause followed which could hardly be stopped and every indication was that she would have the hearty co-operation and backing of the entire personnel of the college.

A speaker with more poise, dignity and striking qualities has seldom been seen on the stage of the auditorium.

Mary Ellen's speech follows:

"Tonight I'm not planning to make any set or real speech, but I want to tell you a few things I really feel and I want this to be an hour of closest confidences and trusts. In becoming

President Black Delivers Farewell

President Hazel Black of the Senate, at the last meeting of the original Senate, held in Reynolds Hall March 30, 1926, delivered her farewell address to the Senators. The meeting was very reluctantly adjourned by the Senators and it was only after every Senator had had an opportunity to say what she wished that the meeting was finally brought to a close.

The speech verbatim of President Black is as follows:

On the night of the inauguration of the new officers I shall have the opportunity of saying a few words, but there are some things I would say just to you, the members of the first Student Senate, tonight.

Woodrow Wilson once said, "It is a lonely thing to start anything." If he meant that as a rule then the Student Senate would have to be the exception to that rule, for it has not been lonely in its starting this year. Would you know why? It is because you have given it your vim, and encouragement, your enthusiasm and part of your spirit. You might have made these meetings a burden for there are times when you would rather have gone somewhere else, but, instead, you have come here, in most cases, and our meetings have been very pleasant.

Will you go back with me to a few of our experiences during the past

your president tonight and in taking the vow I have just repeated after Mr. Carnichael I sense a deep realization of the need for sincere and real co-operation between you and me. We don't yet know the questions which may come up during the year; its impossible for us tonight to know the crises, the trials and the troubles which may be awaiting us, but by standing together tonight and by resolving to stand faithfully by each other during the year we can do much to relieve the future of any shadow.

"We have a college creed. Each day we see and hear the words 'Keep Faith' and many of us from time to time repeat the code. When we do repeat that code I wonder if we think of the true, the real meaning of the words. Do you repeat the lives of that code as an oath you voluntarily, sincerely, personally take?

"Tonight when you return to your rooms I want each of you to take your handbook and read in it the college code, and as you read it think of the meaning of the words in black and white. Every true Alabama College citizen, if she thinks honestly and is true to her mind and heart, will feel the significance of the words and will get from them a personal meaning. Yes, girls, tonight I want each of you to read in your handbook that poem, and when you have read it I want you to promise yourself that you will keep faith, that you will speak only true words, that in everything you do and say and think you will try to reflect the spirit of one who is trying to 'keep faith' with her God, her Alma Mater, and herself. If every girl in this school will do that tonight and then earnestly live the resolution she shall take, the name of Alabama College shall be heard far and near, and the praises of her girlhood shall be sung on every hand. And it is when the students each and all shall pledge within their hearts that will 'keep faith' in word and in truth that we may realize the goal toward which the executive board, our Student Senate, and student body are working—a perfect honor system, but I fear many of us consider it a rather Utopian idea. It is not. It is practical. It is possible. And Alabama College if she will can as soon as she wants it know the blessedness of a perfect honor system. It is toward that end the executive board shall work this year. But students of Alabama College, not your executive board alone can create a perfect honor system, not a talk, such as these you hear tonight can bring it about, but you in your beings have the making of the honor system of Alabama College. Won't you resolve tonight that you will bend your energies, your heart and your conscience toward the creation of our ideal honor system? With God and the executive board as my helpers and with your earnest and loyal co-operation I promise you that we shall enter on the road to that goal tonight.

"Students, I feel weak in accepting this great trust you place in my hand. But I know that strength shall be given me if I but follow the conscience of a Greater Master and I know that God is with us as we enter into another administration. I shall not take your trust lightly.

"I am your friend. I am your servant. I want to make your troubles a little lighter. I want to try to the utmost of my ability to make our college home a friendlier, happier, more democratic and more beautiful home.

"In conferring upon me tonight this honor and privilege of leading you I do not feel that you are setting me apart but that you are designating a new way. I want that new way to be a closer, friendlier, more personal way. And I want you to feel, not that I am a judge of evils and unpleasantness but that I am your sister, your friend and ever your humble and loyal partner in working toward our ideal of a perfect honor system.

year? Do you remember our first meeting? It was in the student parlor and we met, after it had been de-worked hard and faithfully and it was a glorious occasion when we proclaimed one of our own Senators Queen, Lucy I of the House of May.

Next we set to work to get a motto for our College, for we felt the need of one. We felt the need of something which would strengthen us when temptations come. Many good mottoes were suggested by students and faculty. We thought over them, we tried to get the meaning of each one. After much consideration it was decided by the Student Body that 'Keep Faith' was the best one. This was given by Miss Putnam and she also wrote the lovely poem which goes with the motto, the creed which we repeat at the beginning of each of our meetings. We love Miss Putnam much, not just for what she has done in a material way, but for the moral support which she has given us all through the year—the same support which we have had from everyone else on the campus.

I shall not enumerate the other things which we have tried to do for most of them have just been heard in the charter read by Miss Prout. I do want to say just a few words to each of the classes.

To the Freshmen first: We feel that you are almost our children, for we had the privilege of training you at the beginning of the year. We tried to give you our college spirit earlier than any class before you has had it. We tried to make you desire more than anything else to become a member of the Student Senate. We are proud of you for what you have done—you have been a grand class! We are proud of you for having such a large number eligible for the Senate. We are proud of you who have been elected. In the report you made at our last meeting it did our hearts good to hear you commend the Citizenship School and ask that it be continued. May you keep on working as you have worked! May you never do anything which would bring ill repute to the Senate and to your Alma Mater.

To the Sophomores, who were our first Freshman Senators! You have been a steady, faithful group. You contributed perhaps more than anyone else towards the success of the Citizenship School for one of your own number, Una Franklin, was Chairman of the school. Often last summer she wrote me about the plans. She thought much over them and had them right ready for us to use in September. May you keep on working. Sophomores, doing even more than you have done. We hope you will keep on 'Keeping Faith.'

We will remember the Juniors especially for the chapel program they gave during 'Know-Each-Other-Week.' They gave over the only chapel program they were to have this year to the forwarding of one of our Senate projects. Do you remember the cute songs they sang—how they made us want to know each other, and how, as they suggested, we 'turned around and greeted our neighbors, and asked them if they were feeling fine?' It is to you, Juniors, that we are leaving our places, our Hall, even many of our friendships. May you love all these even more than we have loved them, and may you try to make it your duty to always try to see the little things which go to the making of the big things in college life!

And now to the Seniors! You have meant much to the successful year which we have just come through. I would say only this to you: If something we have said or done in our Senate meetings may help you in your work next year—in future life—that, itself, will be a great service the Senate has rendered.

There are many to whom we owe thanks! We would not forget the faculty for the inspirations they gave us on the Senate Board the week it was the 'Voice of the Faculty.' We would not forget the classes for this same service rendered. We would not forget the individual girls who have helped us keep attractive posters on the Senate Board every day this year except when our Beloved President passed away and then we felt that nothing we could put up would express our real feelings so we left it empty. Then we had to take the things down this afternoon for the rain was spoiling them. We hope that those who have helped us will go on helping the new Senate even more than they have helped us. There are many others who have helped us, but just because we have not mentioned them here is not because we do not appreciate their services.

In looking into the work of the Senate in the next few years and in looking from the standpoint of only one year's experience, I can see only one way for the Senate to travel and that is the right way. If we expect to lead this college in college spirit we must live up to the standards and ideals of our college, ourselves. We cannot afford to fall down on anything. We must always be that strong, big, faithful group upon which the Executive Board can depend. We must stand by the Executive Board in anything it sees fit to do. With fifty-eight girls always working for the success of Student Government, we decided that we would sponsor May Day, for the purpose of appointing committees for that occasion. Your President said in the beginning that she did not know what we were supposed to do, but that if we would all work together

"Clarence" Makes Sweeping Success

Booth Tarkington's play, "Clarence," was enacted with much sympathy and understanding of parts, much genuine enthusiasm and good actual acting for an amateur group of players. Indeed, the Repertory Players of Judson College who staged the play in Reynolds Hall Saturday evening, April 10, under the auspices of the Alabama Players, deserve much commendation and praise.

The play showed fine coaching and perfect selection of the cast. All agree that "Clarence" was a sweeping success.

Much credit goes to each individual player for the successful rendition and interpretation of the parts. Jennie Chalmers, as Bobby, the young son of the Wheeler household, easily won the hearts of the audience by the utter boyishness and easy unaffected manner with which she interpreted her role. Bobby's sister, Cora, played by Elizabeth Beeson, shares high honors with him. Her portrayal of this role was a splendid piece of work and much credit is due her. And poor, awkward Clarence! Did ever a man have more troubles? And just because he was in the army! Louise Fargason played the part with exceptional ease and her renditions on the saxophone were truly emotional. Rosary Looney, as Mr. Wheeler, the worried and upset head of the household, gained the sympathy of the audience from the start by the truly understanding way in which he enacted his part. Blanche Hendon as Violet Pinney, the much sought after young governess, deserves no small amount of praise. It is easily seen how she captivated the audience by her charm and sincerity. Dixie Stewart in the role of Mrs. Wheeler, almost had the audience in tears because of the seeming loss of her husband's love. One could easily understand why Bobby could not resist the charm of Della, the housemaid, played by Demovelle Hagood. She was delightful and there was regret that her part was not more prominent. Praise must also be given to Margaret Hassler as Dinwiddie and to Eleanor Onderdonk as Mrs. Martyn, the secretary. Although their parts were small they carried them off with ease and finesse.

The time of the play is anytime nowadays and the scenes are laid in the anteroom of Mr. Wheeler's private offices in New York, and in the living room of the Wheeler home at Englewood, N. J.

The play is written in four acts and is a veritable romance of youth, love and laughter.

The Repertory Players of Judson, producers of the play, are under the direction of Miss Irene Ingram. The officers of the club are: Louise Fargason, president; Janie P. Boone, vice president; Lucile Dees, secretary; Dixie Stewart, publicity manager; Mary Williams, stage manager, and O'Bera Cooper, business manager.

Eisteddfodd To Be Observed

The Allied Arts Club of Birmingham is sponsoring the first Southern Eisteddfodd which will be held in that city on May 1, and will consist of contests in allied arts. Alabama College has been requested to send delegates and contestants.

Announcement has, therefore, been accordingly made, and the Alabama College Glee Club will appear on the varied and interesting program of the Eisteddfodd. The college will also have representatives in voice, piano and violin, but it is not yet known just who they will be.

The Eisteddfodd is of Welsh origin and is a musical and art festival of the highest type. Every effort is being made by the club in Birmingham to make the first Southern effort a success.

College Physician Urges Inoculation

Are you going to travel this summer? Are you going to answer the call of the great outdoors and go camping and hiking? If so, there is just a word of warning that Dr. Peck would give you, and that is to be inoculated for typhoid fever if you haven't been in the last three years, or at all. August and September are the months for typhoid fever to start its ram-

that we might get College spirit down to a working basis. I think we have done that in a way this year. The committees appointed for May Day and towards the goal of a Perfect Honor System—with fifty-eight girls doing nothing to tear it down, with fifty-eight girls thinking—results will have to come.

It is our aim to "foster the highest type of College Spirit." What, then is the "highest type of College spirit?" It is that spirit which prompts you to do things, not for your own personal honor and glory, but for the honor and glory of others, your College. That is the "highest type of College spirit," the spirit we would foster from the Student Senate. I believe you have it tonight—I believe you've had it for several months. Then keep it, for in keeping it you are "Keeping Faith."

Mischa Levitz Presents Enjoyable Program

The program by Mischa Levitzki, noted Russian pianist, which was presented in the college auditorium Friday evening, April 9, was enthusiastically received by a large number of students and faculty members. We feel that we were very fortunate in being able to secure M. Levitzki.

The program was as follows:

I.
Organ Prelude and Fuque, A Minor (Bach-Liszt).
Gavotte (Gluck-Brahms).
Sonata, Op. 577 (Appassionata) (Beethoven).
Allegro assai
Andante con moto
Allegro ma non troppo, Presto (Played without interruption).

II.
Nocturne, F Sharp Major; Etude, G Flat (Butterfly); Etude, G Flat (Black keys); Valse, 9 Flat, Op. 64, No. 3; Polonaise, A Flat, Op. 53 (Chopin).

III.
Valse, A Major (Levitzki).
Staccato Etude (Rubinstein).
Troika en traineaux (Ascholkowsky).
Rhapsody No. 6 (Liszt).

Spinks and Davis To Macon

Helen Davis, outgoing President of the Student Government Association of Alabama College, and Mary Ellen Spinks, incoming President of the same organization, will attend the convention of the Southern Intercollegiate Association for Student Government which convenes at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., April 15-18.

There are forty colleges in the association, each of which sends two representatives each year to the meeting where student government problems and methods are discussed and considered.

Helen Davis, President of the Student Body, has been corresponding with officers of the association concerning the Senate movement, and she is planning to take with her a detailed report of what the Senate has done at Alabama College and what it has meant as a constructive force on the campus.

A number of colleges in the state are this spring adopting the plan of the Alabama College Senate, and it is believed the idea will be heartily endorsed at the meeting of the Student Government Presidents at Macon this week.

page, but the preceding months are the times to watch your drinking water. On your summer outings you cannot always be sure of your water. Neither can you be sure of your drinks at soda fountains, and you are sure to get more during the warm weather.

During the year, the typhoid serum produced wonderful results. Its great value was proved conclusively. Dr. Peck advises that you take advantage of your opportunity to be inoculated here and now. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

May Fete Elaborately Planned

May Queen Chosen Past Week

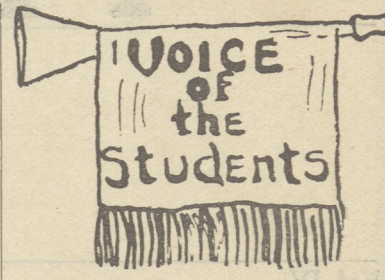
The May Queen for 1926 was chosen last week and the results are being kept entirely secret, only Alice Quarles, President of the Senate, and Miss Dorothy Early, of the Physical Education Department having any knowledge as to who will be crowned Queen of the May. Any girl in the Senior class was eligible to be chosen, but it was emphasized that the girl meaning most to her school and class be voted for. Quite a number of prominent girls have been talked for the place, but no students feel they know who has been chosen Queen. The Queen herself is not to know until the crown is placed upon her head.

Plans for the May fete are as follows:

The Queen's Court is to be in an old English Castle and the festivities are to occur just at the back of the castle. On May Day all the subjects throughout the entire kingdom come to the castle to pay homage to her who shall be chosen their queen. The lords and ladies (a couple elected from each class) will be present appropriately dressed for such a state occasion. The candidates for the throne, a number of beautiful girls, will dance, trying to do their best and be their proudest in an effort to gain the crown. All will be daintily clad. The court jester will be present. The people there vote as to which one the crown should go, but as they vote the court jester places the crown upon the head of the correct one, the name being whispered in his ear just a moment before.

The setting is to be entirely old English and the costumes and details are to fit with the general plan of the affair. As soon as the queen is crowned she calls for her "Best Citizen" and awards her the silver loving cup.

This is to be the second anniversary of the observance of May Day at Alabama College. The festivities, sponsored by the Senate, were highly successful last year and the entire



Old Also Ran*

There is something humorously pathetic about an "Also Ran." Being born one is about as inevitable as being born at all. Not only can a person help being born one, but he can prevent his remaining one through life.

Some people have sufficient ability or, in most cases, enough friends who are influential, to have their names put up as possible contestants; but when election time comes round, the ability and friends count for naught and the poor sufferer is put in the box with the other "Also Rans."

The first time, it is an unendurable tragedy; the second gives a time of deep disappointment; the third brings the self-pitying feeling that the world is down on us; the fourth time, it is a matter of course; the fifth (and don't think I'm exaggerating when I say that a person has been an "also ran" five times) the event is one of an extremely humorous nature. We find ourselves being witty, facetious, intoxicated, giddy.

Don't think that I'm embittered. I'm cheery over the fact that I'm far beyond that stage. The mere fact that I am a member of that exclusive class only helps me to appreciate the ludicrousness of the situation when I see others burst forth into freshest humor on the subject.

I think that there should be this one compensation for having been one of these "surpassed" creatures. And that is to be a reward given to the person having been put in this class the greatest number of times. The reward should be his being made president of an "Also Ran Society." Barney Google, having experienced, could be a charter member. The anthropoid, having lost out in the human race; Bryan, Carpenter, La Follette, all would have been excellent and sympathetic members. We would, I think, be a little unwilling to pledge people before they come to our degree of morbidity (for you know the Also Rans have a brand or birth mark by which we are unmistakable because so many, in the earliest stage would commit suicide, thereby formally resigning and render the club an extremely unstable membership.

One who has suffered as I cannot but be biased in feeling and cannot keep the tone of melancholy from creeping into even such an impersonal theme.

Really, the most humorous part of "Also Running" lies in the sympathy condoned by others who are cut out an entirely different pattern. They are so sweetly sympathetic, yet so deeply misunderstanding. You cry they cry. You ggle foolishly and they are ready to put you up again. You jump from your window on third and they stand by murmuring what an excellent president you would have made.

We, however, are yet young. We have yet many races to run and come out seventh. But I believe that we were cut out to win something, probably not the blue ribbon, probably not the loving cup, nor the silver basketball—but something.

My hopes are excited already! My package of popcorn there was a adorable rubber ball, and my beau presented me a lovely specimen of Pleurococcus. "All things may come to those who wait."

—Incognita
*EDITOR'S NOTE—An "Also Ran" is one who does not nab first, second, third, fourth or fifth place in an election or contest.

Rats Elect Officers For Soph Year

Clyde Merrill was elected by a substantial majority to head the Freshman class in their Sophomore year. The '26ers feel particularly fortunate in securing the services of Miss Merrill for the coming year, and it is anticipated that much advancement in the way of class activities will be made with her at the helm. She is a girl who has won the universal respect and admiration of her schoolmates, and one who in a large measure has contributed to the splendid success of the past organization.

Miss Merrill's co-workers are less faithful and spirited. They are Claudia Slade, Vice President; Martin, Secretary; Leatha Mae Jones, Treasurer; Eloise Lee and Kathryn Stovall, Executive Board Representatives.

The Senators were elected at an earlier date and were the same who served during the Freshman year with the additional new ones.

Miss Merrill and her executive assistants went into office this week. They have the best wish for the entire student body, which is pride in watching the work of the Freshman class.

Miss Merrill succeeds Elizabeth Prather to the presidency.

The student body predicts and anticipates a beautiful, interesting, educational and enjoyable celebration this year.

Let's Lead Monte To Victory

BASEBALL

There is one game which is dearer to the hearts of the American people in general than any other form of athletics. Football came to us from England, golf from Scotland, tennis from France, but this game is truly American. Yes, that game is baseball. Baseball season lasts from early spring till early fall and is played by all ages and sexes. It boasts more "fans" than any other one sport. All educated Americans (and many uneducated ones) know the game.

If one don't know how to play, it is advised that she join the ranks of those who play every afternoon at 4:30 down on the athletic field. Everyone who goes out gives glowing accounts of the exciting times they have. Mr. Wills is the coach and is considered one of the best baseball coaches in this part of the country. He is teaching the real thing.

It is hoped that a match game may be staged before the season is over, although there is not such a crowd out now as the first few days promised. There are, however, about 25 "old faithfuls."

And it is perhaps interesting to know that one can get an hour gym credit on baseball for going out 24 times.

All in all, baseball seems to be an advantageous sport to engage in just at present. For recreation, healthful experience, handy knowledge, gym credit, and lots of fun, baseball is heartily recommended.

Three cheers for debate.

New Tennis Court

Here is a bit of good news that everyone will be glad to hear. The three new tennis courts which the Athletic Association are building at the farther end of the Mallory athletic field have been started. They will be finished within a short while, so all those who have been unable to get a court when they wanted it, may look forward to something better in the near future.

Attention, Juniors!

Everyone remembers good posture week which was held last fall, and that the Juniors won the trophy which was to be presented to the class having the best postures. The trophy has come, and on the day when the loving cup is presented and other awards are given, this trophy will be presented to the Junior class.

Athletic Association Loving Cup

As usual, the Athletic Association will present the loving cup to the class which makes the greatest number of points in various athletic events. For two years past this loving cup has gone to the class of '27. Just at present it would be difficult to say which class is nearest to it. Every class has a chance. Points which can be won toward the loving cup are as follows:

Winners in basketball, 20 points; winners, in tennis, 20 points; winners in field day, 20 points; winners in swimming, 20 points; winners in hockey, 20 points.

As it now stands, the Sophomore and Senior classes possess 20 points each, the former having won in basketball, and the latter in hockey. Get busy, Freshmen and Juniors. There's no reason why you shouldn't win the loving cup yet.

Aims of New Technala Staff

The Technala staff for the coming year '26-'27, holds as its purpose to follow the high standards placed by those who have gone before. It is not only the duty of the staff but their wish to carry on, for they feel that in doing so, the result will be successful and pleasing to the student body, whom they serve. The staff wants to depict the college life as it is—perhaps as it should not be—rather than as it should be.

All are anxiously awaiting the annual this year, knowing the faithful and untiring work of the present staff and the new staff is hoping that they may ask for the present staff present in an artistic way what has been done this year.

Joy Cawthon is the new editor-in-chief, succeeding Anny May Skinner, and Louise Brooks is the new business manager, succeeding Patty Cole.

AIMS OF ATHLETIC BOARD FOR '27

The aims of the Athletic Association as set down in the constitution are these: To promote the health and recreation of the students; to create a joyous interest in play, and to stimulate and foster the highest type of college spirit.

The Athletic Board of 1926-27, in order to live up to these high ideals, will strive to help each individual physically, socially and morally.

Physically, by giving every girl the

JOTTINGS JOTTED DOWN

"Education is ignorance guided by experience."

"Humanity has always laughed at its saviors and stoned its prophets."

"Our lives cannot be at their best until we take our careers as vocations an dour vocations as divine appointments."

"The effort that costs nothing is worth exactly what it costs."

"Using midnight oil in youth saves midnight toil in maturity."

"Old blocks should be cautious how they criticise the chips."

"The worldly point of view is always paganism."

"Priceless days fly swiftly from the womb of time to the tomb of time."

"Say it with smiles."

"You are early—are you the worm or the bird?"

"The dollar sign is the question mark in amusements."

"The hand that turns the semaphore rules the world."

"It's a good thing to try your best to do better."

"Each new day is the beginning of a new year."

"Resolve to keep every good resolution."

"It's not unusual to see one who has received puppy love live a dog's life."

"Collectors are birds who put up coin with their bills."

"Lazy people are just as useless as dead ones, and take up more room."

"Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

"Doing less than the average pulls the average down."

"My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure,"

"You may be a promising youth—keep your promises and you'll succeed."

opportunity of participating in healthful, outdoor activities.

Socially, by strengthening relationships and ties of friendship and by bringing more girls in contact with each other through plays and games.

Morally, by teaching the loyalty, unselfishness and strength of character that goes to make up good sportsmanship.

Above this, the Athletic Board desires to strengthen the school as a whole by co-operating with the Senate in strengthening the spirit of the school.

The officers and personnel of the Athletic Board for 1926-27 are as follows:

President—Margaret Grayson.
Vice President—Mildred Gilchrist.
Secretary—Ruby Joe Snellgrove.
Treasurer—Lucy Hood.
Fishing and Camping Counselor—Tope Martin.
Swimming Counselor—Fay Turner.
Hock eyand Baseball Counselor—Edith Richards.
Tennis Counselor—Estelle Broadway.

Class representatives:
Senior—Rip Waldrop.
Junior—Bill Weatherly.
Sophomore—Not yet elected.

Camping and Hiking

The most popular spot anywhere in the vicinity of Alabama College just at present is the Camp. But then, who wouldn't want to go to Camp now that the weather is warmer and violets are in bloom? Springtime is the golden age for camping and it makes an appeal to which few fail to respond.

A party of girls was lured to spend their holidays there, and judging from their sun-burnt and thoroughly dishevelled appearance upon their return, they enjoyed themselves rather immensely. They tell us that horse-shoe throwing (properly termed quoits) was their chief form of amusement. The girls who spent the holidays at camp are: Margaret Grayson, Dorothy Smith, Tope Martin, Chicken Little, Martha Russel, Annie Holt Young, Mytie and Hattie Wilson, Ellie Dreyspring, Miss Tabor and Miss Earley.

The Camp has been signed up for every week-end from now till school is out, but if you're very anxious to go, see Lope Martin, camping counselor, and perhaps it can be arranged for you to go.

Spring is also the time for hiking. If you haven't bee nto the Forest of Arden or to Davies' Falls, or to any of the other pretty places around here in the spring, we advise you to go. You won't regret it.

Help A. C. win.

Swimming Pool Soon To Open

Perhaps the best news of all to some of the girls in school is that the swimming pool will open before very long. Of course, we can't set an exact date yet, because so much depends on the weather, but, judging from the rapid progress spring has made in the past week, we feel that we can safely say we won't have to wait long. After after it opens, it won't be long before the swimming contests take place. Watch for the opening of the pool!

Hear Prout on Divorce.

City Sacred to Mahomet

Medina, in the Arabian desert, is famous for the tomb of Mahomet. It is situated in a large mosque lighted by rich lamps. Medina was called the City of the Prophet, because here Mahomet was protected when he fled from Mecca on July 15, 622.

"More bright housekeepers and fewer light housekeepers will make the sea of matrimony safer."

"Go to the secretary, thou wind-jammer, he puts in minutes what it takes others hours to say."

"And end achieved by guile is a loss."

"Scientists make a serious and lasting mistake when they make much of the heavenly bodies and fail to make more of heavenly characters."

"The world loves honest fools better than it does clever knoves."

"You must cover ground or ground will cover you."

"Most sales are like sails—full of air."

"Swell-head is caused by a bump at the top following a sudden and unexpected rise."

"Snobs in college are the girls seldom heard from in later time."

Hear the Debate.

New Students Enter At Third Term

With the beginning of the spring quarter, new students have entered Alabama College. Some are now, others have been here before and still others have come from other colleges. We are glad to have them with us and feel that they will love our college as we do. The names added to the list of students are: Pearl Goodwin, Sophia Walker, Helen Cater, Louise Cobb, Elsie Archer, Bonnie Fuller, Mrs. Omega Dennis, May Belle

AWAY

Outside the sun is shining,
There's adventure in the air;
An old worn road begins
And leads somewhere!

Perhaps it winds through meadows,
Over hills and under trees;
And there's bound to be a brook
All patched with lights and brows and blues.

Friday, Passie Mae Pope, Ethel Powell.

Yell for Monte.

Of course, there's somewhere on the way
A place to stop and rest awhile;
A stump throne, maybe, or a tree
Or just a spot that's beautiful.

Sometime let's go—me and you,
And find the place where the road leads to!
—H. T.

Uncle Eben

"T's heard 'bout a 'gentlemen's agreement,'" said Uncle Eben, "and I has been wonderin' why religion and science can't make some such-like arrangement."—Washington Star.

Announcing the Appearance of the Sophomore Follies, Inc.

Presenting Their Famous

"JOY TIME"

A collection of the world's greatest revues, dance, chorus, charades, music
Songs of Youth, Love and Beauty

Reynolds Hall, May 8

Admission 35c

No reserved seats

COMING MAY 1

The Sensation of 1926

The Grand Opera of the Season

A stirring Spanish Tragedy presented by the World Renowned Junior Opera Company of Alabama College

Admission 35c

All Seats Reserved

Service With a Smile

AT

WILSON'S DRUG CO.

The Corner

The Rexall Store -- Montevallo, Ala.

STRAND THEATRE

MONTEVALLO,

ALA.

The Alabamian

Founded November, 1923
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He hath shewed three what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? Micah 6:8.

A STUDENT'S PRAYER

Heavenly Father, Thy name was taught me at my mother's knee. My father's integrity and kindness sprang from his reverence and from a conscience kept void of offense through regard of Thy law. In my student life may I not depart from their counsels. Aid me constantly by Thy grace that I never lose reverence of mind for truth nor fail to realize that back of all truth is God, that in my relations with my fellow students I may be both companionable and wholesome. Save me from supercilious conceit and the cynical temper, and save me from all moral recklessness. May I know to the full the joy and freedom of student years. But let me go forth from college campus and halls with clean hands and a pure heart. May I prize the integrity of mind and hearts, the physical strength and reserve energies that temperance consrves for Thy serious enterprises of life. May I be prepared to do my part worthily at last and to pay the debt I owe to parents, to society, to the state and to God for the emancipating privileges of freedom and of culture."

HELLO, FOLKS!

Your new staff is just shaking with palsy as it gives you this, its first edition of The Alabamian! Yes, we're just plumb scared! We may look pretty green to you now, but folks we've got enough life, enthusiasm and ambition to want to give you the biggest, best, cleanest and newestest school paper published. That's our aim! Were nigh on to being poverty-stricken at present, and you know it takes a heap o' money to put out a paper worthy of bearing the seal of Alabama College. But we promise you that we shall work hard and think until we wear our grey matter out. Yes, and I guess well burn the midnight oil. At least we intend to find a way for The Alabamian and to "keep faith" with you, its owners.

IN APPRECIATION

The Alabamian has during the past year made great, even unprecedented, strides. Its development has been marked in numerous respects. Such could not have been without a staff thoroughly co-operative and efficient, as it was, and guided by an editor of the calibre of Miss O'Neill. As she said in a staff meeting last fall "Girls, The Alabamian is dear tome. I want it to be to you. It can't be unless you put your best into its making." She did put her best into its making and the result is a better school paper of the higher type. True, not all her dreams in regard to The Alabamian came true. Quite the reverse. But the very fact that every edition of the paper was better than the last one is commendation enough. It is a privilege to be permitted to "carry on" the work she furthered.

AN EXPLANATION

This is the first issue of The Alabamian to appear in nearly six weeks. This is not because the staff was asleep but because the old staff "breaking even" as it was didn't want to leave a debt for the new staff to

pay, which would have been the case had other issues been published. The staff feels sure that the student body may readily realize and appreciate the situation and be grateful to the outgoing staff for leaving an even account.

In the future it is hoped there will be no hindrance or delay but that every issue of The Alabamian may be forthcoming in due and proper time.

ALA ALABAMA COLLEGE GIRL NEVER BREAKS HER WORD

Many, in fact all, students on the campus have heard the sentence, "An Alabama College girl never breaks her word." It sounds fine—but it cuts pretty deep sometimes. The Student Senate during the past year has tried to exert an influence and create an atmosphere that will make it possible for the college to be known by that one sentence, "An Alabama College girl never breaks her word." Until such can be said of a student of Alabama College the perfect honor system so coveted on the campus cannot be a reality. But if each individual student on the campus lives up to the college motto and has instilled in the very elements of her being and engrained in her heart the verities of the college code, she cannot stoop to falsehood's baser plane. Let us "keep faith" and let us ever remember the words in our code, "I'll stand by truth" and again "for honest work, for noble creed." Let's each be an Alabama College girl who never breaks even her slightest word. "Keep faith" with your tongue and the rest will be easy.

WANTED: MODERN MOSES HERE

The above was the editorial headline of an article in the Franklin, the weekly of Franklin College, an Indiana school. The article dealt with debating and the interest being manifested in the debates Franklin has gone into this spring. The last few lines of the short and very interesting article were especially gripping and brought home a few facts to the Alabama College readers of the paper—for Franklin's situation is the same as that of Alabama College. The inter-collegiate debates so near at hand will be won or lost according to the merit of the work of the team, but the students of the college can do more to create a healthier atmosphere. When a student goes into a contest with another college it seems that Alabama College students think, "Oh, well, we'll win with her representing us." Such is the faith always placed in a representative of the college. But sometimes a little cheering on the side lines would help! Quoting from the Franklin:

"In the West and in the East there is much more interest taken in debates and oratory than there is here. Even at Butler there are larger crowds for home debates than there are here. In order to increase the audience several instructors have required notes on the debate. That also is condemned as non-constructive. A poor commentary is any compulsory method.

"What is needed is a more awakened and interested student body. How to get it is the dilemma. We suggest a broader publicity campaign, an attempt to make students realize that their attendance at a debate is as necessary as at a football or basket ball game, and finally, that the student leaders take the lead and be modern Moses to lead the blind into light. Even this is merely negative on the surface; we should be glad to have suggestions."

DEBATES AND ATHLETICS

(The Indianapolis News)
Time was, in Indiana, when oratorical contests and college debates were the inter-collegiate events of the year. Students thronged to the city and there was no building large enough to hold them, and no seats strong enough to resist their vociferous attack. Now this enthusiasm, apparently, has been transferred to football and basket ball, but this situation, on analysis, is no cause for depression. Of course, old times often seem best to those who lived through old and new times. We believe in the old regime there were more students of ancient languages, and a larger percentage of the whole student body was devoted to the cultural branches of learning, but there are many more students now than there were in those days; classes in Latin, Greek literature, modern languages, history and oratory are larger now than ever, and the aggregate of all students in all such subjects is in excess of the aggregate in the old days. Oratory and debate on the campus and the interscholastic field probably have as many devotees as ever but the public interest in them has flagged, probably because of a division of support among many interests. There was formerly no football at all, and no basket ball, and not much track. We are speaking of the Middle West. It is no more conclusive to say that interest in debate has lagged than it is to say that interest in baseball has declined. These still have their devotees, but other things command larger public attention.

In the meantime inter-collegiate debates have become general and afford a fine training for a large number of students in the aggregate, and a considerable number in each college. The training is probably better than ever before. A recent subject discussed, for instance, was the proposed twentieth amendment on child labor or "shall child labor be subject to Congressional control?" Readers of this paper know that we believe it should

not be, that it would be an invasion of the field of the state. But that does not mean that there is nothing to say on the other side. The student teams took both sides of the question—that is, one team debated the affirmative and one the negative in each college. Research and study of all the questions involved became necessary to the debaters, and a considerable number of people in the aggregate attend the debates. Anyone who heard the debate between Wash and Butler College on this subject would certainly conclude that the participants had prepared themselves thoroughly, had studied government and the constitution and had to a degree mastered the arts of discussion and oratory. The criticism by the judge was a masterly analysis of all that was involved, and was bound to be helpful to the participants and the audience.

Not long ago a group of debaters from a university of England discussed live problems with like groups from American colleges and the exchange of views was educative to a high degree. Reading and oratory have not passed.

ARE YOU WELL-INFORMED?

One of the high schools in the state a year or two ago conducted a contest which was designated to distinguish the "best-informed senior." Fifty questions were asked which the seniors were to answer. That one making the highest grade won the coveted distinction and a prize. Disregarding the merits and faults of such a process it will not hurt at this time to call attention to the importance of being well-posted on general lines. One wonders if many college seniors of Alabama College could make more than 67 (which was the highest grade recorded on the examination) were they subjected to the same examination. The questions used on that occasion were:

1. What is Congress? Into how many houses is it divided? What is the membership of each and how long is the tenure of office?
2. Give the names of the present cabinet members and tell the state of their residence. How do they obtain office?
3. What is music? How is it represented on paper? What is the difference between rag-time and classical music?
4. If three-sevenths of the time past noon equals three-fifths of the time until midnight, what time of day is it?
5. Who was Euclid? Luther? (Cicero? Alexander? Solon? Galileo? Michael Angelo? When did each live?
6. Name four great religions of the world and tell who originated them.
7. Explain what is mean by (a) Ice age; (b) Periclean age; (c) Stone age; (d) Industrial age.
8. (a) Explain the different between savagery, barbarism and civilization. (b) What is meant by material civilization? In which has the world made greater progress? Justify your answer.
9. Who were (a) David and Jonathan; (b) Paris and Helen; (c) Romeo and Juliet; (d) Romulus and Remus?
10. Define: Adequate, antithesis, celestial, spectroscope, history, unison, periodic, unisue.
12. Who wrote Decameron, Anabasis, Deuteronomy, The Prince, The Wealth of Nations, The Outline of History, Hamlet, Sea Wolf, Main Street, Lohengrin, Paradise Lost, Dixie?
13. (a) Who discovered America? South Pole? The circulation of blood? The law of gravitation? Coosa River? Pacific Ocean? (b) Who invented the sewing machine? Cotton gin? Telegraph?
14. To whom does history give credit for the following utterances: "Give me liberty or give me death;" "I regret that I have only one life to give to my country;" England expects every man to do his duty."
15. Name three types of machines for the navigation of the air. Give one reason why an airship cannot fly to the moon.
16. What was the Holy Alliance? Monroe Doctrine? League of Nations?
17. Write a discussion of not more than 100 words on the subject, "The Abolition of War," taking a position for or against.
18. Name the highest mountain in the world. The longest river.
19. What is the earliest date on which Easter can occur?
20. Name the two most decisive battles occurring in America.
21. Where is the Packard automobile manufactured?
22. Name the four largest cities in the world in order of population.
23. What great general deliberated a great deal before crossing the Rubicon?
24. Explain why the leaning tower of Pisa stands and does not collapse.
25. Why is it generally believed that the moon is not inhabited?
26. What city in America is noted for automobile tire manufacture?
27. What percentage of salt by volume is to be found in sea water?
28. Name four Grand Opera stars of the present day.
29. Is the pressure against the Wilson Dam augmented by the depth of water at the dam or by the length and width of the water impounded?
30. Name the general responsible for the defeat of Hooper's right wing at the battle of Chancellorsville.
31. Is it true that people are a little taller in the morning than at night? If so, why so?
32. What language is spoken in Guatemala?
33. Why were Germans called Huns during the World War?

34. Who was Lorna Doone?
35. What is meant by Jeffersonian Democracy?
36. What are the constitutional qualifications for the presidency of the United States?
37. Who is the present premier of Great Britain? What is meant by responsible government as applied to the British Cabinet?
38. Distinguish between inter and intrastate commerce.
39. Where was the last Republican National Convention held? The Democratic Convention? What rule does each convention follow as to the number of votes required to nominate?
40. Explain the word convoy as applied during the World War.
41. In substance what was the Dred Scott case? What was the decision?
42. Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?
40. In politics what is meant by the Solid South?
44. Name the living ex-president or presidents of the United States. Some of the governors of Alabama.
45. What State is known as the Lone Star State and why?
46. Who is Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and by whom was he appointed?
47. Discuss in full the manufacture of steel.
48. From what do we get most of our dyes, perfumes and extracts?
49. Of what is glass made and how?
50. Describe the X-Ray and its use.

IT'S INTERESTING TO NOTE!

Alabama College is an institution of peculiar distinction. Just listen to some of them:

The elevator in the main dormitory was installed, not as a convenience, but in order that girls from rural sections might see what one was like.

The Practice Home is the oldest brick building in the State of Alabama and was built before Alabama was a State. The bricks were made by slaves on the Nabors Estate.

Reynolds Hall, the Chapel building, was erected with the first brick made in Birmingham.

The main dormitory is reputed to be the largest in the South. Its three wings are as distinct building and bear separate names.

Ramsay Hall, the newdormitory, is considered the second finest one in the South, a Texas school claiming to have one that slightly excels it.

The Alabama College School of Music is fast becoming recognized as the finest music school in the South.

The fire-escape! Well, that's Monte's biggest thriller! No other school in Alabama has one like it!

The champion butter-cow of Georgia (when she was in Georgia) and the heaviest registered calf ever born, are both in the pasture connected with the Alabama College Dairy.

The Log Cabin, club house of one of the social clubs of the college, was built years ago by the girls themselves.

And finally—the toil with which A's are acquired! It's universally (?) agreed that they are harder to make at Montevallo than anywhere else in the State.

And it's all to our credit!

PERSONALITY vs. IMITATION

L. T. Wallace, A.M., Th.D., Ph.D., of Jonesboro College, Jonesboro, Ala., in writing an article on "Properly Utilizing Personality and Imitation in our Studying," clinched some vital facts. He made the students who read his article think. What is personality? Is it something vaguely intangible and indefinite? Is it something each of us has, or is it something only those born under a lucky star can hope to possess? These questions, vital as they are, are questions given very little consideration by the average person. And there are answers both pro and con for the above questions.

Dr. Wallace says that while personality may be cultivated, it seems to be a gift.

Imitation has a more obvious definition. "Pure imitation is literally following the thought, doing the same things, or walking in the footsteps of others without any variation." It is inevitable, however, that all be imitators in various and unnoticed ways. The masses always imitate. Now and then one with personality may dare to stand alone performing a novel truth, expounding a new idea or theory. It is here that imitation and personality come into a relationship that is both vital and criss-cross. There are two kinds of imitators. One is "automatic drudge or parrot-like follower." He never does anything new. He is robbing his soul of its rightful heritage—"that of finding out things for itself. Slavish imitation kills self-reliance."

The second type of imitator is the one who combines old materials into new designs. He has the satisfaction of being a producer, while others consume.

"It would seem that whenever the thoughts [and knowledge of others have been so thoroughly mastered that they become a real part of our own selves, so that as we handle them the identifying marks are no longer discernible by those well qualified to judge. There can be no just criticism of such imitation, and it is not harmful to our personality or individuality. Avoid slavish imitation, for not to do so means we will rob ourselves of that heritage that ought to be ours; namely, a well-rounded personality, thoroughly developed through a diligent use of our own powers."

THE IDEAL COLLEGE GIRL

Four girls passed through the assem-

bly hall one day. One of them carried an armful of books, and looked not to the right nor to the left—but went toward her room. Yes, she was a stude, the kind whose heart would be forever broken if her report card were ever disgraced by a B. But study was all she had time to do.

Had time to do? No, that wasn't it. She was blind to the fact that she was wasting much of her time in poring over facts others had found out. She had no originality of her own. She had no philosophy save that she must make an A or die in the attempt. She couldn't mix with the gang if she had to, and after all, we wonder if she could even think. You know, people with average intelligence can make A's if they make that the passion of their life.

Another girl went by. Oh, you see her every day. She flits here and yonder. She's vivacious and gay—but, so precise; not a hair out of place—and made up?—my, yes! She's one of these dapper little flappers exulting in the clothes she wears, the dates she has, the boys she strings. And if she isn't a millionaire, she puts on the air without the million. Yes, she's that way all the time, and at night when she could be studying, she's "feasting," "dating," posing and murdering her trust of time. She's not the kind we like.

The third—oh, she's another familiar type. She's real "buggy" (if you please) on athletics. That's her life. She believes in developing and keeping her body fit for the strenuous activities of holding high the athletic standards of the school. Dress doesn't matter. Looks do not count. Grades, oh, they just figure as far as D. Of course she must make that much in order to represent the Alma Mater on various fields of battle and honor. Let her pass.

The fourth—yes, you know her, too. She wins honor galore. She's the leader. If there is a contest, she's right there. She always has plenty to say when a vital question comes up. She steps in where there's trouble, and has a knack of straightening things out. She's the "student activity" girl. She holds many offices; she performs those duties well. But she's concerned with the honor, not primarily with the service she can render. To be sure she wants to serve, but she serves in order to further her own selfish interests. To get every honor she can, is her aim.

Oh, it's all mockery! It's all sham! Pray God, we may have an amalgamation of the four with a few other qualities thrown in. Be, you and me, the kind of girls who know how and when to study, and who study well. A's come in mighty handy sometimes. Yes, the kind of girl we like is the one who does take pride in her appearance, who does give her body physical training, who is a good sport (and that's the main thing) under any and all circumstances. The ideal type og girl, we think, is one who can sing, and play, and dance, and hike; the girl who can cook, and sew, and "keep house"; the girl who can talk in public, who can "mix well." She's the one who can stand alone and stand for the right. She's the one who does not compromise with her God. Our ideal girl is a laughing, yet thinking, full-blooded, practical, well-rounded modern American girl—yes, the kind who 'mid it all, "Keeps Faith."

THE COLLEGE CODE

A student from another college in the State was talking with a Montevallo girl. "Well, I reckon so and so is our motto; that's what's on our seal." She "reckons," but why doesn't she know? The motto and code of Alabama College is too vital to be simply reckoned with. Montevallo girls know theirs. It's not the rules set down in the hand book; it's not the regulations posted on every room; it's not the enactments of the Executive Board which keep Montevallo on the right track—but it's that inherent regard for the right, for truth, and for honesty. The girls think not of the pledges they perhaps make—they think more of that motto stretched across the big bulletin board which is the "Voice of the Students." They have a higher regard for the motto, "Keep Faith," than for the keeping of and promise they can make. "Keep Faith" means more than keeping the pladge signed on an examination pad. It means more than refraining from undue procedure in regard to classroom work. Ringing in the hearts and minds of the Alabama College girl is the College Code, the explanation of the motto. It's her creed, her doctrine, her philosophy. Alabama College is trying to build an enobled womanhood. She perforce can do no other if her student body means what it says when it repeats: "I will keep faith."

LET'S STOP TO THINK

A Senator last fall was derided and ridiculed when she made the astounding statement that the vast majority of the students on the Alabama College campus had not learned how to think. She made predictions concerning the present session. But the Senators (at least at first) did not agree with her—and they laughed. Recently that same Senator was called upon to give her conclusions on the same subject and to tell if her predictions in her estimation had come true. She made the remark that the students on the campus did not do real, vital, individual, constructive thinking. In her estimation the gregarious instinct holds too much sway for students to be individual enough to stand alone with a new thought. Yes, they'd rather follow the gang, do what the others do,

think as the other think, or let a few outstanding girls do the thinking for them. Th Senator may have been rather severe when she said that some students on the campus never had a real thought they could call their own, and that some would probably never have. But she did clinch one important fact. And that is, that students do not rely, enough upon their own mental resources. They are too prone to follow the other fellow and let things happen as they will. Why not think it out? And each individual is the one to do it. Are you a thinking student? If you are not, why not?

SLANGUAGE

Modern language has by some been called the American language. When "Babbit," a best-seller of Sinclair Lewis', was published, a glossary was placed in the back of the book, so that Englishmen might understand the American language so talked of and now being read—so Carl Sandberg told. But an Englishman edited the glossary! When the word "nut" was treated, he deliberately defined it thus: "a mad person." Not so in the American language! And further, not so in this day of language! "Aint," "can it," "cut it out," "spuds," are true examples of language. The "snake's hip," the "cat's ankle," the "germ's eyebrow," the "tad-pole's garter," "it get's me," "shut your trap," and numerous others—they are examples of modern language. Every class of society and every age has its own particular slang code. Today there are apt expressions for all common ideas—expressions so apt that English teachers "pass out" because of their inapitude. But some of them have come to stay. Oh, not the ones recorded here, unless it be "ain't," but there are terms handed down from age to age which in their original day were slang, to be sure. And then there are slang phrases which, though they outlast our own generation, remain slang. Such are "blow-out," "skiddo," "flapper," "sheik," "bully," "soft-soap," and "Sam Hill." "Niggers" were not new to Thackeray and Carlyle. Tomorrow college people may still refer to their "pig-skin," "sheep-skin," "calf-skin." A dollar may still be a "paper rug," a quarter, "two bits"—but still that will be slang.

George Eliot said that "Slang words are blank checks of intellectual poverty." She stood for plain speaking and high thinking. Where do you stand?

COLLEGE MOTHERS' DAY

We celebrate Founder's Day, the Tournament, Thanksgiving, Easter, Mothers' Day, May Day, and the birth days of some of America's most illustrious statesmen. Why not a College Mothers' Day, when the mothers sit in the audience of the Chapel and the student body presents a program honoring and reverencing them?

STRONG STUDENTS CONSTITUTE SENATE

The new Senate for '26-'27 has been organized, with Alice Quarles as president; Mary Vinson as vice president; Vivian Cobb as secretary, and Mary Allen Rhodes as treasurer. The Senate, as originally planned for, was to include 58 active members, but membership has been extended to 63. The Senate is an advisory body concerned with fostering the highest type of school spirit. Only leaders who have maintained a scholastic average of at least B are eligible, and not then unless they are girls who have contributed to the betterment of the class or school. A very strong body of girls makes up the Senate for the coming administration year. The Senior class is entitled to 20 Senators, the junior class to 15, the Sophomore to 12 and the Freshman to 10. The Freshmen, however, cannot be chosen until January of 1927, since the Freshmen of next year are the ones concerned.

The personnel of the Senate by classes is as follows:

Senior: Collie Roan, Fay Cotney, Gertrude Gaines, Mildred Gilchrist, Martha Grantham, Claire Griffin, Melba Griffin, Mary Hill, Hazel Jackson, Joyce Jackson, Roberta Northrup, Mary Allen Rhodes, Joyce Stapler, Gladys Waldrop, Louise Fleming, Mary Watson, Mary Hungerford, Ina Mae Malone, Frances Crump, Ruth Jones.

Junior—Mary Bryant, Vivian Cobb, Laurette Fotner, Ruth Hillman, Mary House, Frances Loftin, Mildred Orr, Catherine Parker, Myrtle Plant, Catherine Prentiss, Margaret Reeves, Margaret Tysinger, Mary Vincent, Fannie Morton.

Sophomore: Estelle Blann, Clyde Merrill, Elizabeth Prather, Dorothy Smith, Rebecca Ford, Alice Lyman, Mary McConaughy, Margaret Fountain, Rebecca Smith, Evelyn Staples, Louise Burnham, Dorothy Bandman.

The five other Senators are those elected from the membership of the five major organizations.

Statesman's View

Poetry at its best is easily intelligible, touching the finest chords of taste and feeling, but never striving at effect. This is the highest merit in every department of literature, and in poetry it is well called inspiration. Surprise, conceit, strange combinations of imagery and expression, may be successfully managed, but it is merit of an inferior kind. The beautiful, pathetic and sublime are always simple and natural, and marked by a certain serene unconsciousness of effort.—Edward Everett.

AVERAGE JONES

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

BLUE FIRES

Mr. A. V. R. E. Jones—Average Jones, his friends called him—was tired of spending his dead uncle's millions in New York and doing nothing more, and craved to take part in the dynamic activities of life. At the suggestion of the owner of an important and decent newspaper, he opened offices in Astor court and went in for following up queer advertisements and tracing down fraudulent advertisers.

There were few places, Average Jones held, where human nature in the rough can be studied to better advantage than in the stifling tunnels of the subway or the close-packed sardine boxes of the metropolitan surface lines. It was in pursuance of this theory that he encountered the Westerner, on a Third avenue car. By custom, Average Jones picked out the most interesting or unusual human being in any assembly where he found himself, for study and analysis. This man was peculiar in that he alone was not perspiring in the sodden August humidity. The clear-browed skin and the rangy strength of the figure gave him a certain distinction. He held in his sinewy hands a doubly folded newspaper. Presently it slipped from his hold to the seat beside him. He stared at the window opposite with harassed and unseeing eyes. Abruptly he rose and went out on the platform. Average Jones picked up the paper. In the middle of the column to which it was folded was a marked advertisement:

ARE YOU IN AN EMBARRASSING POSITION? Anything, anywhere, any time, regardless of nature or location. Everybody's friend. Consultation at all hours. Suite 152, Owl Building, Brooklyn.

The car was nearing Brooklyn bridge. Average Jones saw his man drop lightly off. He followed and at the bridge entrance caught him up.

"You've left your paper," said he. The stranger whirled quickly. "Right," he said. "Thanks. Perhaps you can tell me where the Owl building is."

"I wouldn't consult with everybody's friend over in the Owl building."

"Why?"

"Er—because—er—if I may speak plainly," drawled Average Jones, "I wouldn't risk a woman's name with a gang of blackmailers."

"You've got your nerve," retorted the stranger. The keen eyes, flattening almost to slits, fixed on the impassive face of the other. "Well, I'll go you," he decided, after a moment. His glance swept the range of vision and settled upon a ratskeller sign. "Come over there where we can talk."

They crossed the grilling roadway, and, being wise in the heat, ordered "soft" drinks.

"Now," said the stranger, "you've declared in on my game. Make good. What's your interest?"

"None, personally. I like your looks, that's all," replied the other frankly. "And I don't like to see you run into that spider's web."

"You know them?"

"Twice in the last year I've made 'em change their place of business."

"But you don't know me. And you spoke of—of a woman."

"I've been studying you on the car," explained Average Jones. "You're hard as nails; yet your nerves are on edge. On your watch chain you've got a solitaire diamond ring, until you can find a place to put it. It's a fair inference that there's been an obstruction in the course of true love. Unless I'm mistaken, you, being a stranger newly come to town, were going to take your case to those man-eating sharks. At a venture I'd say you were a mining man from down around the Ray-Kelvin copper district in Arizona. That peculiar, translucent copper silicate in your scarf pin comes from those mines."

"The Blue Fire?" I wish it had stayed there, all of it! Anything else?"

"Yes," returned Average Jones, warming to the game. "You're an eastern college man. I think, from your Phi Beta Kappa key."

"Hamilton, '89. Name, Kirby."

A gleam of pleasure appeared in Average Jones' keen eyes. "That's rather a coincidence," he said. "Two of us from the Old Hill. I'm Jones of '04. Had a cousin in your class, Carl Van Reypen."

They plunged into the intimate community of interest which is the peculiar heritage and asset of the small, close-knit old college. Presently, however, Kirby's forehead wrinkled again. He sat silent, communing with himself. At length he lifted his head like one who has taken a resolution.

"You made a good guess at a woman in the case," he said. "And you call this a coincidence? She'd say it was a case of intuition. She's very strong on intuition and superstition generally." There was a mixture of tenderness and bitterness in his tone. "Chance brought that advertisement

to her eyes. A hatpin she'd dropped stuck through it, or something of the sort. Enough for her. Nothing would do but that I should chase over to see the Owl building bunch. At that, maybe her hunch was right. It's brought me up against you. Perhaps you can help me. What are you? A sort of detective?"

"Only on the side." Average Jones drew a card from his pocket, and tendered it:

A. JONES, AD-VISOR
Advice Upon All Matters Connected With Advertising. 2 to 5 P. M.
Astor Court Temple.

"Ad-Visor, eh?" repeated the other. "Well, there's going to be an advertisement in the Evening Truth today, by me. Here's a proof of it."

Average Jones took the slip and read it.

LOST—NECKLACE OF CURIOUS BLUE stones from Hotel Denton, night of August 6. Reward greater than value of stones for return to hotel. No questions asked.

"Reward greater than value of stones," commented Average Jones. "There's a sentimental interest, then?"

"Will you take the case?" returned Kirby abruptly.

"At least I'll look into it," replied Average Jones.

Across a luncheon table, at the quiet, old-fashioned Hotel Denton, Kirby unbowed himself.

"You know all that's necessary about me. The—the other party in the matter is Mrs. Hale. She's a young widow. We've been engaged for six months; were to be married in a fortnight. Now she insists on a postponement. That's where I want your help."

Average Jones moved uneasily in his chair. "Really, Mr. Kirby, lovers' quarrels aren't in my line."

"There's been no quarrel. It's only her superstition that's caused this trouble. One can't blame her; her father and mother were both killed in an accident after some sort of 'ghostly' warning. The first thing I gave her, after our engagement, was a necklace of these stones"—he tapped his scarfpin—"that I'd selected, one by one, myself. They're beautiful, as you see, but they're not particularly valuable; only semi-precious. The devil of it is that they're the subject of an Indian legend. The Indians and Mexicans call them 'blue fires,' and say they have the power to bind and loose in love. Edna has been out in that country, and she fairly soaked in all that nonsense. To make it worse, when I sent them to her I wrote that—that—" a dull red surged up under the tan skin—"that as long as the fire in the stones burned blue for her my heart would be all hers. Now the necklace is gone. You can imagine the effect on a woman of that temperament. And you can see the result." He pointed with a face of misery to the solitaire on his watch chain.

"Details," said Average Jones crisply.

"She's here at this hotel. Has a small suite on the third floor. Came down from her home in central New York to meet my mother, whom she had never seen. Mother's here, too, on the same floor. Night before last Mrs. Hale thought she heard a noise in her outer room. She made a look-see, but found nothing. In the morning when she got up, about ten (she's a late riser), the necklace was gone from the stand in her sitting room."

"Anything else taken?"

"That's the strange part of it. Her purse, with over a hundred dollars in it, which lay under the necklace, wasn't touched."

"Any other thefts in the hotel?"

"Not that I can discover. But one of the guests on the same floor with Mrs. Hale saw a fellow acting queerly that same night. There he sits, yonder, at that table. I'll ask him to come over."

The guest, an elderly man, already interested in the case, was willing enough to tell all he knew.

"I was awakened by some one fumbling at my door and making a clinking noise," he explained. "I opened my door. A man was fussing at the keyhole of the room opposite. He was very clumsy. I said: 'Is that your room?' He didn't even look at me. In a moment he started down the hallway. He walked very fast, and I could hear him muttering to himself. He seemed to be carrying something in front of him with both hands. It was his keys, I suppose. Anyway I could hear it clink. At the end of the hall he stopped, turned to the door at the left and fumbled at the keyhole for quite a while. I could hear his keys clink again. This time, I suppose, he had the right room, for he unlocked it and went in. I listened for fifteen or twenty minutes. There was nothing further."

Average Jones looked at Kirby with lifted brows of inquiry. Kirby nodded, indicating that the end room was Mrs. Hales'.

"How was the man dressed?" asked Average Jones.

"Grayish dressing gown and bed slippers. He was tall and had gray hair."

"Many thanks. Now, Mr. Kirby, will you take me to see Mrs. Hale?"

The young widow received them in her sitting room. She was of the slender, big-eyed, sensitive type of womanhood, her piquant face marred by the evidences of sleeplessness and tears. To Average Jones she gave her confidence at once. People usually did.

"I felt sure the advertisement would bring us help," she said wistfully. "Now, I feel surer than ever."

"Faith helps the worst case," said the young man, smiling. "Mr. Kirby tells me that the intruder awakened you."

"Yes; and I'm a very heavy sleeper. Still I can't say positively that anything definite roused me; it was rather an impression of someone's being about. I came out of my bedroom and looked around the outer room, but there was nobody there."

"You didn't think to look for the necklace?"

"No," she said with a little gasp; "if I only had!"

"And—er—you didn't happen to hear any clinking noise, did you?"

"No."

"Are you sure your door was locked?"

"Certainly. As soon as I missed the necklace I looked at the catch."

"Sometimes these locks don't work." Slipping the catch back, Average Jones pressed the lever down. There was a click, but the ward failed to slip. At the second attempt the lock worked. But repeated trials proved that more than half the time the door did not lock.

"So," observed Average Jones, "I think we may dismiss the key theory."

As he spoke Average Jones disappeared through the window.

When he returned, after five minutes, he held in his hand some scrapings of the rusted iron which formed the balcony railing.

"You're a mining man, Mr. Kirby," he said. "Would you say that assayed anything?"

Kirby examined the glinting particles. "Gold," he said decisively.

"Ah, then the necklace rubbed with some violence against the railing. Now, Mrs. Hale, how long were you awake?"

"Ten or fifteen minutes. I remember that a continuous rattling of wagons below kept up for a little while. And I heard one of the drivers call out something about taking the air."

"Er—really!" Average Jones became suddenly absorbed in his seal ring. He turned it around five accurate times and turned it back an equal number of revolutions. "Did he—er—get any answer?"

"Not that I heard."

The young man pondered, then drew a chair up to Mrs. Hale's escritoire,

"Yep."

"Did you see him go in?"

"Nope."

"Here's your twenty," said Average Jones. "You're long on sense and short on words. I wish there were more like you."

"Thanks. Thanks again," said the teamster, and went out.

Meantime Kirby had sent his list of the guests who had given up their rooms on August 7. Armed with the list, Average Jones went to the Hotel Denton and spent a busy morning.

"I've had a little talk with the hotel servants," said he to Kirby, when the latter called to make inquiries. "Mr. Henry M. Gillespie of Locke, N. Y., had room 168. It's on the same floor with Mrs. Hale's suite, at the farther end of the hall. He had only one piece of luggage, a suitcase marked H. M. G. That information I got from the porter. He left his room in perfect order except for one thing: one of the knobs on the headboard of the old-fashioned bed was broken off short. He didn't mention the matter to the hotel people."

"What do you make of that?"

"It was a stout knob. Only a considerable effort of strength exerted in a peculiar way would have broken it as it was broken. There was something unusual going on in room 168, all right."

"Then you think Henry M. Gillespie of Locke, N. Y., is our man?"

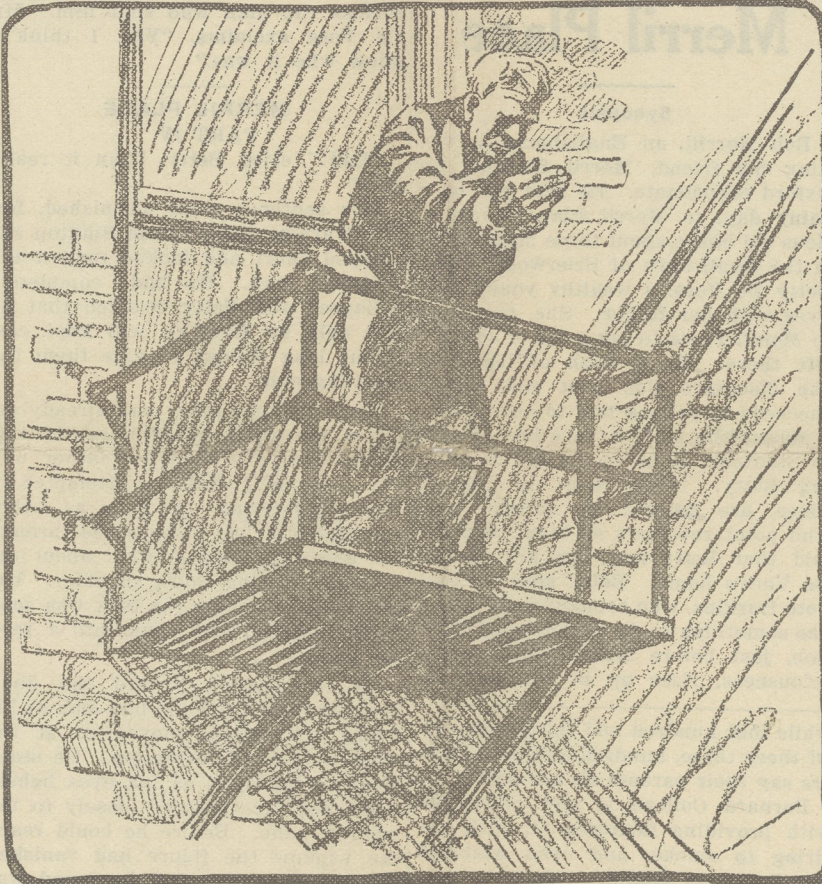
"No," said Average Jones.

The Westerner's square jaw fell.

"Why not?"

"Because there's no such person as Henry M. Gillespie of Locke, N. Y. I've just sent there and found out."

Three stones of the fire-blue necklace returned on the current of advertised appeal. One was brought in by the night bartender of a "sporting" club. He had bought it from a man who had picked it up in a gutter; just where, the finder couldn't remember. For the second a South Brooklyn pawnbroker demanded (and received) an exorbitant reward. A florist in Greenwich, Conn., contributed the last. With that patient attention to detail which is the A. B. C. of detective work, Average Jones traced



"Guy on the Third Floor Balcony."

and, with an abrupt "excuse me," helped himself to pen, ink and paper. "There!" he said, after five minutes' work. "That'll do for a starter. You see," he added, handing the product of his toil to Mrs. Hale, "this street happens to be a regular cross-town route for milk vans. Hence this."

Mrs. Hale read:

"MILK DRIVERS, ATTENTION: DEL-Aware Central mid-town route. Who talked to man outside hotel early morning of August 7? Twenty dollars to right man. Apply personally to Jones, Ad-Visor. Astor Court Temple, New York."

"For the coming issue of the Milk-Dealers' Journal," explained its author. "Now, Mr. Kirby, I want you to find out for me—Mrs. Hale can help you, since she has known the hotel people for years—the names of all those who gave up rooms on this floor, or the floors above or below, yesterday morning, and ask whether they are known to the hotel people."

"You think the thief is still in the hotel?" cried Mrs. Hale.

Average Jones shook his head. He was still shaking his head when he left the hotel.

It took three days for the milk-journal advertisement to work. On the afternoon of August 10, a lank, husky-voiced teamster called at the office of the Ad-Visor and was passed in ahead of the waiting line.

"I'm after that twenty," he declared. "Earn it," said Average Jones with equal brevity.

"Hotel Denton. Guy on the third floor balcony."

"Right so far."

"Leannin' on the rail as if he was sick. I give him a hello. 'Takin' a nip of night air, Bill?' I says. He didn't say nothin'."

"Did he do anything?"

"Kinder fanned himself an' jerked his head back over his shoulder. Meanin' it was too hot to sleep inside, I reckon. It sure was hot!"

"Fanned himself? How?"

"Like this." The visitor raised his hands awkwardly, cupped them, and drew them toward his face.

"Er—with both hands?"

Variety, the Clipper and the Bill-board scattered the appeal broadcast throughout "the profession." Thousands read it, and one answered it. And within a few days after receiving that answer Jones wired to Kirby.

Probably found. Bring Mrs. Hale to-morrow at 11. Answer. A. JONES.

Some minutes before the hour the pair were at Average Jones' office. Kirby fairly pranced with impatience while they were kept waiting in a side room. The only other occupant was a man with a large black dress-suit case, who sat at the window in a clump of dejection. He raised his head for a moment when they were summoned and let it sag down again as they left.

Average Jones greeted his guests cordially. "I haven't got the necklace and I haven't got the thief," he announced; "but I think I've got the man who's got the necklace."

"Did the thief hand it over to him?" demanded Kirby.

"You are deluding yourself with a name, Kirby. You've got your mind fixed on the name 'thief,' and the idea of theft. If I had gone off on that tack I shouldn't have the interesting privilege of introducing to you Mr. Harvey M. Greene."

The man from the outer room entered and nervously acknowledged his introduction to the others.

"Mr. Greene," explained Jones, "has kindly consented to help clear up the events of the night of August 6 at the Hotel Denton and"—he paused for a moment and shifted his gaze to the newcomer's narrow shoes—"and—er—the loss of—er—Mrs. Hale's jeweled necklace."

The boots retracted sharply, as under the impulse of some sudden emotion; startled surprise, for example. "What?" cried Greene, in obvious amazement. "I don't know anything about a necklace."

A twinkle of satisfaction appeared at the corners of Average Jones' eyes.

"That also is possible," he admitted. "If you'll permit the form of an examination, When you came to the Hotel Denton on August 6, did you carry the same suitcase you now have with you, and similarly packed?"

"Ye-es. As nearly as possible."

"Thank you. You were registered under the name of Henry M. Gillespie and you left the hotel quite early on the following morning?"

"Yes."

"Your business compels you to travel a great deal. Do you often register under an alias?"

"Yes," returned the other, his face twitching.

"But not always. In a large city and a strange hotel, for example, you'd take any name which would correspond to the initials, H. M. G., on your dress-suit case. But in a small town where you were known, you'd be obliged to register under your real name of Harvey M. Greene. It was that necessity which enabled me to find you."

"I'd like to know how you did it," said the other gloomily.

"Here's a bedpost, exactly like the one in room 168, occupied by Mr. Greene at the Denton. Kirby, you're a powerful man. Can you break that knob off with both hands?" Jones asked.

"Probably, if I could get a hold. But there isn't surface enough for a good hold."

"No, there isn't. But now." Jones coiled a rope around the post and handed the end to Kirby. He pulled sharply. The knob snapped and rolled on the floor.

"Q. E. D.," said Kirby. "But it doesn't mean anything to me."

"Doesn't it? Let me recall some other evidence. The guest who saw Mr. Greene in the hallway thought he was carrying something in both hands. The milk driver who hailed him on the balcony noticed that he gestured awkwardly with both hands. In what circumstances would a man use both hands for action normally performed with one?"

"Physical weakness," suggested Mrs. Hale.

"Rather a shrewd suggestion. But no weakling broke off that bedpost in Henry M. Gillespie's room. I assumed the theory that the phenomena of that night were symptomatic rather than accidental. Therefore, I set out to find in what other places the mysterious H. M. G. had performed."

"How did you know my initials were H. M. G.?" asked Mr. Greene.

"The porter at the Denton had seen them on 'Henry M. Gillespie's' suitcase. So I sent out a loudly printed call to all hotel clerks for information about a troublesome H. M. G."

He handed the "Oh, You Hotel Men" advertisement to the little group.

"Plenty of replies came. You have, if I may say it without offense, Mr. Greene, an unfortunate reputation among hotel proprietors. Small wonder that you use an alias! From the Hotel Carpathia in Boston I got a response more valuable than I had dared to hope. An H. M. G. guest—H. Morton Garson of Pillston, Pa. (Mr. Greene nodded)—had wrecked his room and left behind him this souvenir."

Leaning over, Jones pulled, clinking from the scrap basket, a fine steel chain. It was endless and some twelve feet in total length, and had two small loops, about a foot apart. Mrs. Hale and Kirby stared at it in speechless surprise.

"Yes, that is mine," said Mr. Greene with composure. "I left it because it had ceased to be serviceable to me."

"Ah! That's very interesting," said Average Jones with a keen glance. "Of course when I examined it and found no locks, I guessed that it was a trick chain, and that there were invisible springs in the wrist loops."

"But why should anyone chain Mr. Greene to his bed with a trick chain?" questioned Mrs. Hale, whose mind had been working swiftly.

"He chained himself," explained Jones, "for excellent reasons. As there is no regular trade in these things, I figured that he probably bought it from some juggler whose performance had given him the idea. So," continued Jones, producing a specimen of his advertisements in the theatrical publications, "I went out to find what professional had sold a 'prop' to an amateur. I found the sale had been made at Barsfield, O., late in November of last year, by a 'Slippery Sam,' termed 'The Elusive Edwardes.' On November 28 of last year Mr. Harvey M. Greene of Richmond, Va., was registered at the principal, in fact, the only decent hotel, at Barsfield. I wrote to him and here he is."

"Yes; but where is my necklace?" cried Mrs. Hale.

"On my word of honor, madam, I know nothing of your necklace," asserted Greene, with a painful contraction of his features. "If this gentleman can throw any more light—"

"I think I can," said Average Jones. "Do you remember of that night's events after you broke off the bedpost and left your room—the meeting with a guest who questioned you in the hall, for example?"

"Nothing. Not a thing until I awoke and found myself on the fire-escape."

"Awoke?" cried Kirby. "Were you asleep all the time?"

"Certainly. I'm a confirmed sleep-walker of the worst type. That's why I go under an alias. That's why I got the trick handcuff chain and chained myself up with it, until I found it drove me fighting crazy in my sleep when I couldn't break away. That's why I slept in my dressing gown that night at the Denton. There was a red light in the hall outside, and any light, particularly a colored one, is likely to set me going. I probably dreamed I was escaping from a locomotive—that's a common delusion of mine—and sought refuge in the first door that was open."

"Wait a minute," said Average Jones. "You—er—say that you are—er—peculiarly susceptible to—er—colored light."

"Yes."

"Mrs. Hale, was the table on which the necklace lay in line with any light outside?"

"I think probably with the direct ray of an electric globe shining through the farther window."

"Then, Mr. Greene," said Average Jones, "the glint of the fire-blue stones undoubtedly caught your eye. You seized on the necklace and carried it out on the fire-escape balcony, where the cool air or the milk-driver's hall awakened you. Have you no recollection of seeing such a thing?"

"Not the faintest, unhappily."

"Then he must have dropped it to the ground below," said Kirby.

"I don't think so," controverted Jones slowly. "Mr. Greene must have been clinging to it tenaciously when it swung and caught against the railing, stripping off the three end stones. If the whole necklace had dropped it would have broken up fine, and more than three stones would have returned to us in reply to the advertisements. And in that case, too, the chances against the end stones alone returning, out of all the thirty-six, are too unlikely to be considered. No, the fire-blue necklace never fell to the ground."

"It certainly didn't remain on the balcony," said Kirby. "It would have been discovered there."

"Quite so," assented Average Jones. "We're getting at it by the process of exclusion. The necklace didn't fall. It didn't stay. Therefore?"—he looked inquiringly at Mrs. Hale.

"It returned," she said quickly. "With Mr. Greene," added Average Jones.

"I tell you," cried that gentleman vehemently. "I haven't set eyes on the wretched thing."

"Agreed," returned Average Jones; "which doesn't at all affect the point I wish to make. You may recall, Mr. Greene, that in my message I asked you to pack your suitcase exactly as it was when you left the hotel with it on the morning of August 7."

"I've done so with the exception of the conjurer's chain, of course."

"Including the dressing gown you had on, that night, I assume. Have you worn it since?"

"No. It hung in my closet until yesterday, when I folded it to pack. You see, I—I've had to give up the road on account of my unhappy failing."

"Then permit me." Average Jones stooped to the dress-suit case, drew out the garment and thrust his hand into its one pocket. He turned to Mrs. Hale.

"Would you—er—mind—er—leaning over a bit?" he said.

She bent her dainty head, then gave a startled cry of delight as the young man, with a swift motion, looped over her shoulders a chain of living blue fires which gleamed and glinted in the sunlight.

"They were there all the time," she exclaimed; "and you knew it."

"Guessed it," he corrected, "by figuring out that they couldn't well be elsewhere—unless on the untenable hypothesis that our friend, Mr. Greene here, was a thief."

"Which only goes to prove," said Kirby soberly, "that evidence may be a mighty deceptive accuser."

"Which only goes to prove," amended Average Jones, "that there's no fire, even the bluest, without traceable smoke."

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They picked up Johnny with a mop
He would jump cars before they'd stop.

—Yellow Crab.

Here lies the bones
Of Benny Fink.
They let him sample
Every drink.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

The Learned Prof.: If there are
any absent whose oames I have not
read, let them speak up at this time.—
Colby White Mule.

There are Charleston dancers numer-
ous
Around each college town
And some shake east
And some shake west
And some shake up and down.

—Washington Dirge.

The tightest guy in the world is one
who borrows three cents for stamps so
that he won't have to break a nickel.—
Virginia Reel.

"I don't think Chopin has good tech-
nique, but of course I really don't
know, I've never been out with him."
—Brown Jug.

Why Study

The more you study, the more you
know
The more you know, the more you
forget,
The more you forget, the less you
know
So why study?
The less you study, the less you know
The less you know, the less you forget
The less you forget, the more you
know.
So why study?

—College Humor.

When bigger fools are to be had,
colleges will get them.—College
Humor.

An apple a day keeps the fruit grow-
ers in cigarette money.—Colby White
Mule.

A sail boat is like a waiter—the
more you tip them the faster they
move.—Annapolis Log.

Dumb Dora is now wondering if the
Swift Packing Co. is a rapid transit
concern.—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

When the professor bawls you out,
be nonchalant and light a dynamite
stick.—Scream.

It is surprising, really, how few
murders take place in college.—U. of
Wash. Columns.

She's so dumb she thinks Wilbur
Daniel Steele is listed on the New
York Stock Exchange.—Denver Par-
roket.

The dentist is the only one who can
tell a woman when to open and shut
her mouth and get away with it.—
Colby White Mule.

Courtship is the orchestra, engage-
ment is the balcony, marriage is the
gallery.—College Humor.

Hope chests are cedarwood boxes
filled by unattached young women in
the vain hope of tempting Providence.
—Nebraska Awgwan.

For a newly-wed the first thousand
biscuits are the hardest.—Rutgers
Chantileer.

Cynicism is the disguise of the well-
bred humorist.—Boston Bean Pot.

A freshman rises to inquire why
when a man who is out for sprints is
called a sprinter, a man out for track
isn't called a tractor.—Mainiac.

There was a young man from the
sticks
Who was in a terrible fix.
He said, "I can't see
Why the girls should hate me
When they fall for the rest of the
hicks."
—Oregon Orange Owl.

"I don't quite get you," said the
count as the pretty heiress rejected
him.—Yellow Crab.

Divorce cases go to show that ab-
sence makes the heart grow fonder of
living apart.—College Humor.

A fool and his college are soon
parted.—Boston Beanpot.

In the field of denistry
A thought oft comes to me
Of a man I'd like to see
Named Phil McCavity.

—Bowdoin Bear Skin.

THE OTHER HALF

Agnes Scott won her Triangular In-
ter Collegiate Debates this year. This
Georgia school annually debates
against Randolph-Macon and Sophie
Newcombe. To win both the affirma-
tive and negative is quite an achieve-
ment. Eloise Harris, of Ensley, sister
of Nell Harris, of Alabama College,
was one of the team debating against
Randolph-Macon.

Wake Forest anticipates a success-
ful debating this season this spring.
Last year Furman, Baylor, William and
Mary, and College of Charleston lost
to the North Carolina debaters. The
only defeat Wake Forest received was
administered by Davidson.

The University of Richmond is this
year having to rely upon a debating
team that has had no intercollegiate
debating experience. In spite of this
handicap the university is expecting
a successful year in this college ac-
tivity. And they've got nothing on
Alabama College!

The editor of the **Citadel Bull Dog**
has the following to say concerning
"True Sportsmanship":

"It is said of Napoleon that he never
praised nor reprimanded a general who
had won or lost a battle. He inquired,
'What did he do the next day?'"

One of the best balanced college
papers in the South is the **Carolina
Game Cock**, published by the students
of the University of South Carolina.
Probably the most noticeable charac-
teristics of this paper is the large
number of interesting and well-com-
posed feature stories that appear in
the periodical. The editor evidently
realizes the interest that this depart-
ment of journalism adds to a paper.

At the University of Virginia a
sophomore wrote over the sophomore
mathematics room door this: "Abandon
hope all who enter here." A freshman
added: "They shall not pass."

Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.,
has just dedicated a new \$20,000 radio
broadcasting station. Wave length 500
meters—but why should we know?

The **Thresher** is the name of the col-
lege weekly at Rice Institute. It is
a six-pager, containing regular college
news, and in addition, a department
known as "Rice Women's Page." One
column which holds its own each week
is a diary of Dr. Blinkus. An entire
page is devoted to college sports, and
the week even carries cross-word puzzles!
Hambones' place is taken by
"Solitary Sal," who flings co-ed philo-
sophy.

On the smooth green of the Uni-
versity of Missouri campus stand the
ivied columns of the original adminis-
tration building. The building burned
long ago. The columns carry the
classic atmosphere of the glory that
was Greece.

The **Wildcat**, the college paper of
Louisiana College, Alexandria, is, as
its name implies, one of the snap-
piest college papers possible. The
Wildcat intends that L. C. "get there."

The meaning of "PEP," as seen by
the editor of the Birmingham-South-
ern College paper, is: "P—first—being
prompt, punctual and precise, every-
one being present at the proper time.
E—everyone evidencing energy and
eagerness in following the Cheer Lead-
er. P—everyone proving pleasant, but
persistent. Pep has a deepened mean-
ing than rising and yelling when your team
makes a good or lucky play, or when
the other team makes a faulty or un-
lucky one. It is that strange ex-
uberance of spirit that excites and
fills and thrills our souls, sparkles in
the eyes and puts a springy quality
in every movement."

The new stadium at Mercer Univer-
sity, Macon, Ga., is one of the largest
in the South. This magnificent sta-
dium has long been the favorite dream
of the sporting populace of Macon and
Mercerites, and is to be devoted to
the development of clean and better
athletics and a broader and finer con-
ception of true sportsmanship.

The **Centralian**, weekly college paper
of Central College, Ark., carries a de-
partment called "Campbell-Graphs,"
which are daily briefs of chapel talks
by Dr. Campbell, the president. Ex-
amples are "Building College Life,"
"Student Government," and "What Do
You Know?"

Reports from Vassar College show
that five hundred and twenty-four
girls do not use the "poison weed,"

"I am all unstrung tonight," said the
ukelele as the last string snapped.—
Annapolis Log.

She was just a dry goods dealer's
daughter, but she had had her notions.
—Denison Flamingo.

Houseflies have no politics,
A housefly has no fame,
He has no business in the soup
But he gets there just the same.
—College Humor.

And after waiting two hours I broke
the date with her.—Ga. Tech Yellow
Jacket.

Contempt is a feeling you have for
people who are not like you.—Oregon
Orange Bowl.



He: Did'ja have a good time
Xmas holidays?
She: Yeh, first two or three days
Had Miss Leeper put a "Do
not open 'til Xmas" on my
report card.

Merril Place

Synopsis

Bob Merrill, an Englishman, is vis-
iting his friend, Merrill Stanton, an
Oxford schoolmate. He sets out, on a
dainty day, to Merrill Place a myste-
rious old house about three miles away
in the small town of Brierwood. Here,
Betty DeVore, a wealthy young girl,
lives with her father. She, too, goes
to Merrill Place to get a letter she has
left there. By a flash of lightning
she discovers Bob shot and finally
succeeds in getting him to her home.
Meanwhile Mr. DeVore has set out
to Stanton's home to get aid in hunt-
ing Betty. They rush to Merrill
Place, are stopped by masked men
who point revolvers at them, and are
told that Betty and Bob are at Mr.
DeVore's home. Betty believes that
Pete Harkins, who brought them home,
has something to do with the mystery.
Bob, just before sinking into uncon-
sciousness, rises up in bed and de-

scribes the man who shot him. Mr.
DeVore exclaims, "Yes, I think I
know who it was."

scribes the man who shot him. Mr.
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MERRIL PLACE

PART IV

"Dad!" cried Betty, "Can it really
be—"

Her sentence went unfinished, for,
at a warning glance from Stanton she
stopped short and looked toward the
wounded man. He had completely
collapsed and Betty realized that he
had only by force of will kept con-
scious long enough to give them the
startling clue.

Knowing that Betty had already en-
dured too much, Stanton gently sug-
gested that she take her father into
the back room while he attempted to
revive his friend. As soon as father
and daughter had disappeared through
the doorway, Stanton went about the
task of dressing Bob's shoulder. Un-
der his deft fingers the task was soon
completed and Bob sank into a rest-
ful sleep.

As he tip-toed toward the door,
Stanton turned for one last look at his
friend. A sudden movement at the
window drew his attention. He stood
fixed to the spot, as his eyes beheld
a masked face pressed closely to the
window pane. Before he could reach
the window the figure had vanished
and the only clue that he found was
a piece of paper similar to the one
which had been pushed under his
own door earlier in the evening. With
a start he realized that it was an-
other page from Sukey's cook book.
He took it to the light and there he
discovered in a scratchy, almost il-
legible hand, the following words:

"Stay away from Meril Place. This
is the 2nd and last warnin. Bee
Ware.

For a moment Stanton stood utterly
bewildered. What previous warn-
ing did this note speak of, who had
sent it, and why? This much he did
know: that the mystery could not con-
tinue. A moan from Bob made him
set his jaw and vow to himself that
at no matter how great a risk he
would find the beast who had shot his
friend. And when he did—but that
could wait, the problem at hand was
more important—to find out who the
inhabitants of Merrill Place were and
what purpose they could have had in
shooting Bob Merrill.

Suddenly remembering Delly and
Mrs. DeVore, Stanton hurried into the
living room to tell the mot his latest
discovery. But Betty had things to
tell, too, and as soon as she spied
Stanton who had always been one of
her willing listeners, she greeted him
with a glad cry.

"I've solved it all!"
Stanton smiled and seated himself.
"Out with it, Miss Sherlock," he said.
But this time his teasing manner
passed unnoticed and in a serious
voice Betty began to unfold her solu-
tion of the mysterious affair.

"You know, Stan, that I never have
liked Ralph Carr. I've always told
Dad that there was something about
him that was not exactly sincere. And
now I know why. How could he have
been so cruel as to shoot down a per-
fectly innocent man?"

"Now, Betty, don't jump at conclu-
sions," warned her father.

"You both know as well as I do
that Bob's description fits him to a
T," returned Betty, "and furthermore,
I believe that whatever the villainy is,
Ralph Carr is in the heart of it and
that Pete Harkins knows more about
it than he appears to."

"Don't give old Pete too much cred-
it, Betty," interrupted Stanton. "Per-
sonally, I don't believe Pete Harkins
is capable of conspiracy."

"Oh, you don't? Well, just wait
and see," said Betty. "What solution
can you offer, Mr. Wiseman?"

"Forgive me, Betty, for joking about
the matter, for I realize as well as
you do that this is a serious affair.
I believe that the conspirators, who-
ever they may be, are in dead earn-
est. And this is why I think so," said
Stanton as he produced the paper
which he had picked up at the win-
dow sill a few minutes before.

"The nerve of them," gasped Betty
as she read the message. "And do
they really think they can keep us
away from there after what has hap-
pened? I'd like to see them keep me
out. Just read it, Dad."

One glance at the note was enough
to send Mr. DeVore's hand in his
pocket, as he cast a questioning look
at Stanton. "I believe I have the
mate to it here," he said, and pulled
from his pocket the innocent looking
page from Sukey's book. "I thought
this would bear further inspection, so
I pocketed it before we left your
house."

"Wait, what's this?" cried Stanton
hurriedly, examining the page on the
back of which was a sentence which
had passed undetected before. In the
same illiterate handwriting he saw
the same warning, but quick as a
flesh he discovered the one difference.
The word Merrill was begun with a
capital and spelled correctly.

"Look at this. We failed to see
this message before," he said to Mr.
DeVore. "And the spelling is changed.
But I'll bet my hat the same fellow
wrote it and I'll bet he can write and
spell as well as any of us, too."

"Oh, I just know it's Ralph Carr,"
chimed in Betty. "Let me see it again.
Why that capital M is exactly like the
one on a letter I got from Ralph last
week when he was in Birmingham."

Without another word Betty ran to
get the letter. Sure enough the let-
ters were very similar. Betty, in her
excitement, exclaimed: "I know it.
They are identical!"

Stanton only smiled as he, too, com-
pared them. Then he suddenly
straightened up, real concern on his
face as he realized that dawn had
come, and Betty and her father had
had no rest all night.

"Here," he said. "Betty, you two
must get to sleep. I didn't realize
what time it was."

In spite of Betty's protests he, with
the aid of Mr. DeVore, finally per-
suaded her that it would really be
better for her to take a short nap, so
that if anything happened later she
would feel better able to bear the
strain. So, in a few minutes, he had
the satisfaction of knowing that Bet-
ty was asleep. Bob still slept, and
though somewhat feverish, was much
better than Stan had expected, so he
left him in Mr. DeVore's care and,
quietly stealing from the house, turned
towards Merrill Place.

It seemed odd to find the place so
quiet after last night's gruesome hap-
pening. Indeed, under the early morn-
ing light it stood so silent and still
that one would have said no one had
been there for months and that last
night was only a dream. Yet he
knew that somewhere in the house
there was life, and a secret which, for
reasons unknown to him, had to be
hidden. Suddenly he heard the distant
rattling of a wagon, and saw, coming
up the road to Merrill Place, the most
dilapidated looking vehicle he had
ever seen. The driver, lazily stretched
out on the seat, was Pete Harkins.
Pete drove up to the front gate and,
hitching his horse to the post, looked
carefully around and disappeared in
the house. He soon reappeared, tug-
ging away at a black case which he
finally managed to draw as far as the
wagon, and, by a great effort, lift with-
in. He covered it with hy, little sus-
pecting that he was being watched.

Stanton, his suspicions aroused, ran
for the road, but when he reached it,
found Pete already far ahead. As he
began running down the road he
heard the whistle of a shot over his
head. Instinctively he dodged into
the bushes and turned just in time to
see the muzzle of a rifle being with-
drawn from a window of Merrill Place.

There was nothing he could do ex-
cept return to Mr. DeVore's. Bob
had waked, but Betty, worn out by
her strenuous night, still slept. Stan-
ton sent Mr. DeVore to bed, taking
charge of Bob himself. Bob wanted
to talk, but Stan thought it better for
him to be quiet. He had intended to
stay awake, but the stillness proved
too much for him and, in spite of him-
self, his eyes closed.

He waked up to find Betty giving
Bob his breakfast.

"By chickey," he said, "I never
thought of eats, and it must be 3
o'clock. Funny time of the day for
breakfast."

Then, taking a good look at Boz, "I
must say, you look well cared for, old
man."

"Blame that on Miss DeVore; she's
been a—a dandy nurse," he said, with
a slight flush on his face.

Soon all had eaten, and the four
held a council of war.

"Well, Betty," said Stan, "I'll hand
it to you; you were right about Pete."
And he told them the story of his
morning excursion.

It was Bob who suggested that they
go at once to Pete and make him con-
fess. For, as Mr. DeVore said, Pete
was a scary fellow and they could
easily frighten him into telling every-
thing he knew. This plan was at
once agreed to; Betty staying with
Bob, while Mr. DeVore and Stanton
rushed off to Pete's house.

They were met at the door by Mrs.
Harkins, who, in answer to their
queries, said in a shaky voice:

"He ain't here, and whut's mo', he
ain't bin here."

Then, as if frightened by Stanton's



Carl Sandburg, author of "Slabs of
Sunset West," charmed a representa-
tive audience at Reynolds Hall on the
evening of March 31st. He is preemi-
nently a writer of the great, pulsating
life of Chicago.

APRIL 19 BEGINS
CITIZENSHIP WEEK

April 19-24 is to be known as Cit-
izenship Week at Alabama College.
Chapel program will be rendered
throughout the week, stressing the
idea and a special bulletin board cam-
paign will be in full swing. This oc-
casion, is being fostered by the Stu-
dent Senate. Throughout the week
girls will be nominated for best citi-
zen and much interest is expected to
be aroused concerning the choosing of
the girl who on May Day shall be
awarded a silver loving cup by the
Queen of the May as the best citizen
in her kingdom. In event the queen
and the best citizen are the same the
cup will be awarded by the President
of the Senate.

As originally planned, the distinc-
tion was to go to a member of the
Senior class, but at a special meeting
of both the old and new Senates,
called by the President, April 6, it
was decided after a heated discussion
that the matter should be reconsidered
and the vote taken again. Motion was
therefore made that the best citizen
of the college be elected from the en-
tire student body instead of merely
the Senior class. Only two negative
votes were recorded.

The cup is not to be the possession
of the girl to whom it is awarded, but
her name is to be engraved thereon
with the date. The cup will remain
the property of the student body. It
is felt that in this way the honor
may be deemed an even greater one,
and it is intended that this shall be
the highest honor within the gift of
the student body.

Any girl in school is eligible for
nomination, although a committee of
investigation will thoroughly look into
her record before her nomination
becomes valid.

An exact chart of the necessary
qualifications is to be worked out.
Suggestions provide that the best citi-
zene must be one who:

1. Makes high scholarship.
2. Is reliable and dependable.
3. Takes an active lead in student
activities of more than one nature.
4. Is sociable, friendly, practical and
observant.
5. Can sense the needs on the campus
and start a movement for their
betterment.
6. Is student of strong positive char-
acter, and is of soundest integrity in
every respect.
7. Keeps faith with her Alma Mater
and her God.

Witness the clash Monday night.

Odd Collection

One of the most unusual hobbies is
the collecting of torture instruments.
A certain American surgeon has as-
sembled the most complete private as-
sortment of them extant—including
such machines as the rack, the
squeezers, and the iron virgin, which
the perverted ingenuity of man de-
vised chiefly for use in inducing wit-
nesses to give evidence in legal pro-
ceedings. These instruments were em-
ployed in legal proceedings by ancient
and modern Europe. Their use was
recognized by the law of most coun-
tries (to which England, Aragon and
Sweden were exceptions) up to com-
paratively recent times.

Feet Shod With Hobnails

The skin on the foot of a native
Binghi in Australia is the thickest
found on any human being, according
to "Jim Crow," writing to the Sydney
Bulletin.

"One day an old Binghi came to me
complaining he had sore feet, and I
saw that their soles were badly
cracked. As a poor joke I handed him
a bag containing a dozen hobnails, and
told him how they were used. He sat
down, stuck them into his feet and
marched off. Three weeks later I
asked him how his feet were. He
proudly exhibited them—the hobnails
were still in the flesh."

keen look. "Honest, Mr. DeVore, I
swear fo' God he ain't be here."

Stanton wanted to search the house,
but at this instant a figure appeared,
running down the road, waving his
arms and screaming. It was Pete
Harkins, sober for the first time in
months. He was sobbing in a stran-
ged way, and gasped as he reached
them.

"Merril Place—it's afire. It's burn-
ing all over the roof!"

(To Be Concluded)

Welcome Judson With Packed a House



We wish to thank the many friends for the expressions of sympathy and for their assistance in the death of my husband.—From a "Card of Thanks" in a Kentucky paper.

Suntimental Spinster: "Six times I have advertised that a lonely maiden seeks light and warmth in her life, and at last I have got a reply—from the gas company!"—Munich.

None of the Gang: "Have you a Charles Dickens in your home?" asked the polite book agent.

"No!" she snapt.
"Or a Robert Louis Stevenson?"
"No."
"Or a Gene Field?"

"No; we ain't, and what's more, we don't run a boarding house here either. If you're looking for them fellows, you might try the house across the street."

Miss Russel—"Willie May, what is zinc?"

Willie May—"That's the French pronunciation for think."

Charles McHaffey—C. S. is all right if you know how to take him."

Julia Banks—"I hate those people wh have to be labeled like a bottle of medicine."

"My dear, the doctor says a brisk walk before going to bed will cure my insomnia."

"Well," returned his wife, "I'll clear the room so that you can walk! and you may as well take the baby with you."—Christian Advocate.

"Will you let me kiss you if I give you a penny?" asked the little boy's aunt.

"A penny!" he exclaimed. "Why, I get more than that for taking castor oil."—Union Pacific.

Have you read these books?
1. "Who Blew in My Soup," by Agusta Wind.
2. "The Long Nap," by Cloro Form.

Miss Decker—"The 'Law of Gravity' is the force that keeps us on the earth."

Eliz. Taylor: "But please, Miss Decker, how did we stick on before the law was past."

Most of the men are off deer hunting this week. Some had been shot at, but at this time, none have been killed here.—From a Cape Vod paper.

"I'll teach you to make love to my daughter, sir."

Young Man: "I wish you would, old boy, I'm not making much headway."—The Humorist.

Ina Mae M.: "Do you like my new hat?"

"Kat" Leath: "Yes, indeed. I had one just like it when they were in style."

Frances Carr: "Can a person be punished for something they haven't done?"

Miss Burns: "Of course no."
Frances Carr: "Well, I haven't done my English."

Mary Nobel: "What's the sign when a man throws you a kiss?"
Rosalie Crelly: "That he's too lazy to bring it to you."

"I thought you could keep a secret," said Ruth.

"Well I did keep it for a week," was the reply of Evelyn. "Do you think I'm a cold storage plant?"

"A yard of pork, please," said the witty man to the butcher.

The butcher turned to his boy:
"Give this gentleman three pigs' feet," he remarked.

"It's not the school," said the little boy to his mother," but the principal of the thing."

Advice

(a) When a girl says "You flatter me"—do so.

(b) It isn't what you think about a boy that counts—it's what he thinks you think about him.

Andy: "Does 'at smile mean you forgive me?"

Mandy (as Andy approached): "Stay away, niggah. I'se jest smilin' to rest my face."

Madge: "Are you going to the fair?"

Lucy: "What fair?"

Madge: "The paper says, fair here today and tomorrow."

A Nameless Crime

Woman wanted for killing a suicide.

Alice M: "I paid my fourth visit to the beauty shop today."
Annie Mae S.: "Strange you don't seem to get waited on, my dear."

Chemistry Professor: "What can you tell me about Nitrates?"

Student: "Well—er—they're a lot cheaper than day rates."

French tutor's ad in English paper: "A young Paris man desires to show his tongue to classes of English gentlemen."

Alice Alsbrook: "What's the proper thing to have your suit case covered with?"

"Toots" Moody: "Foreign labels."

Lover's Lament—I used to love you but it's all over—all over school now.

(Little Johnnie who had been scolded for putting things in his mouth): "Look, mother, I got a new toof."
Mother: "Take it right out of your mouth."

About the only way to insult a girl nowadays is to tell her she needs a haircut.

"Sister," asked Tommy, "do fairy tales always begin with 'Once upon a time?'"

"No, Tommy, not always. They sometimes begin with 'There's something about you.'"

The Maid: "I am going to sneeze."
The Man: "At who?"
The Maid: "Atchool."

She: "It must be easy to sit down and write the funny things that occur to you."

He: "Oh, the sitting down and writing are easy enough; it's the occurring that's hard."

Co-ed: "Charlie, bring me a ham sandwich."

Charlie: "With pleasure."

Co-ed: "No, no, with mustard."

Dear Teacher: Kindly excuse Johnnie's absence yesterday. He fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige the mother.

Sophomore (shaking Freshman): "I think Satan must have had a hold on you."
Dot Smith: "I think so, too."

First Hunter: "I saw 'bout fifty rabbits dead in the hill awhile ago."
Second Hunter: "Jimminy! Who kilt 'em?"

First Hunter: "The boll weevils run 'em to death tryin' to get the cotton out of their tails."

"I started drawing a picture, but it didn't look like you, so I put a tail on it and called it a dog."

Mus: "What purpose does that bridge serve on your violin?"
Ican: "Oh, that's to get my music across."

Doctor: "Mandy, why does your baby cry so every time you bring him into my office?"

Mandy: "Dunno, Doctah, lessen he thinks 'at long white coat you wears is a Ku Klux Klan regalia."

Somebody said a waffle was a non-skid pancake. It's really a baked cross-word puzzle.

Teacher: "Now, Aggie, you may tell the class what it is that elephants have that no other animals have."
Aggie: "Little elephants."

They sat together on the sofa and admired the new engagement ring. She looked at the diamond and whispered: "My, John, isn't it clear?"

"Only two more payments, dear," he replied.

"What is your name?"
"Jacob Abraham Levinsky, and I don't like it."
"How come?"

"I was in court the other day and the judge said, 'Are you a Jew?' and I said 'No,' and he put me in jail for perjury."

Lady Driver (at garage): "Do you charge batteries here?"

Proprietor: "Sure."

L. D.: "Then put a new one in this car and charge it to my husband."

R. O. T. C. Officer: "If you were walking down a road and suddenly you saw an enemy sniper up in a tree aiming at you with his rifle and you had no weapon, what would you do?"
Cadet: "SAY MY PRAYERS."

A Bit of Advice To Graduates
Ambition's mountains grow afare,
On air-built castles you've a lease;
So hitch your wagon to a star,
But don't forget the axle grease.
To Freshmen

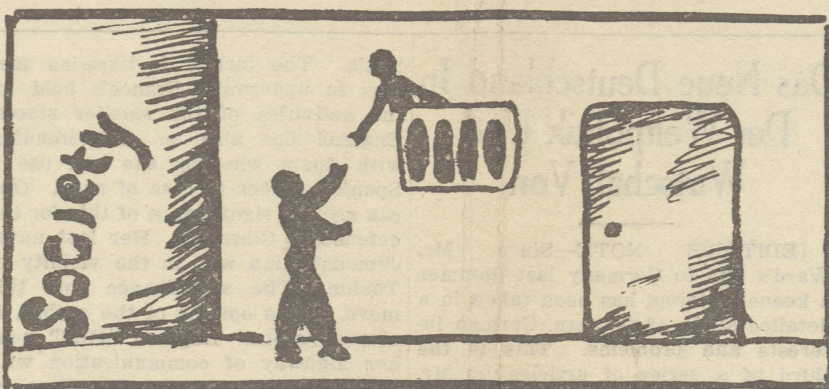
Do not kill time, lest it come back and haunt you.

Do not use slang—cut it out!

If you are fond of athletics, and like good jumping, you can lift your mattress and see the bed spring.

Your school is not a seminary, it's a match factory, said a smart young university chap to a Monte girl.

"You're right," said the girl. "We furnishe the heads and get the sticks



Spring holidays began Thursday, April 1, and a great many of the students left to spend this vacation as the guests of parents and friends in various parts of Alabama.

The Birmingham Special which left from the men's colleges.

Pam's Sentiments

A little pile of vouchers
Plus a few due bills—
Now the million bucks we booked
Are just a million mills.

Dead

There is a little verse called Epi Taph Which is written so much the readers go daff.

Woman A La Meneken

A thing of beauty talks forever.
College Clip

"Laugh and the world laughs at you, because your lipstick cracks. Cry and still the world laughs at you, for the tears sweep away the rouge and powder. No wonder the flapper looks so dumb. She can neither laugh nor cry in peace."

Judge: "What brought you here?"
Prisoner: "Two policemen."
Judge: "Drunk, I suppose."
Prisoner: "Yes, both of them."

HOW THEY SAY IT!

In the Economic Department:
"Darling, in the market of my affection, how the meager supply of your embraces raises their intrinsic worth in a schedule sense."

The Grad in Psychology:
"By that substantial nose, by that oily hair, by those sunken cheeks, by that gold tooth and by that delicate hair-lip, by all my psychoanalytical powers, I know you were meant only for me."

Over in Physics:
"My little two hundred and ten pound weight, I swear by Avogadro, Archimedes, Boyle, Pascal and all else that is sacred, that I think more of you than my last hypothesis."
And in the Department of Classics:
"Oh, my Venus! Oh, my little Aphrodite!
Let me prove my passion and be thy Adonis."

ALL MEN LIE ABOUT—

The time they had been waiting for telephone number.
Miles on a gallon.
Speed of their car.
Value of property when insured and when taxed.
How hard they work.
Golf score.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right!
What time did the Freshman leave
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father, dear, And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away Before a quarter of eight."

Then a swinkle came to her bright, blue eyes,
And her dimples deeper grew;
" 'Tis surely no sin to to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two!"

FAMOUS WISE CRACKS

"Darling, I am growing old," warbled Methuslah to Mrs. M. on his 900th birthday.
"There's be a hot time in the old town tonight," chanted Nero, sawing on his fiddle.

"Well, he looks promising," observed the village idiot as the politician mounted the stump.

"There's something rotten in Denmark," observed a tourist passing a Copenhagen cheese factory.

PHONETIC LOVE

O, M L E, what X T C
I always feel when U I C;
I used to race of L N's eyes,
4R LC I gave countless sighs.
4R K T, 2, and LNR
I was keen competitor,
But each is now a nonN I T
4R U X L them all U C.

WHY I FLUNKED IN HISTORY

I thought that:
The Battle of Tours was fought when I wanted to go to Terre Haute and my beau wanted to go to Indianapolis.

Joan of Arc was Noah's wife.
St. Bernard was a dog.
Monks had tails and lived in trees.
A life was a musical instrument.
The Scotch Highland was a drink.
I also slept in class. Now history is repeating itself. I'm taking it over again.

WHEN I WAS TWENTY ONE

BY JOSEPH KAYE

At 21: Supreme Court Justice Van Devanter Was a Librarian.

"AT THE age of twenty-one my position in life was that of a student in law and, as a side effort, I held the post of assistant librarian in the law library. As to my ambition at that time it was to secure a good foundation for becoming a useful lawyer.—Willis Van Devanter."

TODAY:—Mr. Van Devanter is associate justice of the United States Supreme court, the inner shrine of the law, entrance to which is the highest award the country can bestow in recognition of supreme talent in jurisprudence.

The justice is sixty-seven years old. At the age of twenty-two he had already received his degree of LL. B. and began to practice law in Marlon, Ind. When only twenty-seven he was appointed a commissioner to revise the Statutes of Wyoming and at thirty he became chief justice of the Supreme court of that state. To be a chief justice at this comparatively youthful age is a record achieved by very few jurists in the world.

Justice Van Devanter's progress continued in the order in which it had started; he became in turn assistant United States attorney, United States circuit judge and then associate justice of the Supreme court.

A History of Our Museum

To the left of the library entrance are two cases filled with a collection of souvenirs and articles gathered from many countries. Models of jinrikishas and of strangs gods, fans, coins, beads, rings and even an old early nineteenth century candle moldier tell stories of other lands and days. Perhaps the history of our museum is not less interesting than the tales they have to tell.

The collection, with the exception of a few articles given by Col. S. D. Bloch, was left to Alabama College by Miss Elizabeth Benaugh. Miss Benaugh, whose father was a professor at the University, was born and reared at Tuscaloosa. It was partly through the influence of her friendship for Dr. and Mrs. Palmer and for Mrs. Heatfield that she gave her collection to this school.

What a time she must have had making it! For, it was while she traveled twice around the world and made her many trips to Europe that Miss Benaugh made her collection. She had a habit of collecting interesting and characteristic couvenirs and gifts, which she kept until shortly before her death. She had been interested in Montevallo for a long time, so to show her interest she left to us her "museum."

Although Miss Benaugh's collection has only been here a year and a half, it has played a big part in interesting both visitors and students. For those who like travel and far-off places, there is always this glimpse of "round the world."

Miss Jo Scott went to her home in Verbera for the holidays.

Miss Rebecca Ford and Dorothy Baughman spent the week-end at their homes in Montgomery.

Miss Fannie Morton had as her house guest in Bessemer for the holidays Miss Kate Gailliard.

Miss Permella Snell and Bill Smith enjoyed the holidays in Birmingham with frends.

Misses Florence Dick and Grace Bell were the week-end guests of Miss Jewell Livingston in Lineville.

Miss Lucy Stevens spent the spring holidays with her parents in Birmingham.

ZETA PI DELTA NEWS

The "Zeta Pi's" most wisely chose the following officers for the next fiscal year: Rosalie Crelly, president; Claire Griffith, vice president; Mary Helen Veitch, secretary; Helen Agnes Davis, treasurer; Alice Lyman, critic.

Misses Helen Davis, Rosalie Crelly, Lucile Snelgrove, Irma Reeves and Mary Noble were among those enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Middlebrooks, of Birmingham, at a house party a few weeks back.

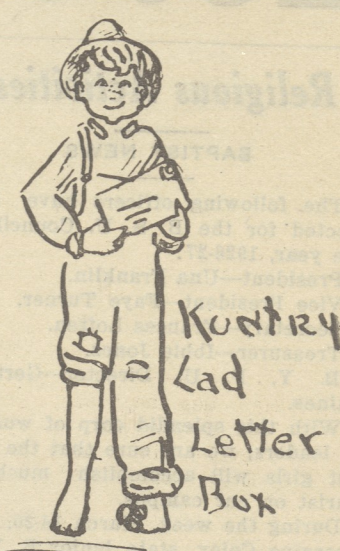
The club members report most enjoyable visits to their respective parents and friends during the Easter holidays.

Miss Frances Byers Chappel was the guest of Miss Helen Veitch, of Bessemer during the holidays.

Miss Rosalie Crelly motored with her parents to Butler Ga., where they spent the Easter holidays.

Miss Martha Grantham spent the holidays in Montevallo as the house guests of Misses Claire and Melba Griffin.

We are very glad to have Miss Ann Jones with us again after an extended visit to her parents in Lineville.



T' you my deerest an' most beluved Lizzie.

I rite this lil' luv espistol with all th' luv thet my pore deer lil' hart kin set t' flite. May yore hart, if no won else hazz it, receivee this deacklaratun uv mine luv az it shood.

Ma an' paw iz jest gone t' prayer meetin' frum th' ole shack t'nite soze I thot thet this wood be a good time fer me t' anser yore lass letter thet I got a few daze ago. I wuz out in th' born milkin' the cow—yew no Ole Sue thet I haff been tellin' y' 'bout, well thet's her—an' wuz reedin' yore letter at th' same pertickular time an' I guess ole Sue cood read an' tell femail ritin' frum th' uther kind so she went an' got jellus an' kicked 'bout it an' hit me on th' funny bone an' neer 'bout tickled me t' deth 'fore I cood come t' my releef. But I seemed t' serve an' az yew see, am able t' rite yew a few lines uv ritin'.

Lizz, yew seem t' thank thet I lak a lot uv uther gals in this heer naborhood—now maybe I kinda perhaps dew, but I lak yew best uv all. But don't tell nobody I tole yew so, 'cause if Maw and Paw wuz t' ever git hole uv it an' find it out, I woud never heer th' end uv it 'cause theigh thank I am kinda skeered uv gals. Maw sez I musta enheerited it from Paw 'cause shее sez he wuz an' iz az tinid az th' t'midest uv timid rabbits thet wuz ever borned. She sez thet when Paw kum tew court her shее wood haff t' git her fore bruthers' t' rope an' hogty Paw soze shее cood git Paw t' set on th' sit-tea with her. I don't no how shее ever got him t' pop th' ?—but I am shore he ast her—'cause Maw never astez him nuthin'. Paw a'waze hazz t' ast her 'bout it when he wants t' no ennything. I no yew will take it fer granted that I haff t' ast her ever'thang.

I had sum tests at th' skool th' uther day an' passed on ever'thang in partickler an' seemed t' fall on ever'thang in general. Th' kids haff alwaze sed I wuz Miss O'Gosh's pet an' they laff at me cauze she calls me sweethart—but yew don't belevee thet dew yew? Naw, yer don't. I ain't got but won sweethart an' shее noze who see iz—now don't yew?

Lizzie, I got sumthin' turrible, yeah turrible, turrible t' tell yew 'bout—Aw shuckle! Heer kums Maw an' Paw now an' if theigh ketch me ritin' t' a gal theigh wood neffer let me rest—an' Paw wood start t' buildin' another room ontew th' house. Th' crop failed an' he wood raze th' dickens if he did tew. U—h—h—hu—hh now, I ain't skeered uv them ketchin' me an' I ain't lak Paw use t' bee when he wuz courtin' maw, but I had just ruther not haff 'em ketch me ritin' t' a Eve—Paw alwaze sed we had plenty uv apples in th' form orchard so not t' bee samplin' uthers. My Paw iz a big church man an thets why he noze so much 'bout th' fix Adam got intew by samplin' uth' folkesez clder froot—Gosh, heer theigh air now, so good buy.

TH' KUNTRY LAD.

Sanburg Troubadours

No little interest and quite a but if curoosity was caused on the Southern Special leaving Montevallo for Birmingham, Thursday, March 21, when Carl Sanburg with his guitar tried to learn a few Alabama folk songs from a few of the college girls. Mr. Sanburg sat in the smoker studying out some of the songs he collected on his Alabama trip when several of the girls dared approach him, asking him to sing for the coacn full of girls. He refused, but asked the girls to remain and help him learn the song. They were rather flattered in having the opportunity, so remained in the smoker, where as Sanburg laughingly said the first and greatest troupe of Alabama singers was organized on a train! One of the girls suggested that they call themselves the Sanburg Troubadours. Thus the short trip to Birmingham was a pleasant diversion for the noted poet, and a real joy and inspiration for the four girls privileged to be with him. Two of them were even fortunate enough to be his special guests at the Axis Club meeting in Birmingham on Saturday, April 2, and the other two were rather disappointed because they were not going to be in Birmingham.

Quite Natural

"A few months ago some one told Jenny Becker she had a nice profile, and she's been living sideways ever since."—Hazz and Fireside.

Let's Show 'Em We Can Debate

Religious Activities

BAPTIST NEWS

The following officers have been elected for the B. S. U. Council for the year, 1926-27:

President—Una Franklin.
Vice President—Faye Turner.
Secretary—Frances Lofton.
Treasurer—Ibbie Jones.
B. Y. P. U. Director—Gertrude Gaines.

With this splendid corp of workers as leaders, we are sure that the Baptist girls will accomplish much for Christ on our campus.

During the week, March 14-20, Miss Georgine Coley, state junior B. Y. P. U. secretary, was with us and a very beneficial study course was held at the Baptist Church. Fifty-seven people took the course and will receive diplomas or seals.

On April 29 and 30 the Eastern District B. Y. P. U. Convention is going to be held at Sylacauga. Among the prominent speakers for this occasion is Dr. John L. Hill, of Nashville, Tenn. We are expecting to send a large delegation from our college unions as there is a big treat in store for us there.

June 6-12 is B. Y. P. U. Week at Mentone! Baptist girls, let's plan to be there in full force and show our real Alabama College spirit.

Soon the B. Y. P. U. officers will be elected for next year. We are planning to have at least 6 A-1 unions on our campus next year.

The prospects for the Y. W. A. are the brightest possible for the coming year since Clyde Merrill is the president and she always puts over the things that she undertakes to do.

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN BOARD SECURED

The B. S. U. Council has secured a Bulletin Board which is to be used by all Protestant denominational groups in the college. The board is to be placed on the corridor outside the president's office where are also placed the Senate Executive Board, Athletic Board and Office Bulletin Boards. A girl from each demonional group will be chosen to serve on a committee whose duty it shall be to keep an attractive and helpful and inspiring bulletin board at all times.

BAPTISTS TO ERECT BUILDING

Great plans have been launched whereby Baptist students of Alabama College are to erect a Baptist building just off the campus for the purpose of affording facilities for carrying on the work of the church among the Baptist students of the college. A campaign for funds has been opened and \$200 in subscriptions have been raised in a very short time and with little effort. Plans for the building provide that it shall contain B. T. U., B. Y. P. U., Y. W. A. and S. S. offices; a recreation hall, kitchenette, bedroom, sleeping porch and bathroom (with shower). The building is to be a permanent structure and will meet the needs of the 300 Baptist girls on the campus.

BAPTISTS MAKE GREAT PLANS FOR '27

The new B. S. U. Council announces that they are formulating detailed and feninite plans for the session, '26-'27. Work in every department of church activity provided for, and plans are on foot that a program attractive and beneficial may be carried on throughout the year. Special Sunday school leampaigns will be carried on and an effort will be made to enlist every Baptist girl in some phase of denominational activity and to win the unsaved to Christ.

VOCATIONAL EMPHASIS WEEK OBSERVED

Acting upon the suggestion of the Inter-Board Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention, Vocational Emphasis Week will be observed by the Baptist students in the college the week of April 19-26. The president of the B. S. U. is in charge of activities and she plans to follow the instructions of the commission in arranging programs for the week which will assist any student in making a decision as to what her life work shall be.

FALL TRAINING SCHOOL

Baptists, also, anticipate a good training school early, in the fall, at which time courses are to be offered in the B. S. U. Manual, and also in the fields of B. Y. P. U., S. S. and Y. W. A. Some of the leading workers of the state and Southern Baptist Convention are being secured, among them Frank H. Leavell, of Memphis, Tenn.; Dr. Joseph P. Boone, of Tuscaloosa; Dr. Wm. R. Rigell, of Gadsden; Miss Mary Frances Johnson, of S. C. W., Columbus, Miss., and Miss Hannah Reynolds, of Montgomery, and Miss Georgine Coley, of Montgomery.

The Episcopalean Club has had a most successful year under the direction of Lucy Stevens, President. About thirty girls of the college belong and it is felt that this organization has meant much to them in a spiritual way. Greater plans are being formulated for next year.

Executive Board Has Splendid Personnel

"Let's put student government over the top!" says the Executive Board of 1926-27. It has made a good beginning under its new officers, who are: Mary Ellen Spinks, president; Sara Head, vice president; Eloise Lee, secretary, and Margaret Davis, treasurer. The class representatives are as follows:

Senior—Ibbie Jones, Mary Parrent, Estelle Broadway and Dorothy Williams.

Junior—Margaret Davis, Mary Wiley and Elizabeth Graves.

Sophomore—Katyeen Stovall and Eloise Lee.

This board is striving to discharge its duties as commendably as the outgoing board has under the able leadership of Helen Davis. But above all this board desires and asks for the sincere co-operation of every member of the Student Government Association of Alabama College. That means you! Through this hearty support you will enjoy all the opportunities of student government.

The advisory committee is ready to advise. The Executive Board and the advisory committee work together. What is lacking? What else is wanted? Now it is not "the third time is the charm," but rather "the third person." This third person is the student body of Alabama College. Through the efforts of this important third person, the Executive Board, the advisory committee and the members of the Student Government Association will work for the betterment of student government here.

First, let us maintain our standards in our own college, then we can spread our ideals everywhere.

Fifteen rahs for student government 1926-'27. "Get 'em low!"

President's Council In The College

The President's Council is an organization in Alabama College composed of the presidents of all organizations, with the president of the college as an advisory member.

The object of this organization is to co-ordinate the various activities of Alabama College to the end that college life may be made to mean the most to its membership. The welfare of each girl is looked after by this council. The Council has even taken a step further and passed a regulation which limits the number of activities a girl shall indulge in, in order to give each girl a chance to show her ability.

This is just one instance of the problems the council solves. Social club problems are worked out and many, many others.

An important rule was passed at the past Council meeting which is quite new to the college. The rule states that the office of "Alabama College Cheer Leader" shall be a major office.

The personnel of the old Council is: Helen Davis, president; Alma Almon, secretary; Hazel Black, Ann Long, Helen Townsend, Annie Mae Skinner, Elma O'Neill, Hattie Lyman, Ann Jones, Lucy Stevens, Gladys Waldrup, Lillian Prout, Dorothy Williams, Elizabeth Ward, Nancy Savage, Helen Bishop, Catherine Ortmann, Fannie Jo Scott, Margaret Coleman, Roberta Northrup, Mary Noble, Ruby Foster, Minnie Barnes, Florence Geyton, Vivian Letson, Nellie White, Cricket Abercrombie, Elizabeth Praythor, Frances Lofton.

The Presbyterian Girls report that the two circles of the Auxillary are more active than ever before in the history of the work at Alabama College. Helen Veitch and Edith Richards are the two active Presidents. The girls this week entertained the Auxillary at the college. A most helpful and enjoyable meeting was held with a large number of girls present.

Mary Kate Derby, student assistant to Rev. P. H. Carmichael, has proved most capable in that capacity, and closer fellowship has existed this year, with one directing the denominational activities of the Presbyterian girls.

Rev. P. H. Carmichael, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, has recently conducted a series of informal conference periods, at which time he meets the Presbyterian girls of the college. The results of the conferences have been most noteworthy, and it is felt much good has been accomplished.

The Presbyterian Church at Montevallo fills to a creditable degree the spiritual needs of the students of Alabama College. Activities have been made so interesting that the majority of Presbyterian students are actively engaged in some phase of denominational work.

Senate Report Praised

At the last meeting of the Senate on March 30 in Reynolds Hall, a number of reports were highly praised. That of the committee on "An Alabama College Girl Never Breaks Her Word" was voted at the motion of Senator Joy Cawthorn to be published in full in the Alabamian.

It is herewith accordingly printed:

Das Neue Deutschland In Der Weltpolitik Und Wirtschaft Von

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Since Mr. Ward's trip to Germany last Summer a keener interest has been taken in a detailed study of German, German interests and problems. This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Ward and one which should be read with consuming interest by the student body.)

Since the close of the war in 1918, people have taken a serious second thought. They now ask: "What is to be the fate of Germany?" This is of grave importance not only to Germans, but to citizens everywhere. So the thinking public will doubtless welcome the comprehensive treatise, by August Schmidt, of Berlin, entitled: "Das Neue Deutschland in der Weltpolitik und Weltwirtschaft" (The New Germany in World Politics and Economy, Reimar Hobbing, Berlin, 1925).

"How will Germany again become free?"—"How again a nation and a state?" "And finally, how will it again build up its economic activities?" Leadership is necessary; in fact, Germany's problem is a leadership problem. The author admits that Germany has no leaders. The people cannot call forth a leader. "A gift of heaven he is, is there already or remains denied to a people so that it will have to find its way without him." The country will have to develop a leadership class. The will power and abilities of the people must be linked up for the great task of rehabilitation.

The underlying prerequisite to Germany's salvation is a knowledge of the world situation. "We have since 1918 lost every influence outside our own borders. We Germans have become at one stroke provincials." He laments the proneness of the average German to dreamy idealism. Says he: "We can solve no German question if we do not know exactly in what relationship it may stand to political combinations in England, Russia or America."

France sits supreme on the continent of Europe today. This mastery has come to her as a result of the war and the Versailles treaty. Her army is incomparable the world over. With feverish haste she is developing her air fleet and under-sea boats. She knows that with these two weapons in her mailed fists England at once loses the character of an island. Practically all the smaller countries of south eastern Europe are dependent upon France politically, and economically. Her possessions in Northern Africa are being brought in closer and closer alignment economically and militarily with the mother country.

A contest is on between France and England. The power of France centers in Northern Africa; that of England at Signapore. The growing mastery of France in Northern Africa is a threat to England's gateway to Signapore. England is ill at ease. Her old game is resorted to: the effort to loosen the dependence of the smaller European states upon France. Already she has accomplished something in this regard. There is a naval treaty, for example, between Italy and

As chairman of the committee on "An Alabama College Girls Never Breaks Her Word," I beg leave to submit the following report:

An Alabama College Girl Never Breaks Her Word

WANTED, BY OUR ALMA MATER: A girlhood that is honorable, even unto herself.

A girlhood that, standing by the right, keeping faith with the ideals which perforce need be instilled into the very elements of her being—will even when the voice of untruth beckons her astray answer with a voice that utters truth as her purest conscience and heart can know the truth.

A girlhood that neve runder any condition breaks her word, either by counter-word, action or sign.

A girlhood such as that toward which the ideals of our Alma Mater, the aspirations of our student body, the endeavors of our Student Senate, are, ever have and forevermore shall point.

A girlhood that cherishes truth as her purest trust.

A girlhood that guards and keeps her tongue and hands as instruments through which her Divine Partner may speak.

And, therefore, a girlhood dreaming of good she may do.

Thirsting for learning as a Great Deliverer;

Feeling in her heart the weakness and strength of all her fellowmen, and, above all,

Feeling the divinity that dwells in them.

She, therefore, shall have the faith of men and women,

And knowledge they do gladly share; humbly will all who listen to her voice, for they know that God will often speak in it;

And have charity for her judgments. Thus removed, far removed from the conceit and vanity of princes,

Shall she know how great is the Master, the people, the school she has chosen to serve.

Respectfully submitted,
UNA FRANKLIN, Chairman.

Spain. The former is likewise anxious to undermine France's hold on the activities of the smaller states. England has also an understanding with Spain whereby she can use a Spanish harbor in case of need. One can see the significance of this for the defense of Gibraltar. Her last naval demonstration was in the vicinity of Toulon. The significance of this move, in the opinion of the author, is also apparent. England MUST keep her highway of communication with her possessions in the Far East intact! The game for advantage goes on. Will England soon bring influence to bear to give Germany a breathing spell? To allow Germany to develop her industries unhampered and so to take up her role as a nation with free hands, would mean a rival on the continent for France. It is a step advantageous for England, of a kind she has never overlooked. The author with his fellow countrymen confidently expects it.

France has made three bids for world dominion. England defeated her and reaped what she had sown in America, in 1763. The same result ensued in Asia, and England took India. As France was planning to recoup her fortunes in Africa, Germany gave her a severe jolt, in 1870-71. England looked on complacently. The reason is not far to seek. Now, will France make a fourth bid? She is becoming more and more advantageously situated for it. There is coming a day when England and France can no longer work together. Circumstances interpreted in the light of history confirm this view. Already their purposes cross. England has never allowed any nation on the continent to become too mighty. How will she curb France this time?

This is the beginning of the global age. Who is to stand on top of the world, so to speak, in full control of most of the earth's surface, its resources, its raw materials, its money, its markets? England and the United States jointly stand supreme today in that respect. Together they control the four great foci, the keys to world commerce: Aden, Signapore, Gibraltar and Panama. England finds it advantageous to work with her great Anglo-Saxon brother, in the Far East. The "encirclement" of Japan by the United States is solving England's problem for her, to wit: curbing the menace that an all too powerful Japan would be to England's empire in the Far East. The 5-5-3 naval basis was handed to Japan by the two big Anglo-Saxon brothers. Japan had to recede from her assumed dominance in China. The United States allows no Japanese to become citizens. Race pride forces Japan to recognize her subordinate role. This coupled with the imperative needs of her increasing millions for space, for raw materials, and for markets will not permit her to ignore America's rivalry. Russia, the great unknown among the nations, must breathe, as it were, through the lungs of other peoples. Already she has made diplomatic approaches to China, as has Japan. What does the shuffling of all these cards in the great game of the "global age" signify? Is Japan some day to make herself directing agency for the tremendous forces latent in the yellow peoples and strike for dominion in world affairs? The movement of the yellow race for more room will be the outstanding event of the twentieth century.

What is the lesson for Germany? If once she regains her freedom of action, her independence as a sovereign state, she must see to it that she is not again isolated as she had become at the time of the World War; 896,000,000 people were (are) leagued against Germany. The liquidation of the World War has taken place in Wall Street and Threadneedle Street. Germany is subservient economically and must be for a long time. She must be alert to take advantage of the proper alignments when decisive moments come—as come they must! The great task before her is not only to win back political freedom, but economic freedom. The advantage is always with the creditor nation. England and America are the creditor nations, especially the latter. A war between England and France would be fought out on German soil. She could not, therefore, be neutral. If she should decide for France, England would put on the hunger blockade. If she cast her lot on the side of England, France would overrun the country. She would do this certainly, for the fate of her empire in northern Africa will depend upon her strength in central Europe. The author would have his nation weigh all these possibilities. She would do well to keep her hands free to work with her big neighbor, Russia. Moments fraught with great potentialities are bound to come. Germany must make no mistake!

The only antidote the author can see to the terrible situation, which is bound to breed a second world war, is a United States of Europe. He claims that all of Europe is now Balkanized, as a result of the Versailles treaty. With the present scheme of things it cannot compete with the United States of America. That status means domination economically by America. Let Europe take her cue, then, from America. How handicapped would the latter be, if over every boundary among the 48 states there were the question of tolls, tariffs,

taxes! Suppose a steamer cargo found itself on a varying status as the river flowed from one state into another! Then to cap the climax of questions and quarrels, suppose the Mississippi flowed finally into the Free City of New Orleans! Yet that's Europe's system. The author does not mean, of course, political union in Europe. His suggestion is co-operation economically. He points out how Germany and France could cooperate, for example, in the coal and iron field. In fact, he runs the whole gamut of European industry and shows how, if all the countries would lay down petty jealousies and exaggerated patriotism and would co-operate, Europe might be made economically independent. In such a case Germany and France would be found side by side. (The recent Locarno agreement seems to point towards such co-operation). If this does not come, Germany must ultimately line up with England. But Germany along with the other nations of Europe is doomed to play the role of vassals henceforth, if they do not for their salvation learn to arbitrate all differences and through treaties and pacts to co-operate in all matters of common interest. Their economic life is at stake. The author, of course, expects this plan to develop a solidarity of interest and purpose that will gradually make of Europe a political and economic unit fit to compete with the United States.

The economic center of gravity has shifted from Europe to the United States. She's the creditor nation of the world. Half the gold of the world rests in her treasuries. She is the economic power of the world. She has a mortgage on the industry of practically every nation in Europe. Under the present system Europe is committing suicide. "Again world history stands at the cross roads. The way to the right leads to new, oppressive wars; the one to the left promises calm and peace." The political center of gravity remained in Asia up to 490 B. C. Since then it has been in Europe. But is it, too, like the economic, to shift to America? The author offers for Europe's salvation "Aufbauwirtschaft"—economic co-operation—that will overstep geographical boundaries and finally weld the continent into an industrial unit.

JAMES SKILLMAN WARD,
Professor Modern Languages, Alabama College.

AMERICAN POET WARMLY RECEIVED

Carl Sanburg Lecture Pronounced Success

Carl Sanburg, Chicago poet, and one of the innovators in the field of modern poetry, was heard by a most enthusiastic audience in the chapel, Reynolds Hall, the evening of March 31.

The poet had been widely advertised and much enthusiasm had been stirred up in anticipation of his coming.

When the performance, in the form of a lecture and recital was begun, a full house was present. He was introduced by Marian Studley, Ph. D., head of the department of English of Alabama College.

Mr. Sanburg announced that his program was to be in four parts and might be termed hash, suet or gulosh.

The first part of the program dealt with legends and sources of knowledge concerning Abraham Lincoln, about whom Sanburg has just completed a 962-page book. He told sometime of other authors of Lincoln biographies, and related a number of interesting legends with regard to Lincoln's life.

The second part of the program dealt with definitions of poetry. Sanburg called them hazardous, tentative definitions, no one satisfactory definitions for poetry having been given.

Part three to Mr. Sanburg's program consisted of the reading of a number of his poems and Rutabaga stories. The titles are as follows:

1. Elephants are Different to Different People.
2. Shenandoah.
3. Prayers of Steel.
4. (a) Cahoots.
- (b) "Jazz Phantazia."
5. "Adelaide Crapsy" (with musical intentions).
6. (a) "Matstuff."
- (b) "Evening Waterfall."
- (c) "Sea Wash."
7. Last Movement from "Slabs of the Sunburnt West."

As a transition for these poetic numbers to his Rutabaga Stories, he gave two poems from "Slabs of the Sunburnt West," which were:

1. "Good Books."
2. "Primer Lesson."

"How Pink Peony Sent Spuds the Ball Player up to Pink Four Moons" was the first Rutabaga story Mr. Sanburg read, and was taken from his book called "Rutabaga Stories." The second story was "How Bozo the Button Buster Busted All His Buttons When a Mouse Came." They story told by Hat Hack, the Horse was taken from Sanburg's volume, "Rutabaga Pigeons." (It's interesting to note that Hat Rack, the Horse was so lean he could hang his hat on a shoulder bone.)

The fourth section of Mr. Sanburg's program was devoted to the singing of a number of Folk Songs he has collected in his American travels.

A. C. Girls to Collect Folk Songs

Suggestion was made during the visit of Carl Sanburg that girls of Alabama College made an effort to collect the numerous folk songs of the Alabama darkies. While no definite steps have been taken it seems likely that the English department will sponsor such an undertaking if enough interest is manifested on the part of the student body. A number have expressed a keen desire to attempt a collection, and it is though highly probable that the girls can quickly get at the abundant store of folk songs the Alabama darkies and mountaineers have been singing for the past generations.

London Has Water Taster

An official water taster is employed by the Metropolitan water board of London, England, to sample and test the water supply used by the 7,000,000 Londoners for daily consumption, says Popular Science Monthly. This official is an expert chemist who has trained his sense of taste for the unique job. To this end he abstains from smoking and liquor.

Fortune in Song

The song "Queen of My Heart" is said to have made four substantial fortunes and in one year to have earned \$200,000, yet under the title of "Old Dreams" it had been on sale for years before it "caught one."

The numbers rendered to the delight of the audience were:

1. "Boll Weevils."
2. "Jay Gould's Daughter."
3. "He's Gone Away."
4. "Irish Song."
5. "The Doughnut Man."
6. "Cowboy Song."

As encores he gave:

1. "Real Estate Boosting Song."
2. Spiritual of Negroes in South Carolina.

This part of the program was more enjoyable because of the fact that Mr. Sanburg told of the circumstances under which he secured the folk songs.

W. J. Mitchell

DENTIST

Phone 25

John Holmes

REPRESENTING

Mutual Life

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MONTEVALLO, ALA.

Service With a Smile

at

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It isn't merely "Price," but "Quality" at a price
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

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Candies, Fruits and Fancy Groceries

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THE NEGATIVE ON MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE OUSTED

Montevallo Team Loses to Wo-Co-Ala.

The negative trio of the Alabama College debate team on the question: Resolved, "That the United States Should Adopt a Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law," lost to the affirmative team of Woman's College when the two clashed in debate at the Woman's College Chapel in Montgomery Monday evening, April 18.

The debate was called at 8:15 at which time the six debates walked from the front entrance of the auditorium to the stage. The two first speakers, together entered first, followed by the two second speakers, who in turn were followed by the two alternates.

The affirmative debaters were seated at a table on the right of the stage, the negative on the left.

Woman's College students seemed quite interested, even gravely concerned when they saw the filing cases, books, pamphlets and regulation cards on the table of the negative.

Miss Cralotte Hereford, president of the student body of Woman's College, presided. Miss Susie Peach Foster, secretary of the student body, served as timekeeper.

Miss Hereford told the purpose of the meeting, and explained the origin of the idea for the inter-collegiate triangular debates with Judson College, Alabama College and Woman's College as participants. She then introduced the debaters, who were:

Lucile Vinston, first speaker on the affirmative; Hazel Black, first speaker on the negative; Julia Moore, second speaker on the affirmative; Helen George, second speaker on the negative; Elizabeth Morris, alternate for the affirmative. Una Franklin, alternate for the negative.

Lucile Vinston, without notes or references, began the debate by explaining the purpose of the debate, the origin of the issues to be presented by the affirmative. The points made by them were:

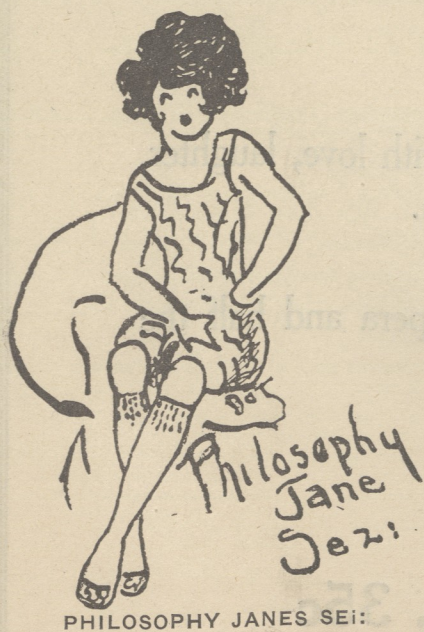
1. There is an essential need for a change in our system of laws.
2. A federal law is the only solution.

Miss Vinston ably presented her views in a manner that the orators of an old school. She made a fervent plea for the preservation and the glory of the stars and stripes. In her reputation especially was this true. She there also brought into use mustered argument on the race problems.

Hazel Black, in opening the case of the negative, said: "We of the State College at Montevallo are indeed happy to take part in this discussion on marriage and divorce, the keynote of which is better conditions for our country. As upholders of the negative we believe that the uniform law proposed by the affirmative is hopelessly inadequate as a remedy for the problem of marriage and divorce, and we believe that you will agree with us when we cite authorities supporting the issues we will prove."

Thereupon she stated the points of the negative which were:

1. There is no need for any radical change in our legislation on marriage and divorce.
 2. Such a uniform law would be undesirable.
 3. Such a law would not be feasible or practicable.
- At the conclusion of her speech Miss Black said:
- "Let me ask our friends of the affirmative:
1. Will you give sufficient evidence to demand such a law?
 2. Will you show that such a law will not interfere with the rights of our states?
 3. Will you show that Federal laws are harder to evade than state laws?
 4. Will you show that such a law



PHILOSOPHY JANES SEI:
The Sophs now even admit their Follies.

Judson Delighted With "Polly With a Past"

The Alabama Players, under the direction of Miss Ellen Haven Gould, head of the department of expression, and dramatic art at Alabama College, ably presented "Polly With a Past" to a large audience at Judson College, Marion, Friday evening, April 23.

The players motored to Marion early Friday returning to the college Saturday after a most successful performance in the Judson auditorium.

"Polly With a Past" is one of the most delightful three-act comedies ever staged by local talent. The warmest of praise has been given the cast and director since it was presented in Reynolds Hall, so that the knowledge that Judson eagerly received it comes as no surprise.

Frances Rush, as Polly, is said to have been even better than anticipated. Her interpretation of the character was most sympathetic and she won the admiration of the audience at the very first, holding and increasing it at every turn.

Elizabeth Ward, as the shy but ardent lover, was a type all to herself. Her enactment of the rite is said to have been one of the finest pieces of acting ever attempted by a Montevallo player.

Other member of the cast were Elizabeth Weatherly, Permelia Snell, Mary Garlington, Lawryn Godbold, Gladys Waldrop, Bill Smith, Mildred Gilchrist and Helen Veitch.

The player are to be in Bessemer April 29, and are scheduled for Gadsden April 30.

Keener interest has perhaps been displayed because of the fact that "Polly With a Past" was being run at the Jefferson last week.

is expedient, feasible, and last and most important of all:

5. Will you show that such a law and only such a Federal law will salve the problem?

When you have shown the negative these things we will be convinced. Until then, in the face of the facts just presented and summarized, we of the negative maintain that federal legislation on marriage and divorce will not be a remedy for present conditions:

Julia Moore, second speaker for the affirmative, was more argumentative than her colleague, though she was not quite so powerful in oratory. Her sound logic and clear thinking did much to win the debate for Woman's College.

Helen George, second speaker of the negative, proved herself most able. She directly met the issues of the affirmative, and in a manner staunch, deliberate and persuasive she proved and held her point. In reputation she was particularly good. In opening it she cleverly said:

The negative wishes to thank the Woman's College team for the wonderful hospitality shown them since their arrival. It is indeed hard to differ with a hostess after such a reception—but our views on this subject are strong." She then launched forth in a round of refutation that was severe, even scathing. She held out no mercy to her opponents. Had time not too swiftly passed there, it is wondered just how much of the affirmative case would have stood.

The affirmative victory is attributed largely to the delivery of the Woman's College girls. They worked long and hard, it was to be seen, and had thoroughly mastered the art of the delivery of their debate.

Although the Alabama College debaters were not successful in securing the decision of even one of the judges, their efforts are to be commended and they are to be congratulated. Their poise was marked, their logic sound, and their thorough mastery of subject matter gave to the audience a feeling of keen appreciation of what they done. In fact, it is a notable fact that the audience was at times very much afraid for the affirmative. When the chairman of the judges went forward to present the decision to the chairman, a look of keen anticipation of victory, and of expectancy, even swiftness of victory was on the face of nearly every Woman's College girls.

The judges for the debate were Dean Taylor of Auburn; Mrs. E. S. Pugh, of Union Springs, and Mr. John K. Watkins, of Opelika.

The winning team was presented with boxes of candy by the student body. Sorasages had previously been given the same team.

The debate was one of the best intercollegiate contests ever staged by Alabama schools. Although two entirely different schools of debate were followed, the interest never for once lagged, and all proclaimed it a grand climax to Montevallo vs. Woman's College activities.

Few seniors looking about for jobs would even think of applying for the position of mayor of a growing young metropolis. In Wisconsin, Paul Ungrodt left Lawrence College at the age of 23 and stepped into the job of mayor of the City of Washburn. So successful was he that the citizens in the April elections almost unanimously called upon him to take a second term.

LILLIAN PROUT IS DEEMED BEST CITIZEN

Lillian C. Prout, past president of the Student Government Association of Alabama College, past president of the Scribblers' Club, intercollegiate debator, and a leading member of the class of '26 will be the first student to have her name engraved on the senate loving cup as the "best citizen." Miss Prout was voted such by the student body and the faculty at a mass meeting held April 21 in Reynolds Hall.

The idea was one of the first considered by the senate after its organization in 1925. Hazel Blach, then president of the senate, took the idea up with the president and dean of the college as well as the senators.

At the beginning of the present session definite plans were made and it was decided that the plan should be attempted. Margaret Butler was appointed as chairman of a committee to work out the plans for citizenship week, the qualifications for the "Best Citizens" and to determine what kind of a campaign should be put on.

Through the work of her committee the idea became a popular one. It was intended that the distinction of "Best Citizen" of the college should be the highest compliment possible to pay a member of the student body. In order to make it seemingly mean more it was decided that the "Best Citizen" should come from the senior class. For several months this was the place. As the time for the choosing of the "Best Citizen" drew near, however, complaints on the part of underclassmen especially came in.

ALABAMA COLLEGE GLEE CLUB TOURED

The new officers of the club who were elected at a meeting held March 19 are: President, Frances Crump; secretary and treasurer, Annie Lou Hodges; business manager, Miriam Ernst; librarian, Eleanor Payne; stage manager, Helen Bishop. The retiring officers are: President, Helen Bishop; secretary and treasurer, Elizabeth Granberry; business manager, Eleanor Hooper; librarian, Eleanor Payne; stage manager, Mildred Thompson.

The club plans a successful year, next year under the directorship of Mr. C. B. Richmond, director of music.

The club rendered a very entertaining and successful program in Columbiana on April 15 to a large audience, and takes great pleasure in announcing an engagement with the University of Alabama, of Tuscaloosa for April 23. The following was the program in Columbiana:

Salutation.....Gaines
At Twilight.....Thome
The Land of Make Believe.....Berwald

II
Solos:
Blackbird Song.....Scott
Pirate's Dream.....Huerter
Helen Bishop '27
Indian Love Call.....Friml
Myrtle Turberville '28

III
Indian Love Songs.....Lieurance
Heary Thy Lover's Cry
Wi-um

By the Waters of Minnetonka
INTERMISSION

IV
A Bit of Originality
Alice Mahler '26
Elizabeth Granberry '26

V
Creole Love Song.....Smith
Lilacs.....Berwald

VI
Solos:
Three Questions.....Johnson
Love's in My Heart.....Woodman
Eleanor Hooper '28
Solos selected
Kathleen McCormick '26

VII
Sextet.
Mah Lindy Lou.....Strickland
My Little Banjo.....Strickland
Francis Lofin '28
Eleanor Hooper '28
Helen Bishop '27
Alice Mahler '26
Ettoile Barnes '28
Myrtle Plant '28

ALMA MATER

F. L.

Scribblers Club Officers

For the past year the Scribblers Club has had as president, Lillian Prout; as vice president, Collie Roan; as secretary, Laura Johnson and Agnes Stewart; as treasurer, Robbie Allen. Under the capable leadership of these girls, the Club has made much progress. The members of the Club feel very satisfied in passing on this leadership to leaders fully as capable, Robbie Allen, president; Mary Hill, vice president; Dorothy Williams, secretary, and Collie Roan, treasurer.

Though definite plans for next year have not yet been made, it is agreed that the Scribblers will take up a study of Alabama's legends and ballads. The final goal for the year will, of course, be Scribblings.

They desired that any students in school be eligible for the distinction. They pointed out that it suited them well enough for the honor to go to a service but they felt that if it were limited to the seniors the title should be "Best Citizen of the Senior Class" and not "Best Citizen of Alabama College." At a call meeting of both the old and new senate a regular campaign was waged, the underclassmen and the favorables in the senior class winning their point. In fact at the time a vote was taken only two dissenting voices were heard. The senate interprets its action as more liberal and democratic and it is believed that the honor now when falling to a senior will be deemed even greater than otherwise inasmuch as she was chosen in preference to any other student on the campus, and not in preference merely to every senior.

The qualifications as set down for the "Best Citizen" were: Loyalty, faithfulness to her trust, scholarship, sportsmanship, strength of character, leadership, spirituality and others of such a type.

Lillian Prout is deemed a school citizen worthy of the honor of being the first whose name shall be engraved on the cup which is to be the permanent property of the college. Miss Prout is a girl with a student vision and ideal. She has rendered invaluable service in many ways to her college. The fact that she was awarded this highest of distinctions proves that his efforts have been appreciated.

A. C. TO FURNISH SEVERAL P. W. G.'S.

Seven Alabama College applicants have been chosen by the Blue Ridge officials to serve on the staff for the season of 1926. Usually only two or three are taken from only one college, and any college having three chosen always feels peculiarly fortunate. From time to time the authorities have highly praised the Alabama College P. W. G.'s and the fact that seven were chosen this year is proof enough that A. C. girls render real service.

Blue Ridge is open all summer for Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. conferences. A staff of college girls and boys is employed every summer to operate the plant; i. e., work in dining room, recreation hall, etc. The boys and girls call themselves P. W. B.'s and P. W. G.'s (Poor Working Boy and Poor Working Girl). Every student envies the chance to be a P. P. P. or G. The seven chosen from Alabama College this year are: Fannie Morton, Fay Conney, Gertrude Gaines, Mildred Gilchrist, Mildred Rice, Ruth Little and Elvee Ingram.

Home Economics Club Holds 'Lecture

The Home Economics Club has this year raised its standards as the students eligible for membership. Each prospective member must in the first quarter of her sophomore year make an average of "B." This year, the following were admitted: Edith Delchamps, Inez Smith, Mary House, Ruth Hillman, Dorothy Hixon, Ruth Perdue, Gladys Elrod, Annie Lee Floyd and Colena Hamilton.

The club has this year become a member of the American Home Economics Association and has sponsored many high school clubs. Bess Williams was sent as a delegate to the home conference at Montgomery, where she gave a detailed report of the work of the club.

The study of current events in home economics is the field for club work this year and a series of interesting programs have been planned. The meetings, so far, have dealt with the feeding of a child from pre-school age through adolescence.

The club was hostess at a tea in the early spring, given in Black Hall in favor of Miss Ival Spafford, of State Board of Education. Members of the Home Economics faculty and Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Carmichael were invited.

The club regrets the fact that it will lost eighteen of its members this year. The Seniors are: Nina Faye Bonner, Carmenita Greene, Sara Ganzemiller, Mary Nettie Loflin, Hattie Lyman, Emma Louise Marriot, Mildred McCord, Lula B. Sanford, Riet Orr, Irma Rawls, Charlotte Smith, Laura Brown, Lena Harris, Louise Yard, Nellie White, Coleen Hamilton, Bess Williams and Edith Delchamps (graduating sophomore).

Miss Bennie Walton will succeed Ethel Drake as president. Edith Crew will take the office of vice president, whach was last year held by Ibbie Jones. Eloroe Ingram, as secretary and treasurer, will succeed Bennie Walton.

Y. W. C. A. Installs New Leaders

Installation services for Y. W. C. A. officers for the sesion of '26-'27 were held Sunday evening, April 11th, in the Assembly Hall, at which time the new girls in white assumed their responsibilities. Anne Long, retiring president of the Association, presided, gave her farewell talk, and called upon the new girls to take their places beside the old girls. Then Una Franklin, representing the Student Body, charged them to bear aloft the torch. She lighted first the candle of the President, from it lighting all the other candles. Then it was handed to the President who in turn gave it to Ellie Dreysspring, her successor. Miss Dreysspring responded, assuming her duties in saying they would try to carry on in a way befitting the leaders who had gone before and prepared the way. She ended with a prayer, after which "Follow the G'eam," was impressively sung, as the girls, all in white, passed through the front entrance, across the corridor and out onto the campus, where all together sang the last strain of the song.

The incoming Cabinet, announced in a previous issue of The Alabamian, is a particularly strong one, and much is expected of them in the forthcoming year.

Calkins Music Club Elects Officers

On the twentieth of March a meeting of the Calkins Music Study Club was held at which the following officers were elected:

President, Helen Boykin.
Vice President, Mary E. Moody.
Recording Secretary, Henrietta Mathews.
Treasurer, Margaret Smith.
Those going out of office are: President, Frances Loftin.
Vice President, Helen Bishop.
Corresponding Secretary, Frances Crump.

Treasurer, Myrtle Turberville.
At the state contest in Selma the club had four representatives, Mary Riley and Minnie Peebles Johnson were contestants in the voice department, having won in the district elimination contest at Birmingham. The club sent Helen Boykin and Lucy Stevens as delegates.

Plans for the following years are being made and it is hoped that a number of musical programs can be arranged.

Secretarial Club Elects Leaders

At present the Secretarial Club is very interested in the state typewriting contest, which is to be held at Alabama College on May 1. High school commercial students and first year college commercial students are eligible to enter the contest for speed and accuracy in typing. The club is glad to announce that Dorothy Baughman, a member of the club, is entering this contest as representative of Freshman Commercial Class.

Miss Regelmeyer inspired every secretarial student by her demonstration of the speed and accuracy that can be obtained in typewriting. She gave a most interesting and instructive performance in chapel Monday, April 19.

Officers who have served during this year are:

President, Cathryne Ortman.
Vice president, Ruth Little.
Secretary and treasurer, Vivian Cobb.

For the following year are: President, Hermine Brandt; vice president, Anice Stapp; secretary and treasurer, Sara Cole.

Sophs To Pull Big Stunt

Do you want to see something new, peppy, cute, funny, pretty, adorable and unusual in the way of songs, dances, charades and other such interesting things? Do you want to hear the newest songs sung by the cutest girls, see the newest kicks by the "danglingist" girls, see the newest stunts by the ones who do them best?

Remember the "kaleidoscope" put on by the Freshman class of '25? But what is the use of reminding any one of that cute "Farmer and Farmerette" dance, that majestic pageant, that adorable "band box chorus" of twisty, wiggly, peppy, dancing, singing chorus girls and boys. What need is there to remind any who saw it of all the advertisements that were more than lived up to? Freshmen, get some upper classman to tell you about it and then come to some of the same artists in "Joy Time" put on by the Sophomore class May 8.—This is the time. The Sophomore class will put on the hit of the season. Do you want to miss all that? No. So all you need do is save 35 cents and come see the newest, best, all round entertainment of the year by the Sophomores.

Drug Stores and Women
American women spend \$750,000,000 every year in retail drug stores.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE IS AFFIRMATIVE VICTORY

The first intercollegiate debate held at Judson College, Woman's College and Alabama College on the evening of April 19 ended in victory for the affirmative side of the question: Resolved, That the United States should adopt a uniform marriage and divorce law. Despite the fact that the debate resulted in a tie as to championship of the colleges concerned, when the battle was over it was found that each college had to its credit one victory which seemed of more importance than the defeat because of the fact that the victory in each case was gained at home.

Reynolds Hall was filled with faculty members, students of Alabama College and people of Montevallo who greeted the debaters with loud applause when they appeared on the stage ready for the argument. The affirmative speakers who were selected by tryout on December 15 were Lillian Prout, Helen Townsend and Clyde Merrill, alternate. The Judson students who defended the negative side of the question were: Vivian Fisher, Ruth Swain and Dorothy Kyser, alternate. Helen Davis, who, as president of the Student Government Association, 1925-26, was largely responsible in bringing the debate to Alabama College, was chairman of the meeting. In her opening address she gave a brief history of intercollegiate debating at Alabama College and extended a welcome to the Judson team. Miss Davis' speech follows:

"The Student Government Association of Alabama College is this year undertaking a phase of college activity which has never been indulged in at this college before; that is, intercollegiate debating. The presidents of the Student Government Association of Judson, Woman's College and Alabama College, after a great deal of correspondence, decided in February, 1925, that we needed to begin debates among the colleges. So, in April, 1925, each president presented the idea to her student body and all of the students accepted it most heartily.

The agreement stated that there should be a triangular debate, each college to debate the affirmative side of the question at home. Tonight, at this hour, there is a debate at Woman's College, and one at Judson College. Our negative debaters, Hazel Black, Helen George, and Una Franklin, alternate, are at Woman's College; Woman's College negative debaters are at Judson College, and Judson's negative debaters are here.

Before we begin the debate I want to extend to the Judson representatives a most hearty welcome. The student body and faculty are delighted to have you as visitors at Alabmaa College.

The subject for debate is: Resolved, That the United States should adopt a uniform marriage and divorce law."

In stating the question, Miss Prout, the first affirmative speaker, said:

"Anything that concerns the home or family life should be of particular interest to the girls of both Judson and Alabama College for the large per cent of all of them will go out to be homemakers. And what could more deeply affect the homes of America than marriage and divorce?

Marriage is as old as the primitive relations of the sexes, and divorce is as old as marriage. Precisely in the same sense in which the temporary and transient relations constituted the beginning of marriage, the subsequent and frequent terminations of these marriages constituted the origin of divorce.

The question of marriage and divorce in the United States goes back to the time of the first settlers, for, as soon as they were settled, each isolated group made its own laws concerning both institutions. The policy of allowing each group to formulate its own laws was followed without question for many years after the framing

(Continued On Page 8)

Notice to Seniors

All seniors graduating in May or July will receive the Alabamian for \$1.50 next year, provided they make deposit before commencement in May.

A number of seniors have expressed a desire to secure the Alabamian next year, and the special rate is made to enable and induce them all to become regular subscribers.

This reduction in price is for members of the 1926 graduating class only and under no conditions will the Alabamian be mailed to an outsider for less than \$2.50 the regular subscription rate.

The Alabamian

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"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Philippians 4:13.

THE BEST COLLEGE PAPER IN THE SOUTH

To be the best college weekly in the South is a pretty lofty aim, but that's exactly what the Alabamian has decided it intends to be. Do you think it's impossible? Well, the staff does not, and every member is planning to do her best to make her department up-to-date, complete, and attractive; and, students, don't forget you have a part to play—a BIG part. Praise instead of undue or harsh criticism helps a lot; a subscription from home would be fine, and an occasional article would please us, build up the paper, and give you a student activity point.

Lt's make the Alabamian boom!

WHAT'S WRONG

Something is dreadfully wrong with our system of signing up for rooms. It is preponderous to think of students staying up all night in order to be the first the next morning. And yet such is exactly what happens. Last week when the time came for Sophomores (who will be Juniors next year, and therefore eligible for rooms in Ramsay) to register it was learned that only 28 of the large class could secure rooms in the building. Every one was determined she should be one of the fortunate ones. Consequently by the time lights were out the night before, enough students were in line to take every room in Ramsay. Many of them did not bat their eyes that night and as a result went about forty hours without sleep. All of which was very foolish. But they had to be foolish in order to have the rooms they desired next year, for they knew others could be foolish, too.

Freshmen, following their noble example, as freshmen always do, started standing in line at 7 o'clock the night before they were to sign up.

Since students seem bound to act foolish, let's agitate for a change in the system of signing up for rooms.

COLLEGE: A PARAPHRASE

(From the Daily Maroon, U. of Chicago)

So we members of the American universities are the final, highly polished product of an ultra-modern civilization! A pleasing conceit, but unfortunately, untrue. Instead we lay claim by our actions to the title of anachronism. Our century is not the early twentieth, but the late seventeenth.

"In England, 1660 marked a rather wide adoption, toward life in general, of that attitude which, as distinguished from the chivalrous view, is describable as gallantry. I have read that the secret of gallantry is to accept the pleasures of life leisurely, and its inconveniences with a shrug—being thoroughly persuaded that God is kinder than the genteel would regard as rational.

"In fine, the gallant person is a well-balanced sceptic, who comprehends that he knows very little, and probably amounts to somewhat less, but has the grace to keep his temper.

"In American universities, 1900 marked a rather wide adoption toward life in general, of that attitude which, etc. Do we, while at school, consider life to be a somber tragedy, or

a realistic novel? Why, not a whit. It is a grand comedy, whereby all the parts are cast for our special delectation. We are momentarily scholars, politicians, athletes, and men of the world. Do we not accept our pleasures leisurely; and surely our inconveniences, classes, flunk notices and such, we accept with a shrug. But elsewhere in the creed of gallantry it is stated that in spite of the comprehension of his general worthlessness the gallant person will admit to no one, and at least of all to himself, this fact. So we have an air of fine sincerity about our fraternities, and our campus activities, and our athletics, that define attempts to discover the true attitude.

The Gallant Cavalier carefully avoided the semblance of serious thinking, but he could, and did, discourse charmingly of the writing of his day he knew the light music of his contemporaries, he attended the theatre religiously, and his table wit has never been surpassed. In short "of a gentleman it was everywhere expected as the requisites of social success, to make improper advances gracefully; and to dress not more than a month behind the Court of Fontainebleau, to fence well, and to say resistlessly in French that which he ought not to say at all."

The gallant collegiate would be ostracized if it were known that he considered his classes other than horrible bores, but he does know the inconsequential and some of the important writing now being done, he talks understandingly of jazz, and his line is absolutely unique. In short, of a college man it is everywhere expected, as the requisites of social success, to use for indecent ends a line whose charm is equalled only by its effectiveness; and to dress not more than a month behind Harvard and Yale; and to be enough of an athlete to make an occasional touchdown; and to tell resistlessly stories that he ought not to tell at all.

Furthermore, of Congreve's Women it is said, "For they are in everything pre-eminent adorable, these mendacious, subtle, pleasure loving, babbling, generous, volatile, brave, witty, and sumptuous young jill-flirts who rule in the Utopia of Gallantry. So all true cognoscenti must stay forever enamored of them; of their alert eyes, their little satin-slipped feet, their saucy tip-tilted little noses, their scornful little carnine mouths, and their glittering restless little hands for they were all mignonnes." And there is the co-ed. She, too, abides by the rules of gallantry, but with this difference. She is never so misled by her emotions that she forgets her creed; the men sometimes are.

From the Faculty

Within a very short time, about four weeks to be exact, the session of 1925-26 will be a thing of the past. Perhaps when you think of this you are thrilled, for almost every student gets some sort of thrill out of the anticipation of an approaching vacation. It is true that this session has been a most successful one for the majority of students attending Alabama College; but for a few, perhaps success has not been theirs; that is, if we measure success by the number of grade points received. It is to these few, therefore, that the remainder of this article is addressed.

Perhaps you are confronted with the problem of deciding about the summer's work. You probably are undecided about the matter of going to school this summer, or maybe, you are confronted with some other problem which, to you, is a vital one. If your parents were here, you could discuss the matter freely with them, but since you probably won't have an opportunity to do this, the next best thing will be to consult with your "faculty advisor." Have you made use of your "Faculty Advisor" this year? She is only too glad to help out in any problem of yours and, furthermore, your conversations with her will be held strictly confidential. She can probably help you in planning your summer school work and in any event, you will find her willing to assist you. Don't hesitate to call on her for help, even though you are not so well acquainted with her. A part of her time is your time if you care to make use of it. If you feel that some other member of the faculty, with whom you are better acquainted, could be of more assistance to you than your regular advisor, call upon her, for you are not limited in this matter of receiving help. Any member of the faculty will do her utmost to assist you.

W. J. KENNERLY.

Hello Walk Designated

At the last regular meeting of the Senate, held in Reynolds Hall, a plan was adopted whereby the walk extending from Ramsay Hall to the front campus gate will be designated as "Hello Walk." All students passing along that walk are supposed to speak to all students they pass or meet.

The plan was adopted in the hope that it will be a means of students knowing each other better. The designated walk is one of the most attractive on the campus, and is one, which not always as crowded as the one towards Bloch and Reynolds Halls, is traveled constantly by many students.

Y. W. C. A. SERVICES FOR MAY ANNOUNCED

Sunday, May 2, will be turned over to the freshman class, as far as the Y. W. C. A. services are concerned. The custom each year is for the Sun-



Prunella Dustdown Suffers Calamity

Telegrams have been received from Prunella Dustdown, the world's greatest college writer, telling of an unfortunate and dreadful calamity which has befallen her just as she was preparing to leave for Halifax. Accordingly her first contribution to the Alabamian could not be received. secretary wires that he hopes she will be able to resume her work in a few days and that according to her contract, articles will be forthcoming, beginning with the next issue. The staff regrets that the great feature could not be published in this issue, but feels also sure that Miss Dustdown is worth waiting for. In fact, the staff feels its greatest contribution to the success of the paper has been the engaging of Miss Dustdown for the remainder of the year.

Be one the lookout for her articles. As announced before, she has a very rare insight into student problems.

Y.W.Service Interesting

The vesper services of the Young Women's Christian Association for the past few times have been especially interesting.

The first one following the inauguration service was devoted to the singing of hymns and favorite songs. Mary Kate Derby was leader.

The following Sunday was given over to the gold B. Y. P. U. Lucy Parker was leader and Ruby McAllister had charge of the arranged program.

Last Thursday was given over to the reading of a play "Thirty Years After," written by Alabama students. Mary Martin led; Una Franklin read the play.

Sunday evenings service was an especially attractive one with Elizabeth Prather leading.

A number of familiar hymns were sung and a large number of girls joined in the service held on the steps.

MAKES USE O' THE MUD

Polly's past when she left Montevallo for Judson was not so disreputable but, oh, ye experiences! What would one say now!

Alabama's a mighty fine country, but sometimes the red mud—and the black—isn't quite so pleasant, especially when heavily laden motor cars are trying to make their way safely uphill.

Alabama players are a rather notorious group any way, but it happened that they slightly added to their fame last week when they motored over to Judson to stage their famous play, "Polly With a Past." The hill was steep; the mud was deep. The road got slicker and more slick all the time. At last the limit was reached. The car couldn't make it. The girls couldn't ruin their shoes. And yet to step in the mud meant that very thing. It was deep enough that the shoes would be completely covered.

Wits come to the rescue. Shoes and hose are discarded. Dignified college girls and famed actresses walk barefoot up the hill! The mud squashed between their toes. They trudged laboriously along. But they finally conquered the mud and the hill.

The next problem was a footwashing. A negro mammy solved the problem. A tub of water was drawn from a well and the Monte girls splashed till the feet were free from all vestiges of their guilt.

Polly is now said to have a real past!

Good Manners

Politeness does not mean formality, small talk or affectation. Politeness means the recognition of the temperament and feelings of another human being, the determination to do nothing and to say nothing that can injure that person's self-respect or to give them one moment of unnecessary suffering.

day evening services to be given over to the classes, one class being responsible for each Sunday. The Freshmen have not announced their subject but the services will be led by their president, Clyde Merrill. The second Sunday will be devoted to the Sophomores. A Mother's Day program will lead. The Juniors will have charge on the third Sunday, with Ruth Jones leading, while the last Sunday will be in charge of the graduating class with Hattie Lyman leading.

The Thursday evening services are likewise interesting. Dr. Joseph P. Boone, pastor of the First Baptist church of Tuscaloosa, will speak on the evening of May 6. His subject cannot be known until his arrival. The three following Thursdays will be given over to social clubs of the college.

These programs are all looked forward to with keen pleasure. It is believed that Y. W. C. A. services with Alice Lowery, as chairman of the program committee are to be vitally helped and inspirational throughout the coming year.

Stroud is Secretary of Presidents

Helen Stroud, '29, was elected secretary of the Presidents' Council at their meeting held in the library April 10. The distinction is considered a very enviable one and friends of Miss Stroud are congratulating her upon becoming the secretary.

She is one of the bright secretarial students of the college, and her abilities seem indicative of the fact that she will make a successful secretary. Miss Stroud follows Alma Alman, '29.

WONDER WHY TOWNSEND LIKES THE WOODS

There's something rather uncanny about Helen Townsend's infatuation for the woods "these glorious spring days"—particularly Sunday. She admits she likes to go. Once in awhile she simply must go. Due wonders why!

Of course, all Alabama College girls know something of Robin Hoods' attachment to the green and the forests. Monte's Robin has the unusual opportunity of going to the Forest of Arden. But tho that's rather interesting, it has nothing to do with the case and question in hand. Why does Robin Hood go to the woods on Sunday afternoon. It puzzles some of her senior friends.

However, Ann Long and Hazel Black believe they have the key to the situation.

And when they tell! Robin, call forth your knights so bold! That's the best advice one can give now!

WE KILLED THE SNAKE

Six high and mighty seniors breakfasting at Davis Falls Sunday morning brought home a hair-raising tale of a horrifying experience which was theirs when they encountered a nice sized snake of the highland moccasin variety. "We killed the snake" is the report they give. "We had a hard job doing it, too." Hazel Black seems to put much emphasis on the

WE, but when subjected to a severe cross-examination admits maybe she just saw it killed. But she wants it plainly understood that a tragedy was barely averted for she almost stepped on the snake, and if she had, said snake would have coiled around her leg and bit her, and now she would be dead! It made her blood curdle to think of it.

In truly her many friends agree with her that it was a harrowing experience, even a near tragedy. But the four foot snake was killed, and the puzzling part about it is that by the time Hazel got through talking about it the snake was five and a half feet long! WE killed the snake!

Alabama College

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Montevallo, Alabama

An A-grade College of highest standards offering—
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Bachelor of Science Degree.
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Courses in Education, Public School Music, Violin, Piano, Voice, Home Economics, Physical Education, Science. Also Secretarial.

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The Grecian Maidens with all their grace and charm have nothing on

MONTE SOPHS

Flo Zeigfield is bidding high for the engagement of several stars of the Sophomore Follies, Inc.

SEE

“JOY TIME”

Surpasses “Sweetheart Time” now showing in New York, and eclipses the famous Freshman Kaleidoscope of '25.

Tickets 35c

Reynolds Hall Soon

No Reserved Seats

Grand Opera Here

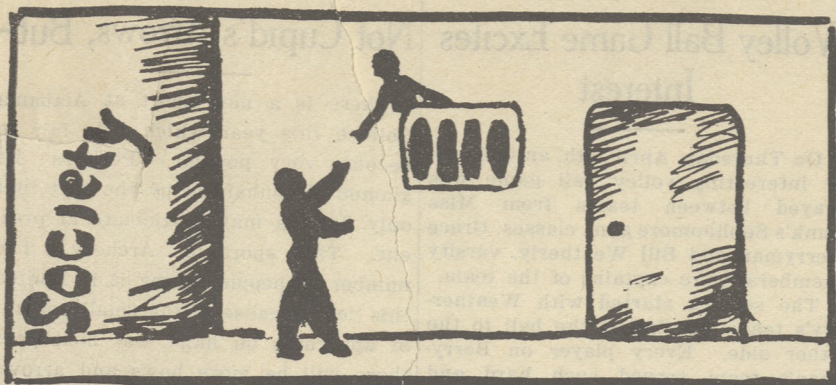
“TAN TROUSERS”

May 1, 1926

Spanish scenes, customs and costumes, with love, laughter, hate and a romantic bull fight in old Spain.
A treat for young and old. Don't miss it.

Librettos—an American version of the opera and half the show—will be sold for 15c.

All Seats Reserved, 35c



PI KAPPA DELTA NEWS

At the business meeting of the club Wednesday night, April 14th, officers for the year 1926-27 were elected, as follows: President, Lorraine Carmichael; vice president, Margaret Fountain; secretary, Nettie Coleman; treasurer, Louise Griffin.

TUTWILER CLUB NEWS

The Easter season sounded many a happy note in the hearts of each Tutwiler. It was a far-reaching note and a wide-spread response that it should so completely cover the State. It found some at home, and others visiting, and still others here. Nothing is ever complete without exceptions. Those who celebrated their holidays here were volunteers to look after the interests in this part of the State. Leisurely and happily they spent those four days, even as did those miles away, entertaining and being entertained by visitors and callers. Such freedom as they enjoyed is known only upon rarest occasions on our campus. The hurrying and yet reluctant four winds gathered them all and brought them back, their bags full of new clothes, their heads full of new plans, their memories full of experiences and their hearts full of love.

The regular Sunday night meeting of March 21st, was given to a farewell feast for Miss Winfred Castleman. The program included toasts to Miss Castleman, as a former member and president of the Tutwiler Club and also as a faculty advisor. We regret very much that she is no longer either a student or instructor at Alabama College, but we wish her well in her future happiness. Miss Castleman plans to leave soon for New York, for an extended stay there, before going abroad.

The program of Sunday night, April 11th was based on fraternity sweethearts. The feature of the entire program was the selection of fraternity songs played and sung, to the accompaniment of guitars and banjos, by Mary Elizabeth Moody and Daisy Fay. The committee of entertainers for that evening were Marion Jones-Williams, Daisy Fay Killian, Claudia Slade and Elizabeth Keller.

Miss Zadie Williams, a former member of the Tutwiler Club, was a guest at the College a few days ago. Miss Williams is instructor in the Home Economics Department of Mississippi State College.

Mrs. Kenneth Hammond (Jewell Pardue) was a recent guest at the College on Sunday afternoon. Jewell's visits are always thoroughly welcomed, but always too short. We are looking forward to a promised long visit.

Miss Mabel Keller was a visitor on the campus at the same time. Also Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Keller.

Miss Alice Alsabrook will spend this month in Columbiana as a practice teacher there.

Miss Elizabeth Horsley was a Sunday afternoon guest on the campus a few weeks ago.

The Tutwiler Club announces the following officers, which have been elected for the coming year:

Isma Long President
Aletha Louise Tente V. President
Frances Rush Secretary
Elizabeth Ellis Treasurer

ALPHA PI OMEGA NEWS

The Alpha Pi Omegas unanimously report a very joyous Easter each.

Miss Catherine Artmann had as her Easter guest Miss Meriam Ernst.

Miss Florence Smith had as her week-end guest April 10-11, Mr. Akel Benscoter, of Mason City, Ill.

Miss "Shorty" Ernst had as her guest Friday and Saturday, Mr. Joe Whitfield, of Auburn, Ala.

Misses "Mut" Gregg and "Shorty" Ernst had as guests Sunday, April 11, Messrs. John Ladd and Douglas Elliott, of Birmingham.

Miss Catherine Artmann was called home Saturday morning, April 10th, by the serious illness of her grandmother. The Club extends its sympathies.

PHILOMATHIC NEWS

Miss Roberta Northrup and Miss Mary Parrent attended a religious conference held in Birmingham during the past week.

Miss Altha Huges and Miss Myrtle Turbiville went with the Glee Club to Columbiana Thursday night.

Mr. David Carter was the guest of his sister, Emmie, the past week-end.

Miss Beverly Christian and Miss Nora Muckle will be the guests of Miss Lucy Pickens next week-end.

The many friends of Miss Toodie

Jack will be glad to know that she got her a room in Rarnsey Hall for next year. Toodie thinks that the secret of health and happiness is cleanliness.

Mrs. Narcissa Shawhan is with us again this week, teaching another class in Parliamentary Law. Mrs. Shawhan is always welcome to our campus.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Andrews and Miss Ruth Whorton, of Opelika, and Mrs. William Baskerville, of Birmingham, were the guests of Misses Mary Parrent and Antonio Tolbert on Friday, April 9. Miss Whorton is a former student of Alabama College.

Misses Margreat Grayson and Ruth Jones will leave Thursday afternoon for Birmingham, where they will attend the International Sunday School Convention.

The play, "Clarence," presented by the Judson Repertory Players on Saturday evening, April 10, was received with hearty enthusiasm by a large and appreciative audience.

Misses Mary Riley, Minnie Peebles Johnston, Alice Quarles and Helen Boykin left Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock for Selma. There they will compete in the State Music Contests. The entire student body feels that Alabama College is well represented and are co-operating in every way to make their representatives winners.

Miss Lucy Stevens left Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock for Selma. She will represent the Calkins Music Club at the State Music meet.

Miss Rosary Looney, a member of the cast of "Clarence," presented by the Judson Repertory Players, spent last Saturday at Alabama College as the guest of Misses Rowena Langley and Elizabeth Prather.

Misses Alice Alsabrook and Ibbie Jones left Sunday, April 11, for Columbiana, where they will remain for one month as practice teachers.

The Alabama Players will present "Polly With a Past" at Judson College on April 23.

The Glee Club will be heard in concert on Thursday night, April 15, in Columbiana.

Mrs. O. C. Carmichael left Wednesday evening for Selma to attend the Music Meet held in that city.

Miss Fay Turner will leave Friday morning for Birmingham to attend the International Sunday School Convention.

Several members of the student body will go to Birmingham Friday as Alabama College's representatives to the International Sunday School Convention.

Friday evening, April 9, another member of the Artists' Course was presented at the chapel. It consisted of a piano recital by the renowned pianist, Levitski.

Miss Ruby Worthy returned to the campus Sunday, having been detained at home after the holidays because of the serious illness of her mother. We are all so happy that her mother is now well enough for her to resume her studies.

Mr. T. M. De Graffenreid, of Seale, Ala., was the guest of Miss Mary Ella De Graffenreid on Wednesday.

A reception was tendered the local and visiting debaters Monday night, when the Frensch Club entertained in their honor in the parlor of Ramson Hall. In addition to the debaters those present were: President and Mrs. O. C. Carmichael, Dr. Esther Marguerite Hall, Dr. Marion D. Studley, Miss Myrtle Brooke, Miss Fannie T. Tabor, Mrs. Nora Reynolds, the members of the Frensch Club and the nites of the club.

Mrs. Jessie Townsend was the guest of her daughter, Helen, coming for the debate with Judson College.

Misses Hazel Black, Helen George and Una Franklin left Monday morning for Montgomery to represent Alabama College in one of the tri-college debates, which were held at all three colleges on Monday night.

Mrs. J. A. Lazenby, of Monroeville, spent Saturday and Sunday on the campus as the guest of her daughter, Miss Blanche Lazenby.

Miss Frances Rush spent Sunday afternoon and Monday in Bessemer as the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. L. Rush.

The debating team of Judson College arrived on the campus Monday afternoon accompanied by several sup-

porters. They showed the Judson spirit to the last, even though they met defeat.

Mrs. W. L. Rush, Mrs. R. E. Carlton, Mr. Harold Rush, and Miss Leona Nelson, of Bessemer, were the guests of Miss Frances Rush on Sunday.

The Alabama Players have Friday, April 23rd for Judson College, where they will present "Polly With a Past."

Miss Florence Phillips, of Meridian, Miss., was the guest of Miss Lucile Snellgrove on Friday, April 17.

Miss Helen Davis and Mary Ellen Spink returned Sunday evening from a conference of Presidents and past presidents of student government of Southern Colleges. At this conference Miss Spinks was elected vice president of the association.

Mr. Bob Forman, of Gadsden, was the guest of Miss Josie Riddle on Sunday.

Mr. T. R. Lane, of Sylacauga, was the guest of Miss Helen Gray McNeil on Sunday.

Miss Margaret Coleman is the guest of friends. We are all glad to have Margaret back for a visit.

Mr. Forman Smith, of Birmingham, was the guest of Miss Mable Jean Long on Sunday.

Messrs. Joe Wallis, C. O. Stewart, and Ernest Porter, of Auburn, were the guests of Misses Rowena Langley, Charlotte Smith, and Quia Mae Malone on Sunday.

Mr. Forest Maynard, of Alexander City, was the guest of Miss Trane Willis on last Sunday.

Misses Carlile and Lucille Chappell, of Alexander City, were the guests of Misses Lillian Chappell and Minnie Lambert last Sunday.

Miss Katherine Leath spent last week-end in Birmingham as the guest of her uncle.

Mrs. J. W. Langley, of Sylacauga, was the guest of Miss Rowena Langley on Friday.



Father (coming into his son's frat house unexpectedly): Does Mr. Brown live here?
Senior: Yes, bring him in.

Consider the pin—its head keeps it from going too far.

Frank: I say, George, where do you buy your typewriter ribbons?
George: I don't; I usually buy her flowers.

"Here is a letter for you with a black border!"
"Alas! My poor brother is dead!"
"How do you know? You haven't read it?"
"No—but I recognize his handwriting."

Putin: "What did you have that operation for?"
Take: "Ten dollars and a half."

Putin: "I mean what did you have,"
Take: "Seven dollars and a quarter."

Nit: "What did he say to the dean when he was fired?"
Wit: "He congratulated the school in turning out such fine men."

"I got the dope on that one," remarked the cop as he raided an opium joint.

Miss Burns: Give me a sentence with the word vine.
Jewel Livingston: Vine hell do you give us so much English?

WELL, IN A WAY
"So your wife is sick. Dangerous?"
"No, she's too weak."

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a kiss and away did run;
But the girl sued poor Thomas
For breach of promise,
Period, semi-colon, dash, two commas.

"It's the little things in life that count," murmured the kike as he scratched his head and shook his hat.

Mrs. Murphy died and left \$2,000 sewed up in her blouse.
My, what a lot of money to leave behind.

Nina: "Did you hear the explosion yesterday?"

Miss Hall: "No, what happened?"
Nina Bray: "Why the wind blew up the river."

"Do you like crullers?"
"Oh, I doughnut."

Miss Brooke: "Do any of you girls use naughty words?"

Mary Ellen: "Well, I'll tell you Miss Brooke, I'm not so good at it but my roommate's got it down pretty well. She'll be back in a minute."

Major: "Why do you put 'Col.' before your name? You're not a colonel."

Rastus: "No, suh. Dat 'Col.' done stand for cullud."

"How did Bill get all bunged up?"
"He had a nightmare last night."
"Well?"
"And when he woke up he found it was a charley-horse."

(A caterpillar is an upholstered worm.)

JUST AROUND THE CORNER
"Are you a college man?"
"No; but I know where you can get it."
What makes the world go round?
Habit.

And how about the lady who thought "Flaming Youth" was the boy who stood on the burning deck?

Conductor—Smile.
She—Smile? What for?
Conductor—S'm'le to the next station.

FRESH! AND VERY, VERY OLD!
Girlie—Can you give me a couple of rooms?
Hotel Clerk—Yes, suite one.
Girlie—Sir!

Farmer (to train caller): What do you do?
Train Caller: I call trains.
Farmer: Well, call me one; I'm in a hurry.

Anne Johnson: "Don't you love outdoors?"
Andrew: "Well, I'm willing if you are."

We've often wondered if you could call Dr. Peck a pillar of society.
"Is Mr. Kennerly a good chem. teacher?"
"Good! I should say he is. He's got the acids eating right out of his hands."

"Use 'infirm' in a sentence."
"John bit jack and run. Jack's got it infirm."
Old tires have punctuation marks.

Taxi Driver: Here you are, sir. This is your house; get out; be careful, sir, here's the step.

Stude: Yesh! That alio, but weesh my feet?

CLASSIC STUFF
He: Teach me the Charleston?
She: If I can remember it.

Let's see—it was one of those quaint old dances they were doing last summer. Wasn't it?

Everything comes to him who orders hash.

All that titters does not scold.

Keep that schoolgirl complexion—out of the rain.

Miss Vickory: Have you ever had hallucinations?
Tope Martin: Yes, twice. The first time it didn't take, but the second time it left a big scar.

"How's business selling houses?"
"Well, I can't real estate."

"Why did Hawthorne name one of his novels 'The Scarlet Letter'?"
"I dunno, unless he wanted it to be read."

Some girls reduce by exercising—others eat a "Bob's."

"Lo, Brow."

"Hi, Hat."

A FEW DEFINITIONS
(According to the modern young man about town)

A quiet evening—one during which you are not arrested for disorderly conduct, for causing a riot, or manslaughter.

A late party—a form of entertainment that lasts at least till breakfast the following day.

Volstead—The man who made the bootlegger famous.

Gin—Anything with a kick in it.

A Week-end—Two day's souse.

A Farmer—One who owns a still.

Prohibition—A myth.

Do: What's an usher?

Tell: The guy who takes the leading part in the theaters.

The Child: Daddy, did people go in swimming a lot in Bible times?
The Daddy: How in the Sam Hill should I know?

The Child: It says here that the people died of divers diseases.

Man (in department store): Let me see some corsets, please.
Clerk: Antiques, third aisle to the right.

Mary had a little lamb
You've heard it of before—
And then she passed her plate again
And had a little more.

A sentence using the word "moron."
"Papa said sister couldn't go out till she put moron."

Of all the sad surprises
There's nothing to compare

With teaching in the darkness
On a step that isn't there.

"Are you waiting for someone?"
"No, I promised to meet a freshman here."

My friend Dora is off again. She thinks that the hemlock is an attachment for a sewing machine.

"Does oo know Odessa?"
"Odessa who?"
"Odessa itte bit."

"I asked my girl how much I rated with her."
"What did she do?"
"Whispered sweet nothings in my ear."

ALPHA BET
He: I wish I could revise the alphabet.
She: Why, what would you do?
He: I'd put U and I closer together.

If the mattress comes can the spring be far behind?

"I'm cutting quite a figure," said the chorus girl as she sat on a broken bottle.

You can get necks to a lot of girls.

YOU AUTO KNOW THIS
One bathing girl on the seat is better than two on the windshield.

WANDERLUST
Comes a report from Bombay of two young Americans who say they are graduates of Akron University and profess to be beating their way around the world. They are James Matz and Adib Karam.

Last June they left New York as pantrymen on the Leviathan. For three months they worked and saved, then left for a tour of Europe. From a Mediterranean port they embarked on a French military transport to Bierut. After a brief stay in the Holy Land they "hopped a freight for Egypt."

In Egypt they stowed away on a freighter bound for India, remaining in hiding without food or drink for 27 hours.

The next thing on the schedule is a jaunt through India.

JOKES
Miss Kent: "Bill has a basket ball nose."
Helen: "How's that?"
Miss Kent: "It dribbles."

Helen George: "I think the Charleston is awful."
Mary Riley: "I can't learn it, either."

"Alice, your shirt tail is out!"
"Oudt? Vere iss it oudt?"
"Oudt vere de vest begins."

Cop: "Why don't you blow your horn at crossings?"
Jelly: "Because every time I do all the girls step out on the curb."

"Pa, come help me find the least common denominator."
"Why, haven't they found that thing yet? They were looking for it when I was a boy."

"Is she modest?"
"Modest? Why she won't ever sing on a sextet!"

Dr. James: "What line did you take to Europe last summer?"
Mr. Ward: "The same one that I use around school here."

Miss Cape: "Can you pronounce avoid, Madge?"
Made: "Sure; vat iss de void?"

"Never the twain shall meet," sighed the small boy, as he watched the brakeman throw the switch.

Miss Stallworth (in art class): "What's an Italian decoration?"
Elma O'Neill: "Spaghetti on the vest."

First Dark Boy: "I hyar yo' all's sick."
Sec. Dark Boy: "Yas, suh, I's got pleuresy."

F. D. B.: "Yo' sho has a mighty alcoholic breath."
S. D. B.: "Yas, suh; every time I looks, I sees plural."

"When I was in China I saw a woman hanging from a tree."
"Shanghai?"
"Oh, about six feet."

"Parson, will you answer me a question, suh?"
"Yes, mah boy."
"Hoosanna?"

Es: "Were you raised in a barn?"
Telle: "No; the elevator boy brought me up."

Dr. Peck: "Your larynx, thorax, and epiglottis appear to be affected."
Lucy Mc: "Gosh! I thought I had throat trouble!"

Fat Lady: "Officer, can you see me safely across the street?"
Officer: "Begorra, lady, I can see yez a mile away!"

One: "I hear you have adenoids."
Two: "Yes, but don't speak of it."
One: "Why not?"
Two: "Adenoids me."

Daughter: "Mother, I simply must have a new sweater."
Mrs. Newlyrich: "How uncouth, daughter! You should say perspirer."

THE OTHER HALF
This is said to be a mechanical age. If it is, then the University of Texas is up with the times. They have officially adopted a "truth machine" to detect cheating in examinations. The machine operates by measuring the rise of blood pressure when a guilty suspect is questioned will be used, ironically enough, by the Honor Council. The council eagerly awaits a subject.

Always Lovers of Horses
When Julius Caesar made his incursions into England or the land of the Britons in the years 55 and 54 B. C., he made note of the size and strength of the horses possessed by the Britons.

A fool and his college are soon parted.

The old negro attended a service in the Episcopal Church for the first time in his life. Someone asked him afterward how he had enjoyed the experience.

"Not much, shohly not much," he declared, shaking his head. "Dat ain' no church fo' me; no suh! Dey wastes too much time readin' de minutes of de las' meetin'."

Charity
"Oh, mamma," questioned the child "who is that?" He pointed to a new who was passing.

"A sister of Charity," was the answer. "Which one," the boy persisted "Faith or Hope?"

Appearance
The cross-eyed man at the table bowed with courtly grace, and said: "May I have this dance?"

Two Wallflowers ans. as with a voice: "With pleasure."

It's all a matter of taste, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow.

The poet, in a frenzy, dashed off a line that was really superb: "See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire."

The devilish compositor so tangled the words that, when the poem was published, this line read: "See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

A Chance Lost
"Who was the originator of the idea that a husband and wife are one?"
"I give it up; but it strikes me he might have saved a lot of argument if he had said which one."

Mother (to the little girl who had been sent to the hen house for eggs): "Well, dear, were there no eggs?"
Little girl: "No, Mummie, only the one the hens use for a pattern."

Pupil: "What I want to know is, am I a bass or a baritone?"
Teacher: "No; you're not."

Miss Sessions: "How do you inconsequently?"
Emmie: "Wrong."

Miss Cope: "Madge, for what John Ruskin noted?"
Madge: "Making cigars."

The meanest man in the world is the fellow who gets his coal by going around and stealing the eyes out of the kids' snowmen.

"Say, we sho have a dumb farm hand."
"How's that?"
"He found a lot of condensed milk cans in the grass and said he'd found a cow's nest."

No fish ever gets caught as long as he keeps his mouth shut.

"Say, Jensen, why is a pancake like the sun?"
"Oh, dat's a funny one. It's because it rises in der yeast und sets in der vest."

"Angry wife: 'What does this powder on your vest mean?'
Unfortunate Husband: 'Trouble, my dear, trouble.'"

Wife: "How many fish was it you caught Saturday, George?"
Husband: "Six, darling—and all beauties."

Wife: "I thought so. That fish shop has made a mistake again. They've charged us with eight."

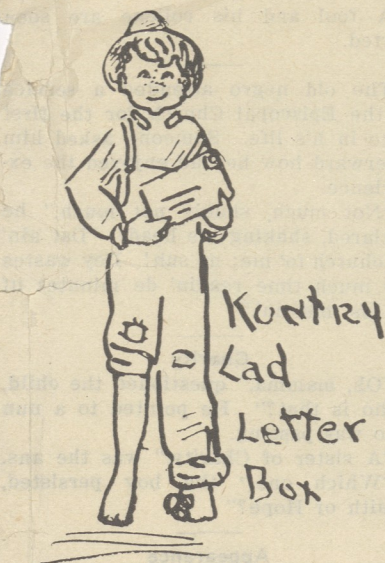
Don't give your girl too much rope; she might string you along.

Young Bride: "Sweetheart, the grocery stores were closed today, but I made you some nice bean soup out of some jelly beans I got at the confectionary."

DANCE
They want to dance.

For fifty years dancing has been prohibited at the University of Denver. Now by unanimous votes the Student Council and other student organizations have petitioned to have the ban on social dancing removed. It's now up to the dean and trustees.

The request was made possible by the latest general assembly of the Methodist Church in Colorado which made dancing optional for members.



Deer Lizzie:
Maw an' Paw an' me had fried spring chicken (I call it "spring," cause it wuz so much lak rubber) t'ay an' my fren Ab Sennt got a whiff uv t' perfume uv th' same an' kinda hustled over heer t' hellup us eet th' same. Uv course a'ter he wuz hear we coodn't 'ford not ter ast him ter hellup us rastle with th' foul, so maw she tol' paw to ast Ab—but I kinda thank th' wuz kneedless an' useless, fer Ab seems t' haff ast hiz-seff. When we had perseeded with th' rastlin' match, paw guv me th' drum stick, another name for th' lag, er, azz my gal sez, "limb." I thank paw iz tryin' t' make a moosicshun outta me, fer he alwaze gives me th' drum sticks. I guess Ab's gonner be a angill, fer paw alwaze gives 'im th' wings. I still haff me doughs 'bout 'b ever goin' thru th' Golden Gaits, tho. Now hun erstan' me, I meen th' golden gaits uv heven an' not them uv Californie.

Az we et, Ab got started t' talkin' an' ast me t' tell 'bout my fren, Hicker Nutt 'fore he went an' got married. Which I will no relat, tho I do n't lak t' gossip. But az it iz, bein' yew an' knowin' ywe won't tell a sole, I'll tell yew. But I thank I had better start a nee paragraff ter tell th' story in full—fer I'll haff ter tell it fore I git full uv drum sticks again, er I liabule t' be tryin' t' tell it ter yew in moosical terms.

Well throw yer Cross Werd puzzel gh an' give this yore entar 'ten'. Hicker he sed th' he, when a yeers younger'n what he is now, thot he wuz in love with a gal black heded un. So he started t' cin' her t' shoze, buyin' her 'pop-ern, an' throwin' aweigh hizz muny general on her, az he thot th' wuz th' proper weigh for a feller in y' dew. But won nite he carried ue, fer th' wuz th' maidun's name, ew see th' tee room. Thet's th' place whar th' doods go t' by tee, eets an' thangs uv th' nature. Ab sed an' thangs uv th' nature. Hicker sed he fed her a good feed, az good az he hazz on Chr'stmus so he sez. When they tuck off th' las' feed bag, another expresshun fer stopped eetin'. Hicker wuz lookin' at hizz (better-half-he-hoped-to-be, an' 'low sumthin' happened. She took out her powder rag, or puff I beleve they calls it, an' powder her beezee, another werd fer noze, rite thar in publick view. Hicker laked t' hed a fit an' when he got her home I guess she staid. Anyweigh, fer Hicker's part she d'd. Mary Jane wuz Hicker's nex' sweet hart, but at a show, Mary Jane winked at another guy, who she sed wuz her kuzun. Thet wuz th' end uv Mary Jane, so Hicker sed. He next took Mary Lou.

Mary Lou wuz a kute kid. A blond if yer pleeze. Hicker went t' see her won Sundy nite an' while he wuz sittin' thar on th' tang-a-ma-jig she taken out her lipstick, I don't no jest whot th' iz, and went over her kissers—Hicker sed he sed good buy t' Mary Lou.

Th' next woman in th' case wuz Jennie Mae. Jennie Mae do what? I don't no. Now Jennie looked lak a shure mate fer Hicker, so he dolled up won eve an' started t' sea hizz Eve, but he had no sooner'n got intew th' dore than she helt out her arms t' him an' sed, "Heer iz my 'lille bitty sweet baby boy—" Ooooooh, Hicker sez he broke loose an' never fore run so blamed fast in h'z life, er in uth' weds in all his born daze. Then came Mary. Yes, jest plane Mary. Mary she wuz next. Hick went t' sea or met her in th' dark—she wuz a beaut, th' best he cud tell, so Hick sez. He ast her if he cul call an' she sed, "Yes in th' mornin'." Hicker sed he got up at fore an' wuz reddy t' go at five, but 'course he cudn't go 'fore ten. He went and her brother sed she wuz jest makin' her appeurance, so Hick claims. Hicker, az yew no, wuz sot aginst make-up, so he terned an' left her flat. He sed s'e later hed th' luck to hook sum pore druggist an' th'et she kin now git her make-up cheep. Dolly wuz th' nex'.

Dolly wuzn't a bit pretty. She wuz red-hedded, long-nozed, freckel-faced, and to round thangs off, c'ross-ide. She wuz more er less homely, an' used not won bit uv make-up. Hicker wuz az happy az a lark fer he jest new he hed found his ideel mate. They wuz hitched by th' local preecher an' it wuz not long after th' huncheon 'fore Hick found out sumthin'. He found th'et he hed overlooked won thang. Most red-hedded gals haff a red-hot timper—Well, Dolly was no 'cepshun t' th' rool. Hick found th'et after he hed tried so hard ter git a gal who did not have a Bob, er who used make-up, to a grate extent. In fact he, wanter a natural beauty if I cood git' won. But he soon found th'et if it wuzn't a up uv won kind, it

Alabama College Honored

Alabama College feels herself peculiarly honored in having succeeded in obtain'ng an engagement with the world renowned Junior Opera Company.

Do you remember the heart-stirring scenes portrayed in that moving drama of the West, entitled "Wild Nell" or "Her Final Sacrifice"? That, as you know, was produced by the Junior Film Company, Ltd. The productions of this film company met everywhere with such stupendous success that its growth could not be rapid enough. Therefore a new branch was formed: the Junior Opera Company.

This company will present one of its finest productions in the auditorium of Alabama College on the evening of May 1st. "Tan Trousers," a Spanish Tragedy, in three heats.

"Spain has ever been the home of romance, beauty amid fery passion, but never in its whole history has it bred such a tremendously beautiful love story as "Tan Trousers." A romance of two passionate hearts in such a vivid setting cannot but fail to make the eye kindle and the pulses throb. Compared to it, Lancelot and Elaine become cardboard puppets; Dante and Beatrice, f'gures of clay, utterly devoid of life, while Paolo and Francesca appear merely idiotic."

You who are lovers of real beauty, of real art, will sit enraptured and enthralled by the splendid display of talent in this masterpiece. It will carry you above the heights, it will hurl you below the depths; it will leave you breathless with awe and astonishment. If you miss seeing "Tan Trousers" you will miss seeing one of the wonders of the world.

Athletic Board In Mending Business

There are two items of repair work which will interest every student at Alabama College. One is that all the tennis courts are to have new nets immediately, so that now there will be no more time spent in arguing whether the hall went over on "through." The second is that the camp is to be put in good condition. The steps will be rebuilt and the camp as a whole will be put in better shape. The athletic board is the organization which is putting everything like this over, and it is a live organization.

Mrs. Shawhan Completes Course

Mrs. Narcissa T. Shawhan, of Mobile, nationally known parliamentarian, author and speaker, and also Alabama College parliamentarian, completed the third week of her instruction at the college the past week. Mrs. Shawhan comes one week each quarter to teach parliamentary law. Her classes are always large and all students successfully completing the three weeks' work are given one hour's credit. Mrs. Shawhan's work in the college this year has been quite constructive and valuable under her direction. The constitution and by-laws of all organizations in the college have been put in correct form, and the proper methods of conducting various types of meetings have been adopted. Gavils are always used, and affairs are being run at the college according to parliamentary law and procedure.

wuz shure t' be make-up uv another kind an' if he didn't let 'eh make up won weigh he wood haff t' let 'er make up another. Se he wuz jest about crazy over th' outkum uz hizz matrimoneyl venture and—well, if all th'et spring chicken ain't dun vanished. While I wuz talkin' an' maw an' paw wuz lissenin' t' me tell th' heer, Ab dun went an' et all uv th'et chicken. Awl I got t' say iz th'et awl th' hogs ain't in pens.

Well, Liz, I am jest about wrote out an' ifg I keep on ritin', I wood be ritin' so I mite az well kwit.

Good-buy,
THE KUNTRY LAD."

Presidents' Council Adopts Point System; Student Activities To Be Evoluted

At the first meeting of the new Presidents' Council, held in the library of Alabama College, a plan was adopted whereby students must gain every academic year, to be eligible for at least five activity points during ev-graduation.

The plan as endorsed and passed by the Council, upon the recommendation of the outgoing council, and the president of the college, provides that any student failing to secure five points during the year will be considered cond tioned until she removes it by making up the points the following year.

The following is the gist of the plan:

Credit System For Student Activities

In order that the student activities may be more fully co-ordinated, and their work carried on in greater harmony and with less wasted effort; also, in order that each student may more fully take her rightful part in this important branch of school life, the following plan has been adopted:

Activity units: Each student shall be required to have five activity units during the year (three-quarter session). Failure to acquire these units shall be counted a condition against the student. The condition shall be removable by making up the required five units in the following year. Units made in one year cannot be carried forward into the ensuing year. The minimum requirement of units is five; the maximum counted is twenty.

Credit For Activity Units

Students' work in activities shall be reported to the secretary of Presidents' Council by the president of each organization, and they shall be handed in as the secretary shall direct. The secretary of Presidents' Council shall keep a card file of the entire student body, on which she shall record activity units. It shall be the duty of the secretary to consult this file frequently, and to see that each girl is having an opportunity to make her activity units, and that she is doing so at the end of the spring quarter, the secretary shall hand in to the recorder of the college grades a list of the entire student body, with the year's activity units for each student. These units shall be placed upon the report cards for that quarter and also embodied in the school records. The secretary shall keep in file at all times a complete classified list of activity units. Such list may be revised when necessary by action of the Presidents' Council.

The following classified list of activity units is as complete as can be made at present:

- ACTIVITY UNIT S
- 15 Units
- President of Student Government.
 - President of Student Senate.
 - President of Y. W. C. A.
 - President of Athletic Association.
 - Under-Graduate Representative of Y. W. C. A.
 - Editor-in-Chief of the Annual.
 - Editor-in-Chief of the Alabamian.
 - Business Manager of the Annual.
 - President of each class.
 - Cheer Leader.
- 10 Units
- Secretary of Executive Board.
 - Secretary of President's Council.
 - College Night Leader.
- 8 Units
- Executive Board Members.
 - Chairmen of Y. W. C. A. committees (including vice-president, secretary and treasurer).
 - Members of College Basketball Team.
 - Associate Editors of Annual.
 - Advertising Manager of Annual.
 - Assistant Editor of Annual.
- 7 Units
- Glee Club.
 - Debate Team Members.
- 5 Units
- Presidents of Social, Business and Literary Clubs.
 - Members of Senate.
 - House President of Hall Chairmen.
 - Permanent Committees Y. W. C. A.
 - Athletic Association, vice president, secretary and treasurer.
 - Assistant College Night Leader.
 - Members of Cast in a Play.
 - Students entering out of school contests.

- 4 Units
- Athletic Board Members.
 - Annual Staff.
 - Alabama Staff.
 - Secretary-Chairman Dramatic Club.
 - Business Manager Dramatic Club.
 - Advertising Manager Dramatic Club.
 - Stage Manager of Dramatic Club.
 - Orchestra Members of Dramatic Club.

- 3 Units
- M. Club (including officers).
 - Marshalls appointed to check absence from chapel.
 - Hall Chairman.
 - Dramatic Club Tryout.
 - Triangular Debate Tryout.

- 2 Units
- Math Club Officers.
 - Music Club Officers.
 - Scribblers' Club Officers.
 - Secretarial Club Officers.
 - Forensic Club Officers.
 - Phys. Ed. Club Officers.
 - Glee Club Officers.
 - Dramatic Club Officers.
 - Home Economics Club Officers.
 - Officers of Social Club.
 - Class Officers, vice president, secretary and treasurer.

- Proctors.
- Y. W. A. Cabinet.
 - B. Y. P. U. Council and B. S. U. Council.

- Chairman of Denominational Committees (Y. W.)
- Members of World Fellowship Committee (Y. W.)
- Morning Watch and Home Service Committees (Y. W.)
- Members of Class Teams.
- Students (not M. Club members) entering tennis tournament, track or field events, swimming contests, or accomplishing some specified task in swimming.

- 1 Unit
- Appearing in public.
 - Dramatic Club.
 - Morning Watch.
 - Y. W. Vespers.
 - Chapel programs.
 - College Night.
 - May Day.
 - Founders Day.
 - Students who try out for class teams.
 - Class cheer leaders.
 - Class Prophet, Historian, Poet, etc.
 - Sunday School Teachers.
 - Regular Choir Members.
 - Students taking part in class entertainments and other entertainments.

Girls who play for night dancing, if satisfactory schedule can be arranged. Active members of denominational meetings, such as B. Y. P. U., Y. W. A., Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, etc.

Article for the Alabamian. Picture in the Annual. Posters (when over two hours' work has been spent on them).

Girls who see that the piano in Student Parlor is unlocked and locked during regulation hours.

Temporary Committee of any organization are to be graded by the person who appoints them; no units for less than two hours' work; from two to ten, one unit; two and three nits may be given for work lasting more than ten hours; three units are the limit.

Excused absences from class meetings shall be allowed by the president of each class. The first unexcused absence shall be overlooked, but the second shall result in the loss of one activity unit credit, and each unexcused absence thereafter shall count off one-half unit. It shall be the business of the marshalls, or someone appointed for the purpose, by the president, to look after the attendance at class meeting and record it.

Baseball All the Go

Baseball is now holding the attention of the entire South. On Tuesday, April 13th, the Southern League began its contest for the pennant, with four games, these being between Mobile and New Orleans, Nashville and Atlanta, Birmingham and Chattanooga and Little Rock and Memphis, with the first mentioned of each as the respective winners of these initial

Volley Ball Game Excites Interest

On Thursday, April 15th, an unusually interesting volley ball game was played between teams from Miss Funk's Sophomore gym. classes. Grace Berryman and Bill Weatherly, varsity members, were captains of the team.

The serving started with Weatherley's team, which lost the ball to the other side. Every player on Berryman's team served such hard and swift balls that it gave the opposing team but little chance to return it. Weatherley's team showed ability in serving, but the team work and keen eye for landing the ball of Berryman's team kept them from making a large score. The score at the end of the first game was 21 to 7, favoring Berryman's team.

At the begin'ning of the second game the teams changed courts. The losing team began to get pepped up, and id such excellent playing that the score was tied three times. The other team continued to play good ball, however, and Berryman's team was again the winner of the second game, with a score of 21 to 18. Excellent ability was shown by the players of both teams. Berryman, Floyd, and Ward were the outstanding players for Berryman's team; while "Snellie" Snellgrove, Long and Brown excelled for Weatherley's. The line up was as follows:

Berryman, captain; Ruby Floyd, Annie Ward, Elsie Gibbs, Emma Louise Jones, Pearl Perdue, Mary Ruth Brown, Margaret Davis, Susan Chappell, Aleene Morris.

Weatherley, captain; Mary Wylie, Elizabeth Graves, Ruby Jo Snellgrove, Asma Long, Lelia Hollan, Mildred Orr, Lillian Hixon, Tallie Brown.

Campus Baseball Famed Sport

Professional baseball is not the only form of that sport which is popular now. In fact, on the Alabama College campus baseball is running tennis a close second for preeminence in the hearts of the athletes. Thrilling games are staged every afternoon on the Mallory Athletic Field at 4:30 (Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30). Tope Martin rivals Babe Ruth as a home-run hitter, Will Lacy Brown is a sure quantity on first base, and Hattie Wilson is everything that could be desired as a pitcher. And there are other stars in the field. Judging from the excited yells of "Stay there!" "Come to third!" "That makes us eleven!" etc., which drift to various parts of the campus, these baseball games are no "slumps."

On April 29, at 2:30, there will be a match game with the Juniors and Freshmen against the Seniors and Sophomores. It is impossible to say which side has the stronger team, and therefore a good game is sure to result. A large crowd of spectators is anticipated.

JAIL BIRDS ON THE WING

The American politics and government class had been studying the judiciary. The previous recitation had been on municipal and special courts. The speeders court was mentioned.

At the time no one dreamed that a member of the class would have practical experience along such lines— but before another meeting of the class what should happen but the experiencing of a trial by one of the members of that very class.

It was in Calera. The make of the car—Ford. The time—last Saturday. The characters—Montevallo girls, a brother, speed cop, and judge with black suspenders he could pop! Plot—the effort to convince the judge they were not speeding. Climax—"Seven dollars" (Judge speaking.)

Significance—a broke party, a valuable game. Greater interest is being evinced in baseball than ever before, there being record-breaking crowds at all games. Other baseba'l leagues in the South are: Cotton States League, South Atlantic League, Piedmont League, Virginia League and South-eastern League, all of which play their opening games sometime in April.

Not Cupid's Arrows, But—

There is a new sport at Alabama College this year which bids fair to become very popular. Perhaps its glamou ris enhanced by the fact that only Seniors may participate at present. This sport is Archery. The number of people taking it is limited this year because of the small amount of apparatus on hand, but next year there will be more bows and arrows and targets, and more girls may try their prowess at this unusually fascinating sport. Fascinating is just the word for it, for once started, it is difficult to stop. It is a case of "Just one more arrow," each time. It is not the easy task it looks to pull the bow back and send the arrow straight. It is a task which takes long practice to become really skillful. But the thrill which comes when the first arrow pierces the target comes only once in a lifetime.

Scribblings

Perhaps no introduction to Scribblings would be better than its Preface. "This boov of selections came into being as a result of one year's work by the Scribbler's Club of Alabama College. The Scribblers' Club, which was organized in January, 1924, and founded in March, 1924, mainly through the efforts of Miss Louise Connor, has for its purpose the literary development of the students of Alabama College. For the shortcomings of our Scribblings we refer you to the youth of our organization and its members. For any good found herein we wish to make acknowledgement to Miss Helen Townsend, president 1924-'25, and Miss Lillian Prout, president 1925-'26, who through their untiring efforts and able leadership have guided the Scribbler's Club safely through its infancy."

Scribblings is a very small book of about twenty pages. It is made up of the poems, short stories and essays receiving the highest number of votes from the Scribblers. In judging these, an effort was made to choose the most representative and the best of all the original manuscripts presented to the club during the year.

The Scribblers feel that, though this first effort may be amateurish, it is a beginning which will lead to bigger things, for Scribblings is only the first book of a series, and every year will find a new one published. The members of the club are hoping to present Scribblings to the student body before commencement. It now is in the hands of the publishers.

A STUDENT'S PRAYER

Dear Father, teach us Thy way; and when we know the way may we have faith to follow it, not the faith of a sunny day, but that belief in God, in good and in truth which keeps us mindful of our task, our obligations, our opportunities and which bids us mean what we say when we utter

"I would be true, for there are those who follow me,
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;

I would be friendly to the foe and friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my needs.
I would look up and laugh and love and live."

In the name of Him who gave His life that we might live, we ask it. Amen.

able (?) experience, and something to contribute to the class! Aftermath—a ragging arid teasing galore.

Who's the jail bird?
Wouldn't do to tell, but if only one wishes to secure further information Emmie Carter will be glad to furnish it.



Alma Mater Dear

I
Circled 'round by Southern mountains,
'Neath the misty Southern sky,
In a land where faith and freedom
Wave courageous ensigns high,
With her tower calm and stately,
Graced by sun and touched by cloud
And her colors gleaming ever,
Stands our Alma Mater proud.

Let us laud the Gold and Purple
With a glad and joyous cheer;
Let our hearts be ever faithful
To our Alma Mater dear.

II
Beacon light so proudly beaming,
Mother College, peerless true,
We shall sing your praises over
And your bidding strive to do.
Zealously we'll shield your honor
In one strong and faithful band;
We will hold aloft your banner
With a strong and fearless hand.

Let us laud the Gold and Purple,
With a glad and joyous cheer;
Let our hearts be ever faithful
To our Alma Mater dear.
—Una Franklin.

ON CHEMISTRY

When you procure your His—
And other stuff as bad or less,
And mix a frightful smelling mess,
That's preparation.

And when you take a tube of stuff
And pour it through some paper rough,
And half of it goes down your cuff,
That's filtration.

And when you dump some acid in
And shake it up and boil it thin,
And stir it for awhile like sin,
That's separation.

And when you've worked both hard
and long
Written your notes with courage
strong
Then Mr. K. says "All wrong,"
That's thunderation.

—Adapted.

EVENING SONG

I
Soft are the purple tinted hills
In the gold of the evening sky.
Sweetly some night bird's music
thrills
Its passionate lullaby.
Our gold and purple shall bring
Whenever we choose to roam,
The hills and the sky and the sweet
bird song
Tho' far from our college home.
Oh!
Never shall we forget thee
School of our fond desires
Sacred to thee is our loyalty
School of our fond desires.

II
Softly the shadows float and fall
From the robe of the evening breeze,
Softly the moon glides over all,
And plays with the restless trees.
The same bright moon will shine on us
Wherever we choose to roam,
And some sweet breeze will be kind to
us
Tho' far from our college home.
Oh!
Never shall we forget thee,
School of our hopes and dreams
Sacred to thee is our loyalty,
School of our hopes and dreams.

—BEULAH PUTNAM.

ILLEGAL QUEENS

When a hired orchestra blares forth
the music for the grand march a queen
of the junior prom steps forward to
lead the procession by an ancient cus-
tom in many colleges. Unlike the ordi-
nary queen, this sovereign reigns by a
mandate of the majority. At two In-
diana institutions attempts have been
made to defeat the will of the people
by "corrupt practices" in voting.

At the University of Indiana the
voters must pass a property qualifica-
tion; in order to help select the queen
they must hold a prom ticket. When
the recent election was held it was
discovered that there were more votes
cast than prom tickets held. Dean
Agnes E. Wells immediately declared
the election void. Subsequently the
junior class decided it was less trouble-
some to abide by the results of the for-
mer election than to undergo the excite-
ment of a recount.

In checking up the election at But-
ler College, similar discrepancies crop-
ped up. The poll books revealed the
128 juniors had somehow cast 133
votes. As yet there is no further in-
formation on this affair.

FATHERS SEE HAMLET AS "FILIAL PIETY"

New Jersey Professor Recounts Stories
Of Early Drama In The Colonial
Times

Actors and plays were held in low-
est contempt by the early American
public. To justify themselves the pro-
ducers sugar-coated their dramas by
offering them as "Educating and En-
tertaining Productions" of a "Histi-
onic Academy." Hamlet was billed as
Filial Piety. These and other facts
about the childhood of American drama
were disclosed by one Dr. Coad in a
lecture before Mimes, undergraduate
dramatic organization at New Jersey
for women.

In those days producers did not go
in for realism. Stage property was of
incredible crudity. Candles fastened

to a barrel hoop suspended above the
stage furnished the lighting. The
beaux of the town sat on the stage and
often conversed at length with actors
in the play. When not speaking their
lines the actors often relaxed com-
pletely, thus "destroying much of the
illusion, if any were left to destroy."
Furthermore the scene shifters worked
unembarrassed before the audience,
"even during the progress of the play."
Most of the productions given were
the classics as contemporary American
drama was "extremely amateurish."

Yale College seniors do not believe in
prohibition. In the recent questionaire
199 students answered no to the ques-
tion, Do you believe in prohibition; 50
answered yes.

CONTEST OVER U. OF NEW MEXICO OIL

Other Government Institutions Want A
Share In Newly-Discovered Oil on
University Property

Because oil has been discovered on
one of its land grants the University
of New Mexico is obliged to engage in
a desperate legal battle to preserve the
entirety of its revenue. For the en-
couragement of higher learning in the
then territory of New Mexico, Con-
gress in 1854 set apart two townships
of public land. Since then other grants
were apportioned, some to the univer-
sity and others to different specific
purposes, river improvement, hospitals,
prisons, etc. The land thus granted
while of large extent, some twelve mil-
lion acres, was not of great value. Up
to a year and a half ago it could be
used only for cattle grazing, and it
sold for less than \$5.00 an acre.

On the rental returns from these
barrens the anniversary with the aid
of strict economy managed to exist
and to turn out each year its quota
of educated New Mexicans. Then came
good fortune. Oil was discov-
ered. The discovery was confined to
the lands held by the university; it
was not shared by the land sustain-
ing the prisons, hospitals, etc., and in
the course of ordinary procedure all
the royalties thereof would flow into
the half empty coffers of the univer-
sity.

Jealous

But the prisons, hospitals, etc.,
looked at this sudden wealth with a
jealous eye.

"The situation has arisen," state the
attorneys of the university in their pe-
tition to Congress, "entirely through
accident, unless the intervention of
divine providence in behalf of a small,
poor, struggling, but ambitious institu-
tion may be credited. This has excited
the cupidity of other institutions or of
persons in charge of other projects
supported or endowed by federal
grants of lands. The result has been
the passing by the New Mexico Leg-
islature of Joint Resolution No. 10,
which proposes to change the whole
scheme of the original federal grant of
lands. This resolution was prepared,
caused to be introduced and fostered
in its passage by persons or institu-
tions having in view the getting for
themselves a part of the oil royalties
which the university had been so for-
tunate as to acquire."

Amendment

The New Mexican Legislature has
sent a resolution to Congress for an
amendment to the constitution provid-
ing for a general pooling of the differ-
ent land grants to the State of New
Mexico.

The university has vigorously pro-
tested and in the words of its lawyers,
"asks for fair play, for a square deal.
It asks that it be permitted to keep
what fairly and legally belongs to it,
and that Congress do not lend its aid
to the scheme to deprive the univer-
sity of this small good fortune."

The measure, says the university, is
not in its actual results understood by
the people of New Mexico, and has
not been voted on by the electorate.
It proposes a bad national precedent,
the protest continues, which would
cause diversion of education funds to
non-education purposes, also cause a
loss of 97 per cent of the university's
oil revenues, and affect unfavorably
all public colleges in New Mexico and
other states similarly situated.

GRID CAPTAINS NOW MERELY HONORARY

Stanford University Votes To Abol-
ish Active Football Captains;
Coaches Select Leaders

Abolition of active football captains
was legislated at Stanford University
by the executive committee of the
student body. Hereafter the position
will be honorary and only awarded at
the end of the season. An active field
captain will be appointed for each con-
test by the coaches.

Initiative for this move came from
the coaches. They favor the plan be-
cause it will give them more freedom
in the selection of men to play in each
particular game.

The innovation receives the support
of the Daily Palo Alto, which says:
"The method of choosing captains in
advance has not worked out to the sat-
isfaction of all. After a player is se-
lected he may go into a slump. As a
result, the team benefits little by his
leadership, and in some cases actually
suffers, due to the justifiable hesita-
tion on the part of a coach to bench
the captain of his squad."

Opinions

When the news of the Stanford plan
reached the neighboring university of
California, diverse opinions were ex-
pressed. The following conflicting
opinions were among the many printed
in the Daily Californian:

Benton W. Holmes, '25, captain of
the 1926 varsity basket ball team—"I

Among the New Books At The Library

Miss Tabor, librarian of Alabama
College, reports the following new
books which are bound to be of in-
terest to many students:

Allen—Earth Moods—This poet
sings of elemental things.

Dyson—The New Music—The critics
consider this the best and most thor-
ough musical criticism that has ap-
peared in some time.

Erskine—Private Life of Helen of
Troy—This is a novel in which im-
mortal Helen is more modern than
some of our friends.

Collected poems of H. D.—This im-
agist poet reaches the highest quality
of free verse.

Gavit—College—A book which is
significant not only for the president
and the faculty, but for all who are
considering college for themselves or
anyone else.

Leonard—Two Lives—This is a
dreadful story told in beautiful verse.

MacDonald—Wanderings and Ex-
cursions—The best way to make so-
cialists of us is to find Ramsey Mac-
Donald as charming as he is here.

Macy—Story of the world's litera-
ture—A remarkably well done book.
What do you think of the pictures?

Pope—Hunting With the Bow and
Arrow—How Ishi, the last Yana In-
dian, taught the art. How to make
bows and arrows and how to hunt big
game with them.

Wharton—The writing of fiction—
Now, Scribblers! !

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

"If I had it to do over again. . ."

Seniors about to forsake the ived
walls invariably regret the misused
portions of their collegiate past. They
see how high school ideas were jarred
loose, what professors are indispen-
sable, and what parts of the college
machinery were actually of benefit.
But spring has come, bull sessions over
with, and it is too late to broadcast
their experience to the freshmen.

At one college an attempt is being
made to salvage this wasted knowl-
edge. The College Eye, Iowa State
Teacher's College prints each week
three or four senior replies to the
questions listed below?

1. Give your name, major and minor subjects.
2. What course or courses in this school have been of the most value to you? Why?
3. What instructor have you liked the best and why?
4. What change sin a B. A. curriculum would you suggest?
5. Have you any other suggestions that would be of help to lower class students or new students?

FOR VISITORS TO NEW YORK

Seniors and graduate students inter-
ested in social work or research and
planning to work in New York next
year will be interested to learn of a
residence club where about thirty
men and women will be offered con-
genial companionship and opportunity
for effective social service. Most new-
comers in a city are at a loss where to
live. Even when that has been settled,
there is the problem of build-
ing up a new circle of friends. To
meet these needs, Trinity House has
been organized on Brooklyn Heights,
New York City.

The group living in the house will
be assisted in finding volunteer work
outside business hours that will be of
interest and experimental value.

There will be no denominational re-
strictions for membership. The group
will form its own programs and be
largely self-governing.

The house will be run at cost; a cer-
tain amount of self-service will make
it possible to offer room and board at
a weekly rate not exceeding \$15.

A personal interview with applicants
will be required before final admission.
Inquiries should be addressed to Miss
E. Orne, 157 Montague Street, Brook-
lyn, N. Y., or to Mr. L. B. Young,
Lawrence Hall 22, 99 Brattle Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

POLITICS

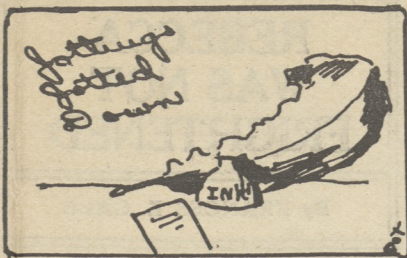
True appreciation of the American
scene is impossible without a working
knowledge of politics. Real politics,
therefore, action not theory, red fire,
bands, and red hot spellbinding speak-
ers were presented for the benefit of
students of the University of Chicago
by the Undergraduate Political Science
Club.

No details going into the making of
a real, sure enough political meeting
were spared to make this one life-like.
There was present in the words of the
announcement, "all the hokum that is
politics—all that goes to make politics
a great American sport."

Preceding the presidential campaign
of last year many colleges held such
meetings, some of them on the grand
scale. Party leaders encouraged and

think that the Stanford plan is better.
After a man has been elected captain
for a season he is apt to fall down.
People expect a captain to be far bet-
ter than the rest of his men. After
all, a captain is not much more than a
figure-head."

F. L. Kleeberger, chairman of the
Physical Education Department—"The
system adopted at Stanford puts too
much power in the hands of coaches
that are not, as a rule, graduates of
the university at which they are coach-
ing. They are older than the players
and consequently see things differ-
ently. Team members, themselves,
are the only ones who should select
their own leaders."



"False recreation has cost more
lives than all wars."

"Life is measured by eternity, not
by dial, dropping sand or water."

"A man's great fault is that he has
so many small ones."

"Our greatest glory consists, not in
never falling, but in rising every
time we fall."

"Give to the world the best you
have and the best will come back to
you."

"Better live by faith than talk of
faith."

"An ounce of prevention is worth a
pound of care."

THE OTHER HALF

The largest faculty in any American
college is the faculty of the Univer-
sity of Minnesota, which numbers 1-
250 members. Don't be discouraged,
Montevallo! Sixty's a good start!

According to reports of the Post Of-
fice of Columbus, Ohio, two and one-
half tons of mail are received each
week by the students of the Ohio State
University. But Monte doesn't need
to take a back seat there, either!

According to current currents 50
juniors and seniors of the University
of North Carolina have been granted
optional class attendance as a reward
for making a B average during the
fall term. A few A. C. girls have
been heard to call that divine!

A special farm has been provided
at the University of Florida for the
benefit of disabled World War veter-
ans. They are there taught various
methods of cultivation of crops. Such
rehabilitation work is said to have ac-
complished much good.

The University of Tennessee stu-
dents each year confer the degree of
dent who has done the most for the
"Bachelor of Ugliness" upon the stu-
dent during the under-graduate
years in athletics and scholarship.
Helen Townsend was informed she de-
served the honor here, but she didn't
seem to appreciate it.

Found A new way to cure colds!
Students of the University of Indiana
suffering with colds are confined for
one hour in a room filled with chlo-
rine gas. The university physician
claims they come out cured.

Newly-inaugurated President Little,
of the University of Michigan, declared
that 85 per cent of college students
are a draw/ack for the serious-minded
student.

In South American universities stu-
dents must take either a street car or
a motor bus from one class to an-
other, due to long distances between
the buildings. The time between
classes is often two or three hours.

Freshmen are not always so young.
A retired business man, 76 years old,
has entered the University of Boston
this year, planning to get his degree
in 1929.

Dr. E. D. Phillips, professor of psy-
chology at Denver University, de-
clares that co-eds do not seek educa-
tion as a training for a career. "Not
one out of ten expects to get a job.
Nine out of ten plan to end their ca-
reers at the altar. Which all goes
to prove college is the greatest matri-
monial bureau on earth."

Scholastic limitations have been
placed on fraternity pledging at Co-
lumbia this year. One of the most
important points in the inter-fraternity
agreement which went into effect this
fall, is a section requiring that fresh-
men must pass 12 points at mid-term
in order to be eligible for bidding.

Lehigh had one of the most unusual
mascots of any football team in the
country the past season. It was a
mud turtle, which was discovered
making its way across the muddy field
during a signal practice. He was im-
mediately adopted and christened
"Knokem." After each game the
score is carved on his shell.

Hamline University of St. Paul is
dropping the "honor system" adopted
by the student body in 1921. The rea-
son for abandoning the plan is that
not enough students "squeal" on their
brethren to make it worth while.
Where's their backbone?

This past fall the University of
Iowa built a new house which includes
nine tennis courts, a basket ball floor,
an indoor golf room, regulation size
gridirons, 5,000 lockers, 50 showers, an
equipment room and a baseball dia-
mond.

Mississippi A. and M. College has
the largest single unit dormitory in

eagerly watched mock nominating
conventions at Harvard, Oberlin, and
other colleges.

The students were refreshed. They
had touched life outside the campus.
Text books on political theory and
science were tackled with a new in-
sight. Education was advanced.

the world. It can comfortably house
2,000 students. Who was it said Who
was it said Montevallo had the larg-
est dormitory in the South? Let's
say she meant girls' dormitory!—or
say nothing until the facts are known!

One thing that helps make Kober
College distinct in its fine atmosphere
of culture and refinement is the re-
cent gift of statuary by the god-
mother, Mrs. F. A. Chambers, of New
York City. In the main section of the
drawing rooms are four Greek statues,
representing four ideals for girls:
Minerva, wisdom; Venus, love; Hebe,
cupbearer of the gods, service; Diana,
charity. These fit in special niches
whose color of Pompeian red brings
out the cream color of the statues. In
one of the end rooms are a number
of reliefs of choir boys by Della Rob-
bia, in panels. In the other end room
are reliefs of dancing cherubs and
cherubs with cymbals. Thus Mrs.
Chambers has made the room at Kober
one of beauty and idealism.

Seniors at Agnes Scott dropped their
dignity for one day recently in ob-
servance of Little Girl Day. Dressed
as little girls, the seniors entertained
the faculty and students by dancing
around the tables and singing a few
of those well-nigh forgotten ditties of
their childhood, temporarily recalled.

According to the Agnostic, a
stranger would have thought, judging
from the bloomers, dolls, long curls
and hair ribbons, that Agnes Scott
was a grammar school.

The North Carolina College has a
good idea of setting apart a room
where the students, individually or in
groups, may come together and dis-
cuss problems of the state, nation and
foreign affairs, with an instructor.
This not only broadens the student in-
tellectually, but it trains him in the
art of conversation.

As somewhat of a surprise to the
majority of the student body, the
student body, the school songs of
Georgia Tech, "Ramblin' Wreck," and
"Up With the White and Gold," came
out on a phonograph record, due to
the efforts of two of the students.
The songs are given on one side by
the Georgia Tech Band, and on the
other by an excellent quartet com-
posed of Tech students.

The class that wins the Soph-Fresh
students at the Colorado School of
Mines enjoys the fruits of victory right
then and there. The two classes have
a tug-of-war with an icy creek as the
dividing line. Needless to say, both
classes see that there is perfect at-
tendance and the individuals them-
selves make sure that everyone pulls
with a will.

While some of the Japanese stu-
dents on the Pacific Coast have be-
come so disheartened by the United
States exclusion act as to withdraw
from the country, students of that
race in the East are making a magnifi-
cent gesture of turning the other
cheek. Japanese students residing in
International House, New York City,
recently staged three Japanese plays,
the proceeds of which will be used to
provide a scholarship for an American
student at a Japan university.

Franksters at the Kansas Teachers'
College got to work early this year.
One night last fall they collected all
the traffic "stop" signs from the
streets and sprinkled them around the
campus. As a result, many students
were late to class the following morn-
ing, due to observing stop signals.

When the first palmetto tree was
planted on the campus of Lincoln Mem-
orial University last fall, the com-
mittee adopted a resolution that every
member of the South Carolina Club
should endeavor to make the "best
better" on their campus. "Watch
South Carolina.

North Carolina College for Women
is to have a new auditorium which
will cost \$400,000 and an education
building to cost \$250,000. Now only
one-half of the students are able to
attend chapel because of limited seat-
ing capacity. The auditorium will seat
3,000.

The "Reds" (not the Bolsheviks) or-
ganized into a club at Clemson Col-
lege recently.

There were "reds" of all shades and
descriptions at the meeting. There
were those with bright, fiery hair,
those with dark auburn hair and those
with a rare shade of pink. All were
admitted into the unique club. A num-
ber of shaven-headed freshmen were
taken on condition that they resign if
their hair did not grow out red, as it
originally was.

Several men tried to get into the
club but their hair did not come up to
the required color. There were 30 men
who passed the test.

At Harvard a "confidential guide of
college courses" is published for all
new men, both freshmen and new up-
per classmen. It is truly a student's
criticism of college courses, frankly
giving the merits, attractiveness and
unattractive features of 40 of the most
important of the catalogue courses.
Some are warmly recommended, some
are bitterly censured. This criticism
is given with the sincere intent of
bettering methods of instruction.

WIND-MILL

Mr. W. J. Olive, an old-fashioned
student at the University of North
Carolina, views with alarm the tend-

ency of modern college advertis-
ing. "The dignified old college is an ana-
chronism in an age of booming indus-
try," he says. This conservative and
hopelessly out-dated alarmist further
states that he expects to open a maga-
zine a few years hence and discover
something like the following:

Unknown at Sixteen!—Success at
Sixty! That is the remarkable story
of one of our graduates. What will
you be when you are old? A leader
in your community, admired by all for
your superior knowledge, with a salary
of from \$2,000 to \$5,000 yearly, or will
you be an ignorant workman, known
by nobody, and working for \$25 a day?
With a college education you can con-
quer the world. Our rural social eco-
nomics department has compiled statis-
tics showing that a year spent in
college is worth \$103,000. And it costs
you less than \$1,000 a year!

Free!

Catalog upon request, University of
North Carolina.

Endorsed by the greatest men, in-
cluding Woodrow Wilson, Chas. W.
Eliot, H. W. Chase, etc.

Congenial home atmosphere, with
motherly chapel talks to freshmen
given daily by Dean Bradley Shaw.

(Note: Send for special free par-
ticulars concerning correspondence
courses, radio extension courses, pho-
nograph records of professors' lectures,
etc. Credit given.)

The college catalog will rival Sears
Roebuck's annual volume. "The cover
will be bright red, with a picture of
our new power plant, showing black
smoke rising in great puffs; or per-
haps both front and back will show
our wonder football team in action." The
English Department will insert this
ad:

Two young men—equally good look-
ing—equally well dressed.

Why is one sought at all social oc-
casions, while the other is ostracised?
Why is one asked to stay, while the
other stammers out good-by? Is your
conversation entertaining? I can
teach you to use forceful, masterly
English! Make your words count!

Take—

ENGLISH 21

Football teams will attract multi-
tudes with the following compelling
notice:

Are you fit to marry?
Just fifteen minutes a day devoted
to Dr. Lawson's Gym will keep you
fit. Are you a weakling? Are you
fit to play football? Register today at
the Bynum Gymnasium.

C. L. Meroney

It isn't merely "Price,"
but "Quality" at a price
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

Latham Mercantile Company

Candies, Fruits and Fancy
Groceries

Montevallo Ala.

Service With a Smile

at

Wilson's Drug Co.
The Corner

Kendrick's Barber Shop

W. J. Mitchell

DENTIST

Phone 25

Dulcy Presented by Dramatic Class

"Dulcy," a clever three-act comedy by Marc Connelley and George T. Kaufman, will be presented by members of the Dramatic Art Department of Alabama College in Reynolds Hall, April 26. A strong cast has been selected with Katherine Leath assuming the lead. The play is full of good laughs; the lines are especially clever, and the situation is highly ludicrous.

Dulcy, played by Miss Leath, is the flippant, coquettish wife who always says the wrong thing and at the wrong time. Her house party, planned to further her husband's business interest, is the background for one of the cleverest plays ever attempted here. Her guests are about as uncongenial as would be possible.

Her husband is Jordan Smith, played by Ann Jone. Mr. Smith believes that business should be carried on in business hours. He disapproves keenly and decidedly with his wife's plan.

C. Roger Forbes, the wealthy New York jewelry maker, is enacted by Una Franklin. Forbes is the kind of man noise of any kind rubs the wrong way. Dulcy is just the person for that. Forbes and Smith are attempting a gigantic jewelry merger.

Mrs. Forbes, a little like Dulcy, but a great deal older, is played by Margaret Butler. Mrs. Forbes is somewhat responsive to the attentions of the various men in the house party—to the utter despair of her fussy husband.

Angela Forbes, the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes is the one for whom Dulcy has designs. Indeed she is very eager that Angela be matched to a perfect lover while in her home. The part is played by Mary Noble.

The perfect lover picked out is Vincent Elath, the movie scenarist, played by Mildred Gilchrist. Mr. Elath is true to his type—handsome, dashing and somewhat questionable. His picture, "Sacred Love," had just been released and was the craze of New York.

Schuyler Van Dyck is the millionaire wonder of the party. He is a magnate in many fields. After Forbes refuses to do justice by Smith, Van Dyck attempts a bigger merger with Smith. As soon as Smith withdraws from Forbes' merger he finds Van Dyck is an escaped unattractive with no money whatever. The part is played by Eleanor Hooper.

William Parker, quiet, and steady, with but a small part seemingly, in the end becomes the groom, and his part becomes magnified. Louise Brooks assumes the role.

Tom Sterrett is advertising manager for Mr. Forbes. He has intentions upon Angela. Mr. Sterrett is a wide awake young American with brains and pep. Tope Martin assumes his character.

Blair Patterson, played by Mary Bryant, is the real brother of Van Dyck, who is not Van Dyck. He comes in to take his brother with hallucinations away.

Henry, the Butler, is a conicist. When Angela's necklace of real pearls disappears Dulcy centers suspicions on him. Aleene LeCroy plays the part.

The plot is one of many intrigues, and works up to a grand climax, the kind of one everyone is waiting for. The Studiosis Club is sponsoring the production and the faculty will stage stunts between each act.

Tickets will go on sale in a few days. Half the proceeds go to the Studiosis treasury, half as a payment on the Dramatic Club's curtain.

MONTEVALLO SONG BIRDS RETURN

"Home is best for there one may sleep." Such is the expression of the prodigal carolers. Tuscaloosa was the finest of places; last week-end was divine for Glee Club members, but oh, ye weary eyelids!

Proof enough they had a good time! The singers returned to Montevallo at different times. A few were in Tuscaloosa merely for the concert which took place Friday night. Many remained over Saturday, and some charmed by the capstone wondered into Monte Monday morning.

They are the ones who have admitted the need for eye-proops.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS WAGE WAR

Boom! Bam! Help! Murder! Such are the cries one expects to hear most any minute if threats made by modern Damon and Pythias are carried out. It happens that ye lordly and dignified Seniors become fondly attached to one another as time passes. But attachment isn't always so pleasant.

To be specific, Helen Townsend and Annie Holt Young engaged in a little verbal spat Sunday night, last, about the time of the nth watch. Onlookers were much amused. A christening took place. Annie Holt was dubbed Damon, Helen, Pythias.

The two became a little less quarrelously bitter as the ridicule of their Sunday positions were exposed and Pythias dashed forth from the room crying.

"Damon, Damon!" with sundry inflections, and then again: "Jest wait till we get to sociology class. I'll fix you!"

But as yet no formal declaration of war has been made. When it is, all believe a treaty of peace will be soon forthcoming.

Spring Lures Many To Noted Sports

The vicinity of Montevallo is full of beauty spots, and now is the time that they are most beautiful of all. The following are the places everyone should see before leaving this spring. Some are near and others far, but all are well worth going to.

1. Big Springs. Everyone has been there, but it's close enough to go to often. The Exchange Club of Montevallo are going to make a public playground for its citizens here. One mile.

2. The Natural Amphitheatre. The name speaks for itself. The creek forms an S just here, too, and a double bend in the creek is always effective. It is on the way to Aldrich. One mile.

3. The Forest of Arden. The odd rocks and overhanging trees of a winding creek are fascinating here. It is an enchanted wood in which to wander and see many beauties of nature and dreams. One or two miles. (According to the distance one wanders.

4. Davies Falls. A miniature Niagara with an ascending trail on its bank bordered with wood violets; sounds alluring. It is. And there's a real adventure in crossing the creek by jumping from rock to rock to get to the second falls which is a half a mile farther on. Three miles.

5. The Reeves Farm. This is reported to be a fairyland of wild flowers. Lily Bend is the attractive name one part of it hears, and is significant. Six miles.

6. Falling Rock. This is the farthest, but authorities say it is the best of all. Nine miles.

The dancing for May Day is furnished entirely by Miss Erley's three dancing classes. The prologue will be given by the advanced class, while all the Old English folk dances, including the May Pole Dance, Morris Dances, Dame of the Chimney Sweeps, Milk Maid's Dance, Hobby Horse Dance, and Selinger's Round, will be given by members of the two junior dancing classes.

The Tumblers for May Day are members of Miss Kent's class in Swedish gymnastics.

The ballet in the Junior Opera Company's presentation of "Lau Trousers" is also performed by members of Miss Erley's dancing class. The physical education department seems to be indispensable.

The Freshmen, at least, are engaging actively in track events. At all hour of the day, members of Freshmen gym classes may be seen on the campus in front of the gymnasium jumping, raving, hurdling and throwing basketballs. It is probable that a track meet will be held before the season is over. By another year it is hoped to have a regular track meet for all entries, including javelin, discus, baseball and basketball throws, hop step and jump, relays, 60-yard dashes, 60-yard hurdles for form and speeds, and every track event engaged in by women. Points will be given toward the loving cup when such a track meet is held.

Pill Week Present in Full Force

"Who's y' Pill?" "Got a good capsule?" Such are the all-important questions the public hears today. Why? Pill week has arrived for the second time at Alabama College. It is true there are varied types of pills, pinch pills, blue pills, white pills, brown pills, and what not. But Pill Week at Montevallo hob-nobs with pills of no such descriptions.

Pill Week, as far as Alabama College is concerned, originated in 1925, that being one of the first projects put over by the student Senate. The idea was to have as many capsules as students in the college. In each capsule was placed the name of a student, faculty member, officer or employee of the college. Then each person connected with the school drew a capsule. The person whose name was to be found in the capsule became her pill; she became the pill's capsule.

Something was to be done for the pill each day. Uncle Sam's mail bags became rather heavy. Special were much in vogue. And often they contained money for a movie treat, or a "set-up" various and sundry clever and original things are given and done. And with capsule tries to be the best, and to do something a little better each day.

On May Day each girl was to receive a May basket from her capsule. Ingeniously concealed in the recesses of the basket was the capsule's name. And thus the pill learned at the end of the week the identity of her attentive capsule.

Pill Week is one week that is thoroughly enjoyed by all participants. All find the greatest of pleasure in giving and in contributing the gifts, and all over it is pleasant to receive also. Anticipation and surprise are happy factors.

Pill week this year followed the general plan of the first. It has become habit. The custom will become a cherished tradition.

Baked Chronometers

Every chronometer issued to the British navy has to be "baked" at the Greenwich observatory. Those required for extended cruises in varying climates are kept for two months in an oven heated to 90 degrees to "acclimate" them.

REBECCA WAS NOT FRIGHTENED

By FRANCES E. GALE

(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

REBECCA reclined upon the davenport. Under a red-shaded lamp six feet away a girl sat reading. Rebecca's eyes were upon the girl, and as she looked she acknowledged to herself for the first time that she hated Linda. She hated her silly shoes and her taste in necklaces and her trick of moistening her finger before turning a page and the way she ate an apple and the almost endless performance of blowing her nose before she went to bed. Yes, hated was not too strong a word.

The object of her baleful thoughts laid her book down. "Awful rot, this," she yawned. "Guess we'll have a song from Mr. Caruso."

"Are you going to start the phonograph?" Rebecca lowered her feet to the floor.

"Yes. Where are you going?"

"Out," said Rebecca, tersely, and closing the door behind her looked down the long corridor.

Along its barren sides were numbered doors. Rebecca Sherwood knew exactly what lay behind each one! A tall, secretive looking buffet bearing a bowl of fruit; phonograph; a desk; bookcase; a davenport; a table and lamp, and three leather chairs, all of the best quality. She felt suddenly nauseated, as one who having just eaten a too ample portion of pudding has placed before her a huge platter of the same confection. She fled up a stairway and along a hall duplicating the one below to doors opening upon an uncovered balcony.

From her sixth-story elevation the stars looked nearer than the automobile lights of the world beneath. She gazed up, absorbing their soothing influence, and presently emitted a little chuckling breath, half exasperation, half self-derision, then started violently when a voice asked:

"What are you laughing at?"

Leaning against the wall was a man. He must have been behind the door as she opened it. Rebecca recognized the outline of shoulders that had on several occasions preceded her upon the downward stairs, and answered:

"I wasn't laughing. I was weeping—or should have been."

"Why?"

"Because existence in this place would draw tears from a rock."

"Ah-h!" breathed the young man, with immense acquiescence. "Ah-h!" then he said with a quiet malevolence that added chill to the night breeze:

"I was thinking when you came out that I would like to murder McPhee."

Rebecca jumped. Did the frame of mind in which she had fled her home, lead to this?

"I'd like," continued the young man, savagely, "to make him button his collar with the smell of orange peel under his nose every morning for a long lifetime; I'd like to condemn him to listen to Caruso and Harry Lauder and Louise Homer and the Victory Military band every night for a hundred years; I'd like to force him to sleep on a—"

"Davenport," Rebecca supplied eagerly.

"No. I'd like to hang on a closet hook and tell him to rest there every night and unhook himself every morning as long as the world lasts. I'd like—" he shook his head darkly.

"How long have you been here?" Rebecca asked.

"I was incarcerated last April, when the trees were leafing and real men were sticking in garden seeds and looking over their fishing tackle. And spring's here again. In the Wallenstein apartments—"

"How did you—a man—come to do it?" Rebecca's keen sympathy made her inquisitorial.

"I don't know." He sighed, then his indignation again flared. "Yes, I do. It was that infernal McPhee. What made you—a real woman—fall for it?"

There was emphasis on the "real," but Rebecca ignored it.

"Oh, we were sick of doing housework at night, and struggling with laundries that ruined our clothes, and buying things to make our rooms look home-like and having them lost or broken when we moved. But, bad as it was, we always had two rooms, and I could shut my door and take my smile off once in a while. Then we both got a salary raise and Linda said: 'Now, let's live!' and she found this place—good furniture, heat, service, everything—except the right to be yourself. That bureau—thing, that pretends to be a buffet," the young man nodded comprehendingly, "with the two-shallow drawers that are trays when you pull them out, and you keep your dressing things in yours and the other person keeps hers in hers, and yours are always in hers and hers are always in yours, and you're always trying to keep your temper and always losing it, and everything else.

"The work's all done for us, and if we had no outside occupation we'd have nothing to do but count our fingers, but if either of us wants to—to—sneeze—" Rebecca broke off to involuntary illustrate the last item on her list of wrongs. Her listener hastily opened the door and motioned her into the hall.

"You're dressed for a superheated apartment. Good-night! I'll see you again soon."

"Good-night," said Rebecca. "A-choo-choo!"

* * * * *

It was three weeks later when Re-

becca, seated in the big chair, pallid and languid, heard a rustle at the door and picked up a letter that had been poked under it.

"My job just now," wrote Norman Harcourt, "is selling a subdivision. There's nothing so good for the 'flu' as fresh air. I'm going to bring my car around at two, and you're going to be warmly dressed and we're going to drive out to Greenacres together. If you think I'm having a happy dream, please note that I always make my good dream come true."

As his machine flew countrywards, Norman Harcourt looked down and I found the face beside him quite as interesting as he had expected, and Rebecca, looking up, saw clear, humorous eyes and a kind mouth. Then her own eyes turned to the fields they were beginning to pass.

"Oh, look at the wild flowers," she cried.

"Wait till we get to Greenacres. I'll show you a lot covered with violets. I'm building a bungalow next to it."

"What for?"

"To sell some chap who has better sense than to live in an apartment."

"I gathered," Rebecca said, demurely, "the last time I talked with you, that you were not quite satisfied with your apartment. What's the matter with it?"

"There's nothing the matter except the infernal efficiency of the owner. He's done everything. Why, look at the bed. A mechanical marvel! You girls get davenports, but we men want more space, so we are shown twelve square of pure, unadulterated living room, and a bathroom where one can by care turn one's face sideways when shaving. 'Where do we sleep?' we ask. Then he exhibits the great feature that always rents the place. He opens the door and something slides out like a ghost—the ghost of a real, honest-to-goodness bed. The other half out of the hole, the furniture aside, and let this spook out, and you sink into repose cozily surrounded by newspapers and cigar stubs and ginger ale bottles and apple parings and dream that your bedroom is in a mansion. I'm not blaming Wallenstein. I'm a realtor, myself.

"Here's Greenacres. Have you rubbers?" The grass may be damp."

* * * * *

When Harcourt again turned his machine into their home street the block was crowded with snorting engines, busy firemen, and enthralled lookers-on. From the windows of the Wallenstein apartments smoke was belching. Rebecca, horror-faced, grasped her companion's arm.

"Linda! She was to be home early today, and she always takes a nap. Oh—" she tried to get out of the car, but Harcourt drew her firmly back.

"Sit still. I'll find her."

His smile as he returned brought a joyful cry:

"You've found her!"

"She gave the alarm, and she's sitting on your trunks now."

He got into the car and took one of her trembling hands. "This is bad business for a girl just out of bed."

"It wasn't that. It was Linda. She's been so good nursing me. She's always the best-hearted girl, and I was getting so hateful just because we're different—about little things—and we couldn't get away from each other. Perhaps—perhaps its the same with you and Mr.—" She was arrested by Harcourt's sudden look of gleeful malice as the hose now turned upon the sixth floor. The hissing water crept along, finally pouring a stream of cannon-like force through one window.

"Ah!" Harcourt shouted. "At last! They've got McPhee."

Rebecca, horrified, wrenched her hand away.

"You don't suppose that Mr. McPhee is in there! Your roommate; the man you live with—"

Laughter made her companion rock in his seat until sobered by her look of offended surprise.

"My dearest girl—I'm talking about the man that invented that spook bed—the McPhee bed they call it. Its the bait that gets us bachelors into these traps, Rebecca—he had again found the cold little hand—" Rebecca, in two months that bungalow will be finished. Shall I sell it, or will you come out there with me and make a home for us both? Don't answer right away. You're frightened. Just say you'll think about it."

"No," Rebecca said, "I'm not frightened. I'm trembling because I'm so very happy."

GOOD LUCK LEAVES RATHER SCARCE—TOWNSEND DOESN'T BELIEVE THEY EXIST

Helen Townsend, '26 doesn't believe in four-leaf clovers. Why, she doesn't believe they even grow. One afternoon just before the debate she was seen out in front of the library with the appearance of working hard in the grass. Passersby became inquisitive, whereupon Robin Hood informed them she was in search of a good luck boy. She simply vowed she'd never seen one in her life.

A few days later she was seen among the clover beds again in search of an omen of good luck. And time and again she was thus occupied. But no luck! At last, becoming desperate she avowed that to the finder of a four-leaf clover she would give a green-back. The four-leaver was found. Townsend became the possessor but no one knows anything concerning the financial end of it.

Robin says she'd like to find the place the poet guy was speaking about when he said:

"I know a place where the sun is like gold."

She hasn't run across it yet.

BAPTIST NEWS

Baptist girls in the college, and all other students, were pleased to note the two splendid articles from Alabama College in the April issue of the Baptist Student. One was headed, "Keep Faith," the other "College Night."

The B. S. U. Council, in an important budget-planning meeting Sunday, April 11 made plans for the next year, whereby \$6,500 must be raised for the carrying on of the work in the college. They are wishing themselves much luck!

A demonstration on "Program Planning Meetings" will be made by a number of girls who plan to attend the B. Y. P. U. Convention in Sylacauga. April 29-30

Baptists look forward with pleasure to the coming on Sunday soon of Dr. William R. Rigill, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Gadsden, who will fill the pulpit at the Baptist Church on Sunday morning, and address the college students at the college in the evening. They also keenly anticipate the coming of Dr. Joseph P. Boone, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Tuscaloosa. Dr. Boone is to be one of the big speakers for the Y. W. C. A. He is perhaps the leading pastor for students in the South. He was formerly in Baptist student work in Texas

Sophomores All The Time

"Sophomores" all the time There! Don't you see that line in a hurry every time Wonder why.

Nearly everywhere you go There they are in a row Grinning, laughing, looking wise. Wonder why.

There's a poster; ain't she cute? "Bet it's good!" "See those shoes" No name, not even initials— Wonder why.

Then at seven fifteen on Saturday night As I was pushed out the door without a light I heard the echo as the girls rushed on Sophomore Follies being at eight. And I'm not planning to get there late.

FREE SPEECH, CATTLE BOATS AND SUMMER JOBS

Paul Blanshard, free speech crusader, was announced as a speaker at Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas.

Business men of the city were enraged. Attacks were published in a Topeka newspaper. There was agitation against the proposed address. But the Y. M. C. A. insisted. The president, the faculty, and over 90 per cent of the students back them up. The meeting was crowded. Said President Womer, "As long as this college exists, it will stand for freedom of speech." Great applause and cheering.

The dismissals of two professors at Denver University will stand, despite student protest (New Student April 14). Heber R. Harper, chancellor of the university in replying to the student outcry said that hiring professors is outside the student's domain.

Free transportation to and from Europe will be granted this summer to 32 Dartmouth undergraduates who have secured jobs on cattle boats.

If the will of Ohio College administration and professors prevails no seniors will play on college football. A resolution commending this plan was passed at the annual conference of the Ohio College Association. It is suggested that the seniors declared ineligible to be used for coaching intramural teams.

In an attempt to get first-hand knowledge of conditions in shops and factories where women are employed 50 Radcliffe, Wellesley, and Simmons students are to seek employment during the summer, and report in full upon their experiences when they return to college in the fall. The women are to go incognito and spend their leisure time, as well as their working hours, exactly as the working girls do.

FORENSICS BALK OUT

Debate class at 6 o'clock Monday morning! Of all ungodly hours, of all ungodly days! But the class didn't meet!

The debate class meets at night regularly—at the most popular hours. Consequently once in a while the hour shifts. Last Wednesday night after debating on the question "Resolved that the youth of today are more immoral than thirty years ago," the class adjourned to meet at six o'clock Monday morning.

Many think they were trying to show off but all in the class stoutly affirm they so intended to meet. Along about Sunday, however, their nerve began to give way, and ye public speakers and albatos balked out, postponing the class to a more "reasonable" hour—as if any hour were reasonable.

Five-thirty a. m. classes are not uncommon in certain departments, but as yet no one has ventured to race with the dawn on Monday morning.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE AFFIRMATIVE VICTORY

(Continued From Page 1)

of the constitution. Over a quarter of a century ago, however, doubts as to the advisability of this policy became evident in the suggestions offered for uniform marriage and divorce laws. President Roosevelt in his reply to the appeal of a committee on divorce reform said, "Questions like the tariff and currency are literally of no consequence whatever compared with the vital question of having the unit of social life, the home, preserved?"

And in his address to congress in 1906, he showed further interest in the subject.

In the Sixty-eighth Congress the Capper line was introduced to provide uniform laws on marriage and divorce by an amendment to the constitution.

We realize that it is a momentous question. Rev. Walker Guyne has said that "There is no more momentous social, religious and political problem facing the people of America today than that of marriage and divorce. Like all great questions, this one is beset by difficulties."

And so, as a result of the rising tide of public opinion we have come here this evening to discuss the following proposition: Resolved, That the United States should adopt a uniform marriage and divorce law.

It is our right and duty to define the terms of our proposition and give the question the interpretation it shall have for debate.

At the debator's conference in Montgomery, December 18, 1925, the word uniformity incorporated in the question was decided by all debators to mean uniformity through an amendment to the constitution.

Therefore, we advocate federal uniformity in marriage and divorce through an amendment to the constitution.

Miss Prout's argument was clear, concise and powerful. In summarizing the position of the affirmative she said:

"We maintain that a uniform marriage and divorce law is necessary! Why? Because the present opportunity for the evasion of law that exists under state control must be curbed. We have proffered a desirable plan which will put into operation a uniform marriage and divorce law. We have given example of federal laws that have bettered conditions in the United States."

Miss Vivian Fisher of Judson College, first speaker for the negative, contended the following points:

"1. Diversity of laws is not the cause for increase of divorce.

2. Divorce in itself is not a menace to the home.

3. A uniform marriage and divorce law would not lessen present evils."

Miss Helen Townsend, second affirmative speaker, proved the following points convincingly:

"A uniform marriage and divorce law is practicable and is the most logical remedy."

Miss Ruth Swain ably defended the negative side of the question by bringing out the following arguments:

"1. It would be unfair to impose a single standard throughout the United States.

"2. Because of difference in existing laws, it would be impossible to secure a uniform marriage and divorce law.

3. It would tend to develop new evils instead of relieving the present evils.

4. The passage of a uniform marriage and divorce law is the business of the separate states rather than the Federal government. The state governments are more capable of dealing with the situation than the federal government.

5. A constitutional amendment should not be so lightly undertaken.

6. A uniform marriage and divorce law would overcrowd the already crowded federal courts.

7. Public opinion is opposed to the passage of a uniform marriage and divorce law and has been since the movement was first introduced."

In the rebuttal the debators displayed their thorough training and their ability to think on their feet. Here the affirmative speakers scored in the systematic refutation of points.

Much credit is due our alternate, Clyde Merrill, who worked steadily assisting her colleagues.

While the judges were making their decisions, Mary Spinks, president of Student Government Association, brought to the stage a five pound box of candy tied in Judson and Alabama College colors. The chairman presented it to the six debators from the Student Government Association. Vivian Fisher received it in behalf of her colleagues and opponents.

The judges, selected by a committee composed of members from each of the three contesting colleges, were: Dr. G. W. Mead, Dean of Birmingham Southern, chairman; Mrs. Solon Jacobs, of Birmingham, and Mrs. E. S. Pugh, superintendent of public schools, Union Springs, Ala. A hush filled the auditorium when Dr. Mead handed the decision of the judges to the chairman, to be broken by joyful applause when Miss Davis said: "The decision is in favor of the affirmative."

The happy scene was the culmination of many weeks of work on the part of the debators, the alternate, their coach, the president of Student Government Association, and the committee composed of Helen Davis, chairman; Misses Tabor Monk, Cope, Gould; Mr. Kennerley, Mrs. Hill and Edith Delchamps, which worked so steadily and faithfully in order that the initial effort in intercollegiate debating at Alabama College might be a success.

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